Collier's

TEN CENTS

MARCH 23, 1946

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KEEP 'EM WORKING

AMERICA PLANS for YEAR-ROUND EMPLOYMENT

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

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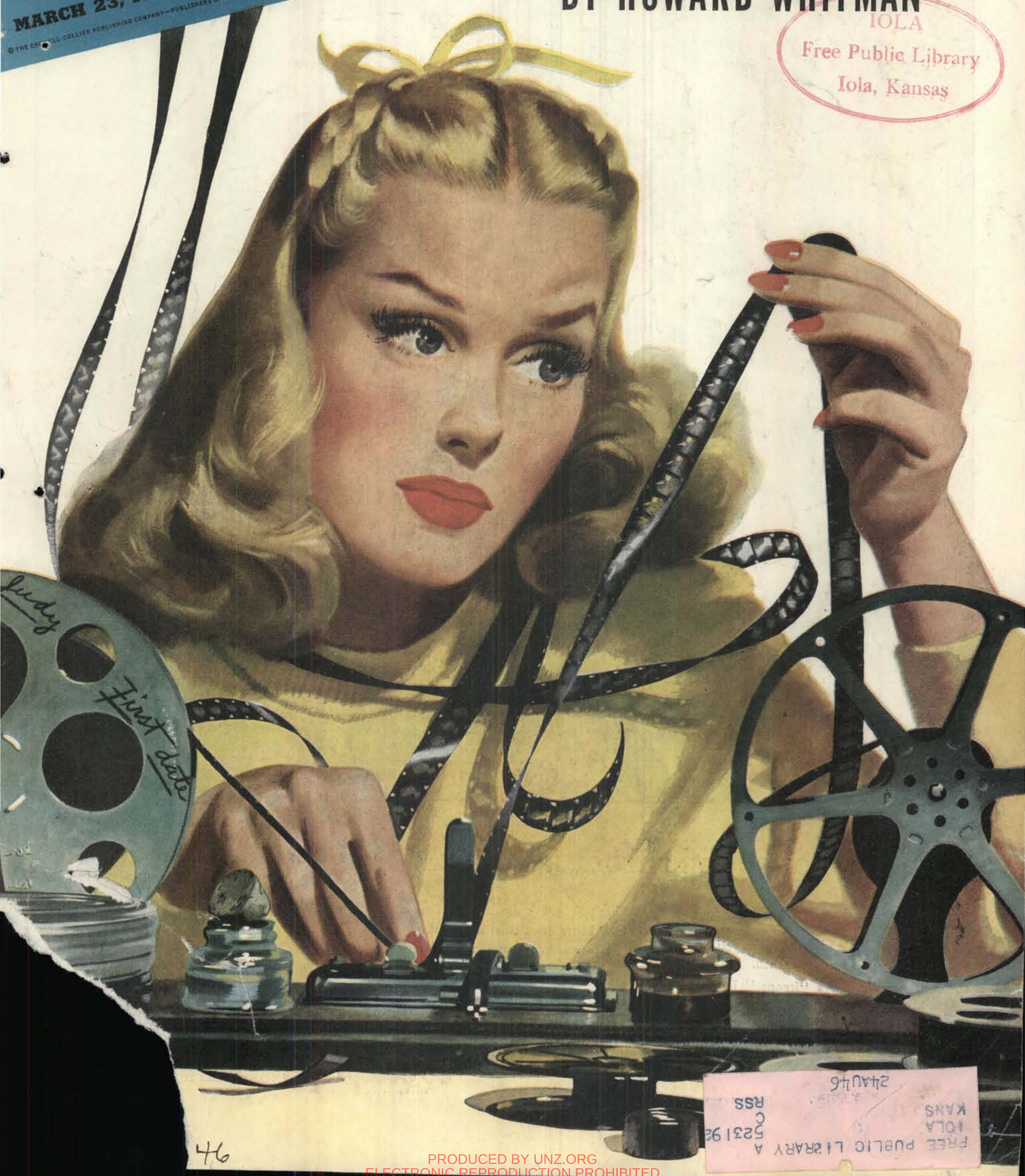

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Duraglas

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A. Exactly . . . That's why the coffee you buy in Duraglas jars is *vacuum*-packed.

Q. Your headline says "keeps." Does that mean the Duraglas jar protects my coffee better—even *after* I open the jar?

A. That's right. It's the cap that does it!

Q. Oh? How does this cap work?

A. It RE-seals your Duraglas jar after each use —"shuts the door" against outside air and moisture.

Q. Does the Duraglas jar make my coffee cost me more?

A. Not one bit . . . This convenient re-sealing Duraglas container costs no more than any other vacuum container.

You'll find that there are a thousand and one things you buy for which Duraglas, the m tainer, provides the same ideal, economi Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toled

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CONTAINERS TH

how you can look better than you have in years!

Vitalis is back!

This is the day your hair has been waiting for all war long.

Vitalis . . . yes, *genuine* Vitalis . . . is back!

Remember?

Remember how *alive* your hair used to look? And your scalp used to *feel?* How your hair had that *naturally* well-groomed, exactly-right look . . . and *stayed* that way? And how knowing that gave you the extra confidence that helps a man go places?

Remember? . . . Then get a bottle today. Treat your head to the healthful, invigorating tingle of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Then sneak a look at yourself in the mirror.

Man, you look better than you've looked in years!

Reconvert with Vitalis! Whether a job or a girl is included in your postwar plans, Vitalis will help you. Here's how to have the handsome, vigorous-looking hair you get when you use . . .

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

The famous "60-Second Workout." First, take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp. Feel that stimulating tingle as circulation quickens. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis, your hair takes on a fresher, natural lustre.

Now . . . 10 seconds to comb—and Man, take a look at you! Your hair's in place and set to stay that way. What's more, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" routs embarrassing loose dandruff, prevents dryness, and helps retard excessive falling hair.

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MARCH 23, 1946

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're off on our tandem in a whirl of delight!

★ ★ ★ ★

We've just seen M-G-M's high-spirited new musical hit, "Two Sisters From Boston", and—oh, those sisters!

★ ★ ★ ★

Take it from one who knows: all the hectic gaiety of New York at the turn of the century has been colorfully caught by "Two Sisters From Boston".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a youthful, exuberant romance of those flamboyant days when it was definitely naughty for a young lady to show her limbs—no matter how attractive!

Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson are thoroughly delightful as the two capricious Back-Bay sisters who venture from their quiet, cultured world into the hurly-burly world they're curious about.

★ ★ ★ ★

And we do mean hurly-burly, what with Jimmy Durante shouting delirious ditties in a Bowery beer hall, and the great Metropolitan Opera tenor, Lauritz Melchior, throwing his magnificent voice into the finest songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Peter Lawford figures in it, too. He meets one sister, falls in love, meets the other sister, falls in love, and—well, we're not going to tell you who gets who, but it's a story as flip and flirtatious as a bustle.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the songs! Tunesmiths Sammy Fain and Ralph Freed have spiced some swell new melodies with a trace of nostalgia that suits our taste to perfection. Songs like "G'wan, Your Mudder's Calling." And everybody sings!

★ ★ ★ ★

Produced by Joe Pasternak (the "Anchors Aweigh" man), expertly directed by Henry Koster, filmed from the original screen play by Myles Connolly, with additional dialogue by James O'Hanlon and Harry Crane—"Two Sisters From Boston" definitely belongs in the M-G-M family of hits!

★ ★ ★ ★

Do you gather we've gone and fallen for "Two Sisters From Boston"? In the immortal words of our friend Schnozzola: "Ha-cha-cha-cha!"

—Leo

Collier's
FOR MARCH 23, 1946

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GEORGE CREEL	*San Francisco*						

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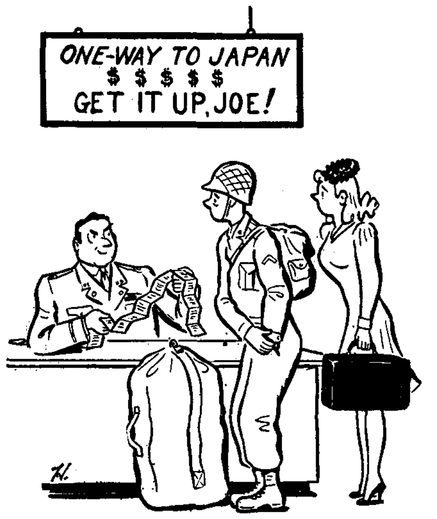
any week

A LARGE number of our customers are asking us, of all people, what genius in the Army's Pentagon Building thought up that splendid morale-building scheme of sending officers' wives to Europe and Japan at the taxpayers' expense and making G.I. Joe dig the dough out of his own pocket if he wanted to see his wife. Probably a combination of minds produced that idea. It certainly endears the Army to the G.I. producing families.



A LADY who insists that we "just call me Hannah" has written us to say that she's in jail. She's been in jail, she says, for four years. "I just want to say," says Hannah, "that I would like to call a halt to this nonsense."

AN ELECTRICIAN we expected to make a few repairs didn't show up. We telephoned him. Nope, he said, he wasn't working. "Strike?" we demanded. "Nope," he replied. "Just filibustering."

CONTRARY to our vow to say no more about the landlord-tenant war we feel bound to admit that Mr. Ed B. Concross of Spokane, Washington, has a legitimate kick. "I own the place," says Mr. Concross. "I charge this bum forty dollar a month and the apartment has a fireplace. So he chops down the back porch to make the fireplace go and when I say something he complains that the wood he gets is too small to make a good log fire."

MAYBE we don't catch on so easy this morning, but there seems to be something wrong with this one from two girls in Sydney, Australia. "We have heard a lot about your great country, the United States," they say. "But we have never met any Americans. Would you please give our names to two nice American boys and ask them to write to us?"

(Continued on page 34)

Vol. 117, No. 12. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Copyright, 1946, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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Are you a friend of your heart? You can be! Be moderate in your habits of exercise. Avoid loss of sleep. *Have periodic physical and dental examinations.*

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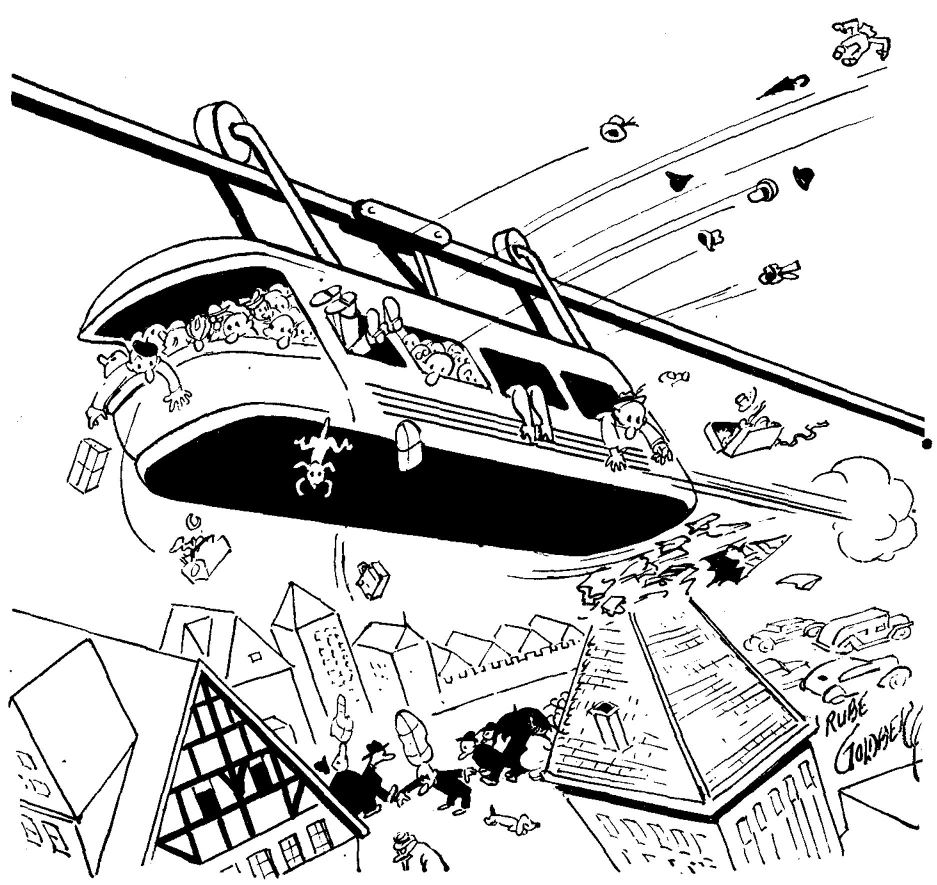

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Although the monorailway, whose cars are suspended from a single overhead track, is a century old and admitted by eminent engineers to be the fastest, safest and least costly of all forms of rail transportation, the only country that has used it successfully is Germany. This line, which runs between the cities of Vohwinkel, Elberfeld and Barmen, has carried an average of 10,000,000 passengers annually, at speeds of more than 100 miles an hour, since it was built 45 years ago.—*By Robert Scott, Saltsburg, Pa.*

Austin, Texas, is believed to be the only city in the world that is illuminated by "artificial moonlight as well as by street lights." For many years, it has been floodlighted by the soft blue glow of mercury-vapor lamps installed in clusters atop 29 iron towers which are 14 stories in height and located so that their light is shed over eight square miles of the city.—*By Milton Gabel, Temple, Texas.*

Since the rules for softball were standardized in 1933, interest in the game has grown so rapidly that it is now America's most popular outdoor sport. During 1946, it is estimated that 600,000 teams with 9,000,000 members will play 5,000,000 games on 10,000 diamonds before 150,000,000 spectators.

As the wages of most men seldom increase along with the expenses of their growing families and are frequently reduced by sickness, layoffs and strikes, 34 countries now make monthly payments to low-income families for the care and education of their children. For instance, under Canada's "family allowance" system, these payments range from $5 for each child under six to $8 for each one between 13 and 16 years of age.

One large New York hotel decorates and furnishes each room differently, has a record of the likes and dislikes of the 650,000 individual guests it has accommodated, and does not permit any luggage to be carried in or out of its main entrance. Another large hotel dresses its employees in 83 different uniforms, maintains a staff that speaks 33 languages, and supplies heat on request to any guest room at any time, even in midsummer.

Because the elephant is the symbol of temperance, sovereignty and eternity, it has been depicted more often than any other animal in all forms of art for many centuries.

The eight-mile, $15,000,000 Mont Cenis railroad tunnel in the Alps connects France and Italy. It was the greatest engineering feat of its kind at the time of its construction between 1857 and 1871. As the work started from both ends, at 3,801 feet above sea level on the French side and 4,236 feet on the Italian side, and a hump was required in the middle for drainage, drilling not only had to be done in a straight line but at a certain gradient which was ten times steeper on one side than the other. Nevertheless, the passageways met with a difference of only one inch in direction and 10 inches in elevation.

A unique accident sometimes befalls wood-boring beetles whose larvae develop by eating their way into various kinds of trees. When this infested timber is cut, dried and used in construction or manufacturing, the wood loses so much of its nutriment that a partly developed larva may not be able to complete its growth and emerge as an adult insect for many years. In a case on record, one such unfortunate beetle was seen to climb out from the side of a bookcase that the observer had owned for nearly 50 years.

No country has more comprehensive labor legislation than Uruguay, the smallest South American republic. Its laws, which set minimum wages, limit working hours and provide for old-age pensions and vacations with pay, apply to everyone—industrial workers, government employees, domestic servants and farm hands. These laws also prevent strikes and lockouts by requiring employees and employers to submit their disputes to a local Wage Council whose members represent labor, management and the government. Decisions are final and rigidly enforced.

The maximum distance that a person with normal hearing can distinguish spoken words is 32 times farther in completely still air than it is in the average office. . . . Of all living creatures, only domestic pigeons develop the three kinds of unnatural coloration—albinism or whiteness, melanism or blackness and erythrism or redness.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. *Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y.* This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

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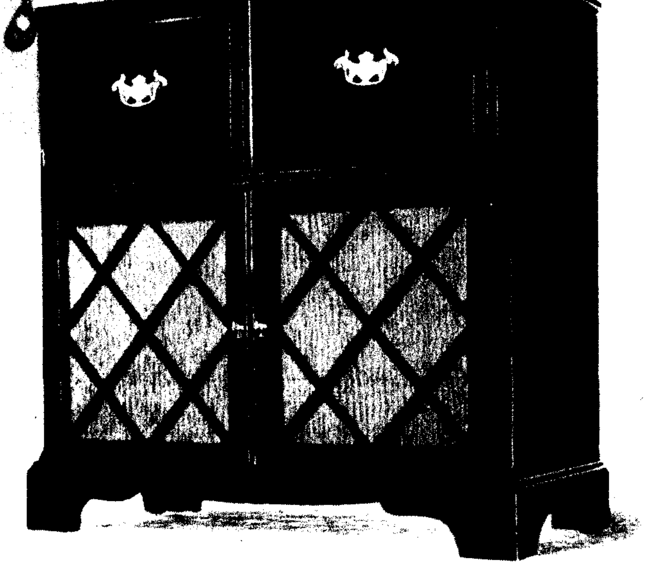
More stations are yours at the touch of a finger. Tuning is sharper. Reception is clearer. General Electric war production brought new electronic developments. Now you can hear the result. Radio and phonograph performance finer than you ever knew before.

You can hear and see these amazing new radios at your General Electric dealer's now. Soon he also will feature the revolutionary G-E self-charging portables, radios with General Electric FM (Frequency Modulation) and G-E television receivers for the utmost in electronic home entertainment.



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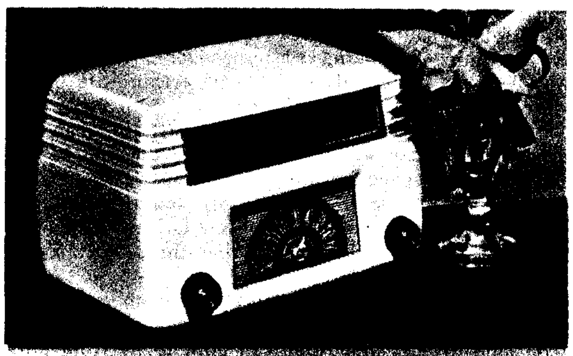

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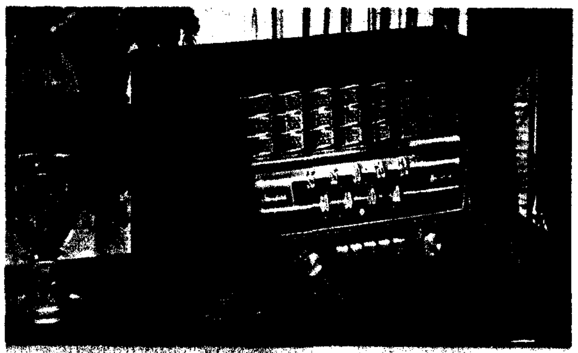
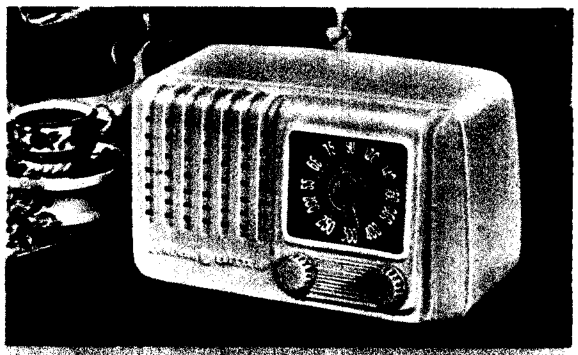


Exquisite two-toned walnut cabinet designed to harmonize with your finest furniture. Natural color tone. Push button tuning. Tone control. Multi-weave grille. 6 tubes. AC-DC. Look for Model 321.



A marvel of compact design and dependable performance. 5 tubes. AC-DC. Modern sculptured styling in the jewel-like plastic cabinet. Available in either brown or ivory. Ask for Models 110 and 111.

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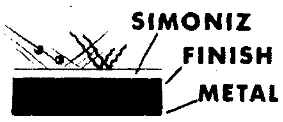

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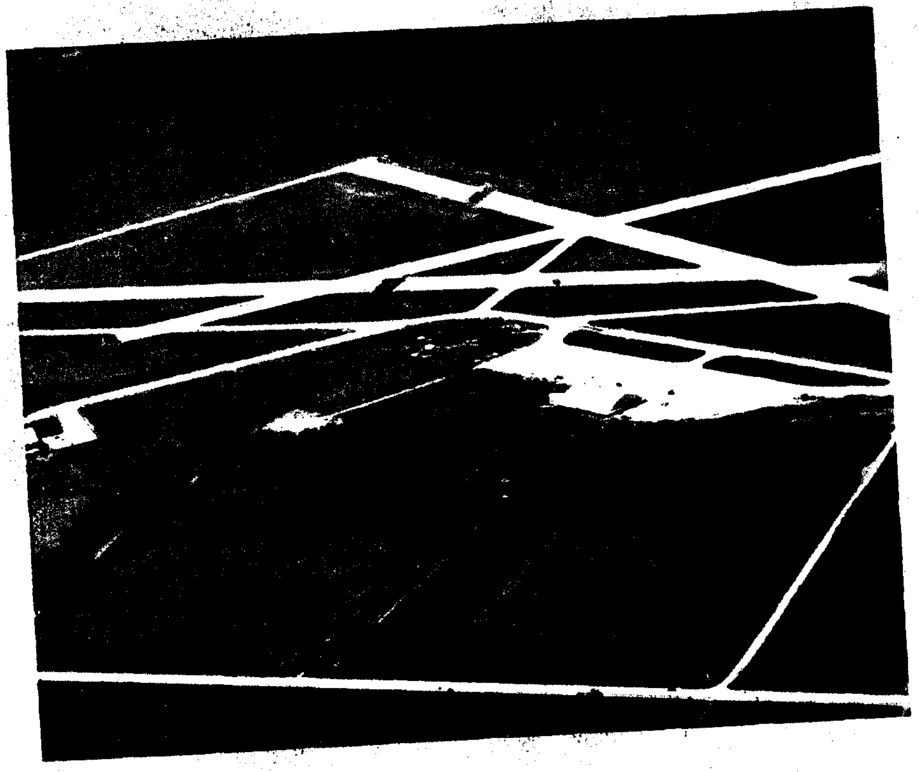


Result of a 10-year plan is modern Moisant International Airport, one of three ready to serve every type of traffic in and out of New Orleans

ORDINARILY you'd never think a city so famous for its gaiety, carnival life and hospitality would let up playing long enough to map and execute a ten-year program on such an earthy matter as airports. Now, however, the decade is up and New Orleans comes out of the war with three elegant civil and commercial air bases and the announced determination of becoming "The Air Hub of the Americas." New Orleans, combining airport real estate, smart business tactics, the Mardi Gras spirit and wartime aviation progress, has set her bonnet to woo all Latin America. Look out, Miami, Brownsville, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles!

Fundamentally and basically, New Orleans' airport problems are solved. That's more than most major communities can claim. She has just dedicated the newest and largest of the three, Moisant International Airport, a 1,300-acre tract with mile-long runways for national and international scheduled airline passenger service. She is turning over to the rapidly developing air freight and cargo lines the Alvin Callender Airport, also developed during the war, and handing to the homeless private flier the current airline terminal on Lake Pontchartrain, built in the days of Huey Long and at the time one of the best in the country.

Thus the three principal branches of flying each will have exclusive airports specially tailored to its needs and where each can thrive without interference or delay. And all three of these major airports are within a radius of 11 miles of downtown New Orleans and reachable in a 20-minute drive.

New Orleans long has resented its isolated aeronautical position with respect to Latin America, sitting as she does midway between Miami on the east and Brownsville on the west, two corridors through which most of our Latin-American air traffic originally flowed. She has only one direct service to the south, Pan American's schedule to Merida, Mexico and Guatemala City. Plans are now developing for service across the Gulf of Mexico to Havana in three and a half hours and in the opposite direction to Mexico City in four hours. To reach either place from New Orleans now, means flying over land to either Miami or Brownsville. In all there are 110 applications before the Civil Aeronautics Board for new national and international routes in and out of New Orleans; some for but one flight daily, others for as many as ten.

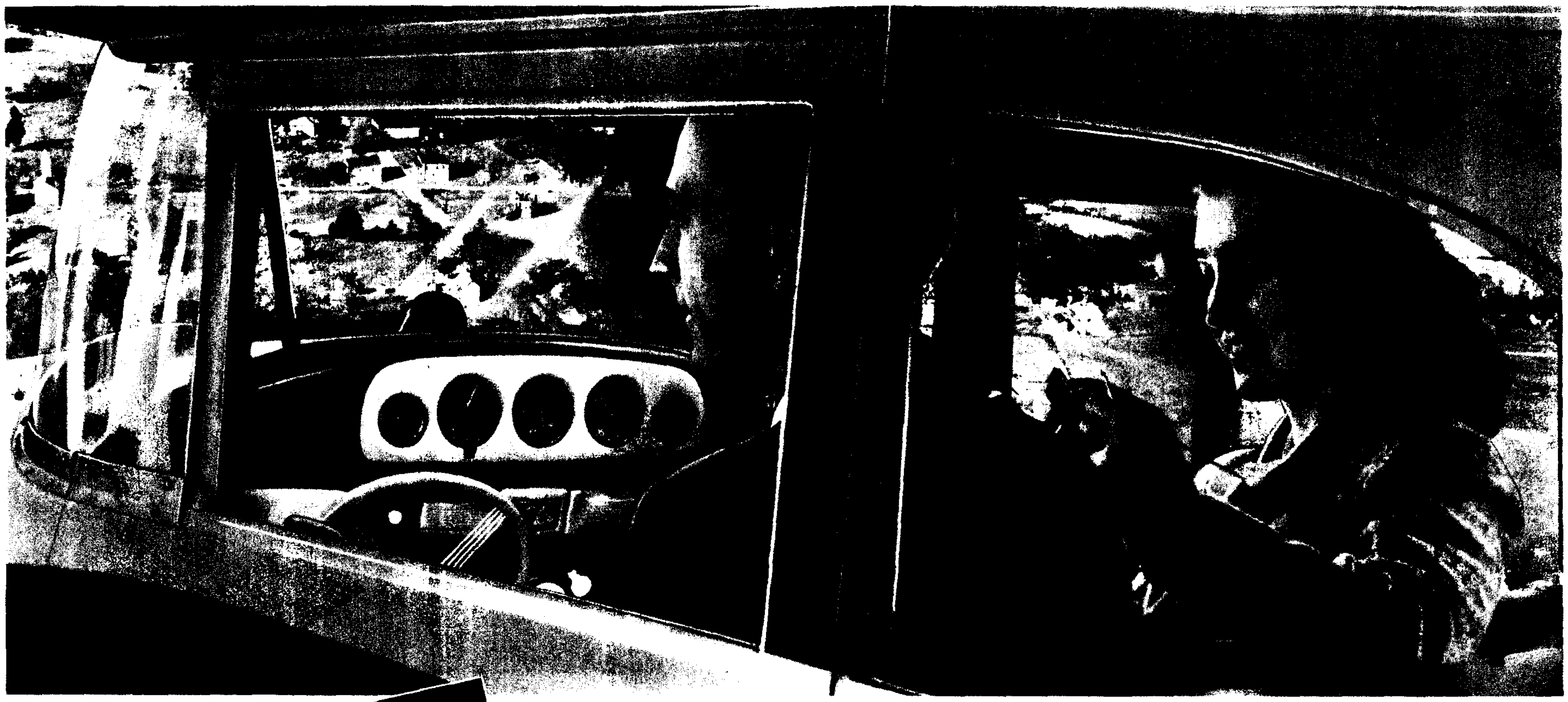
Foresighted citizens in 1936, led by determined Douglas O. Langstaff, then state director of aviation, laid the groundwork for a master airport plan for the Crescent City, and the going was rough. Not everybody had the optimism of Pilot Langstaff who knows his aviation from rigging parachutes to flying blind and has the CAA licenses to prove it. Mr. Langstaff is now executive director of the New Orleans Aviation Board and it is his job to administer the airports and bring in the planes, while downtown, the businessmen and the dispensers of traditional New Orleans hospitality capture the Latin-American trade across the tables.

THIS they are already doing through the International House, which makes all arrangements for business transactions and provides the visitors from the other Americas with offices and secretarial help speaking their language. There is a commodious club to which they can repair at the end of the day or go forth from into the Spanish and French atmosphere that is New Orleans after dark. Several months hence they will have the International Mart to display samples of their Latin-American products to sell us and to inspect American goods designed for sale to them. New Orleans is determined to make the Flying Señors feel more at home than in any other city in the United States.

Moisant International Airport, dedicated early this year by Jimmy Doolittle, has cost $5,000,000 so far. It has no administration building but one is on order for about $4,000,000. Until it is built, a hangar is being used for that purpose. All six airlines now serving New Orleans—Chicago and Southern, Eastern, Delta, Mid-Continent, National, and Pan American—are preparing to move to the new site from the municipal airport on Lake Pontchartrain. Pan American was scheduled to be the first to occupy space for all its operations at Moisant. Callender Field, the projected air freight depot, and named for a New Orleans airman killed in the other war, has three 5,000-foot runways.

Moisant Airport is in memory of John B. Moisant, who distinguished himself by being the first American pilot to fly from Paris to London, across the English Channel, carrying a passenger. This he did in August, 1910. On December 31st of that year, he was killed in a plane crash near the site of the field bearing his name. . . . KEN GORMIN

If you drive a car YOU CAN FLY AERONCA!



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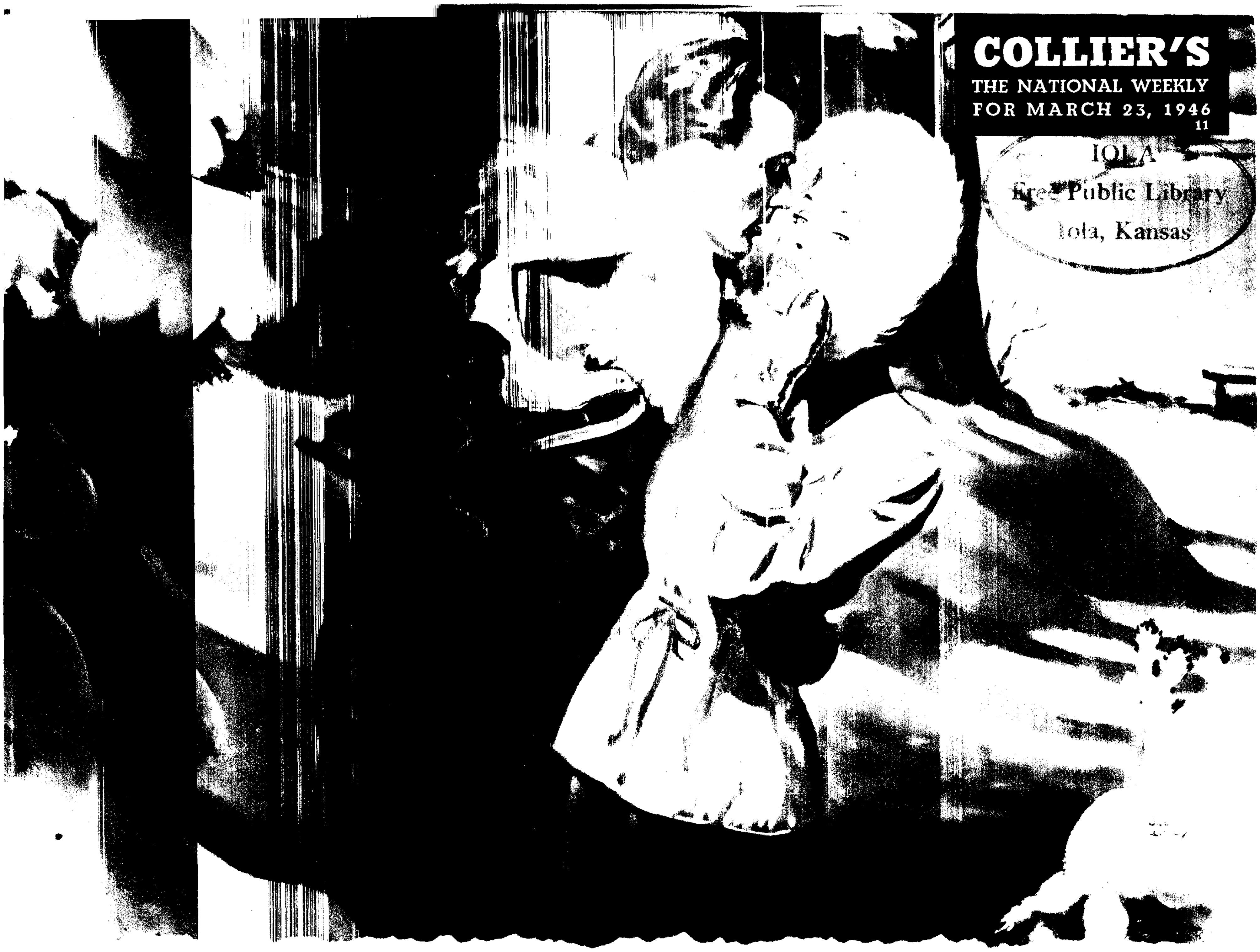


Sam put his arm about Didi **and kissed her. It didn't mean anything.** But seeing the way she looked, he said, "Say, haven't you been kissed before?"

A PRESENT FOR THE COUNTESS

BY ALEC RACKOWE

Sam could not understand the girl's change of heart—until a simple incident at sea answered his questions and hers

THE auxiliary sloop Curlew, broad-beamed, blunt-bowed, came to mooring as the March sun was sinking behind the hotels lining the shores of Lake Worth. Pelicans rose, their dingy white turned to gold, and the stucco and greenery of Palm Beach was unreal in the glimmering remnant of the tropical day.

The soft throb of the engine died away. Sam Crayle cast an eye up at the furled sails, the almost motionless spars. He stood relaxed, six-one, bare feet resting on the Curlew's planks, a pair of shorts loose about his spare waist, his shoulders making taut the faded blue shirt. He took his pipe from his hip pocket and turned, jet-haired, blue-eyed as Jed Mason came from the bow.

Jed, gnarled and weathered, but still erect and muscularly lean for all his sixty odd years, held out his hand and Sam gave him the pouch. Jed filled his pipe. His water-blue eyes gave Palm Beach one glance. "Flummery," he said and returned the pouch.

Sam nodded. Jed looked at him over the match flame. "What're we doin' here when we're headed for the Bahamas?"

Sam sat down on the afterhatch coaming. "We might pick up a hand."

"Could use one," Jed said. "Experienced?"

Sam said slowly, "I don't think so. I don't think Didi's ever been on this sort of craft."

"Didi? What sort o' name is that?"

"A girl's name. Désirée . . ."

Jed lifted his chin. "Seems like you'd a had your fill o' foreign girls jeepin' around Europe."

"She's not that sort of girl," Sam said.

Jed took the pipe from his mouth. "You aimin' to marry her?"

"I am," Sam said as if glad to put it into words, and Jed nodded.

"If you're goin' ashore you'll want some hot water." He paused at the companionway, then remarked, "'Bout time you got around to that. Got to thinkin' you never would . . ."

So did I, Sam thought something more than an hour later as he walked down the Lake Trail toward the nebulous loom of the Playa. Jasmine was fragrant in the dark shrubbery and the scent made him even more aware of Didi. Made him see her as he had that first evening at Trant's barely two months ago. Very small and quiet in that noisy gathering. Pale hair and huge violet eyes and nothing more—not at first glance.

Sam turned in between the tall Spanish gates and went up the walk. The entrance of the Playa glowed with amber light. There was a warm, rich odor to the luxurious lobby. Sam felt his palms wet; felt his heart beating more strongly as he went to the desk and asked for Didi.

THE clerk looked at Sam's big figure in the loose white jacket with its brass buttons; the flannel trousers. He said courteously, "Miss de Chassigny isn't in just now. Is she expecting you, sir?"

"I hope so," Sam said gravely.

The clerk's brows rose the merest trifle. "She should be in shortly, sir."

Sam thanked him. "I'll wait." He walked across the cool mosaic of the lobby to the big chairs spotted between tubbed palms. He took out his pipe and lighted it and let his breath go carefully.

He'd said he hoped Didi was expecting him but now he wasn't sure. He hadn't put anything into words but surely she must have known as he knew now. She must be expecting him.

He hadn't known her; or of her. He hadn't had the faintest inkling of anything like that the night he met Dolly Ann Trant in the Clayton. . . .

Three days before he'd come into Washington in a C-54 from Berlin with the Old Man and the rest of his staff. They'd known they were done with the Army and they were glad of it. Sam, Dick Harding and Joe Goldberg were the junior aides, and after the Old Man's party in Washington, after they'd got their discharges, they'd come up to New York together and landed at the Clayton for dinner before they split up.

It was a quiet enough party; they were reluctant to see one another go and yet all three were eager to be off. Dick and Goldie were married men. Dick was flying out to the Coast and Goldie was bent for Denver, and Sam didn't blame them. As Dick said soberly, "I've got some years to make up. Got to live a little faster."

"Figures that way with me," Goldie agreed.

They'd looked at Sam and he'd grinned that slow grin of his. "Okay. So th

(Continued on page 26)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

OUR BALANCE SHEET IN JAPAN

BY MARK GAYN

PIX

We have wisely pinned our hopes for the future on Nippon's children. In some schools, youngsters discuss problems of the day, but in others dummy hand grenades are still used for "exercise," posters still proclaim Japan's indestructibility, and arithmetic reads: "Two tanks plus two tanks." We haven't purged all of the Nationalists yet

Enter in black ink the struggle for a fine new democracy. But enter in red the names of a few of the Japs we've chosen to do the job. They're black sheep in white clothing

RADIOED FROM TOKYO

SIX months and more have passed since we landed in Japan. The hour has arrived to balance the books—to match achievement against failure. This isn't an easy task. It calls for weighing a thousand intangibles—men's faith and anger, a nation's mood and altered thought patterns.

As always in political bookkeeping, the margin of error is wide. Consider, for instance, for the credit side of the ledger, the story of Washimi, a peppery little farmer I met at a country inn in the "Japanese Alps."

Washimi liked to sing and argue, and his heart was filled to overflowing with pity for his fellow man. This was odd, because if there was pity to spare, none deserved it more than Washimi.

Back in 1929 he tried to organize a farm union in his village. When the landlords complained, police put Washimi and his wife behind bars. The wife was let out a year later. Washimi stayed in his cell till 1935.

When he came out, he tried again. Once again he was put in jail. On his release the warden told Washimi: "All we want of you, man, is that you be a fool."

Washimi returned to his village, minded his rice paddy, and tried to be a fool. But when the news of Japan's surrender came, he couldn't stay home. He traveled to Nagoya, Hamamatsu, Shizuoka, and other cities, and he talked to men of his joy and his hopes.

Then Washimi went back to his village and started a farm union. When 400 out of 500 farmers in the area joined up, he began to branch out. Now he was a day's journey from home and he was arguing other farmers into organizing. He had a word for me, too. "Please tell General MacArthur"—he called him Macassar—"that we are grateful. Now the farmers can dream again."

And on the debit side of the ledger, enter in red ink the story of a school raid I witnessed in a small port on the sea of Japan. The sun was bright that day, and little girls in gay kimonos looked like china dolls. We smiled at them and for a moment it seemed silly to search for traces of militarism in a school for tots.

We walked into the playroom and looked at toys you would find in any nursery back home. But right in the center of the toys, we saw a crate filled with life-size dummy hand grenades made of painted steel, each with a label showing it had been approved by the Higher Board of Education.

The principal looked like a cat caught stealing into a chicken coop. Yes, he had seen the directive on militarism in the schools. But he said, "After all, we *need* these things. Our girls exercise with them."

Multiply these two bookkeeping entries by a thousand, and then attempt to strike a balance. Have we failed? Have we succeeded? Have we changed the nature of our enemy enough to feel sure he won't fight us again?

Ask that last question of Japan's die-hards. They are unhappy. They had gotten out of the war to escape bombs. But they're beginning to suspect there's been more wrecking since Japan's surrender than in all the years of war.

Not all of it has been of our doing. Defeat has played its part, and the exhaustion of economy and of human spirit which comes in war's wake. But whatever the cause, the fact remains: Japan has changed. The pattern of this change, and of changes yet to come, is laid out in General MacArthur's directives. Put together, they form much more than a merciless indictment of the feudal system. They are a political blueprint with a warm heart and a keen sense of social welfare.

Little in Japan has escaped these directives. They cover classroom and shrine, worker and robber baron, the right of man to speak and write freely, and the farmer's right to own the land he tills. The directives look beyond today, toward the future. They set no rigid course for the Japanese to follow. They're merely the framework within which the Japanese themselves might set up the kind of society in which the concept of justice is supreme, and in which the man with the samurai sword is no better than his unarmed neighbor.

The directives were the casings into which we packed our mightiest explosive since the atomic bomb—ideals. We tossed them at the Japanese and said, "Go ahead. Argue. Discuss. Figure out your problems and your future." Sometimes, in some places, subtle devices of repression held ideas in check. But in most places, men used their freedom.

A Lesson in Self-Expression

Up in Nagano Prefecture, a snowbound world to the northwest of Tokyo, a wise man named Hirokichi Hayashi took me on a four-day tour to many villages in the region. Hayashi is a writer, a thinker, and a man of vast compassion. In an all-day session in a large, cold farmhouse, I watched Hayashi pass on ideas to a crowd of landless farmers, village teachers, men with dreams but no jobs. They handled his ideas awkwardly, as if these were unfamiliar and fragile objects. But when the day came to a close, these men had become articulate. They had searched their minds and put into flowing words a coherent statement of their hopes and anxieties.

And when we emerged into the snow-filled dusk, one of them said, half in wonder, "This is good. Very good. I haven't talked like this in fifteen years."

In the big gray Tokyo building where General MacArthur has his headquarters, much stock is placed in the untrammeled flow of ideas. When, for instance, an overzealous United States Army lieutenant colonel up in Fukushima tried to break up a strikers' meeting which had turned its ire on the Emperor, a long hand reached out of Tokyo and yanked him out of his post.

Even more scrupulously do we strive to lean neither to the left nor to the right. In Tokyo's Hibiya Park, I saw 10,000 people listen to Sanzo Nozaka, Communist leader just back home after fifteen years of exile. But the same week, in a rubble-littered lot, I heard a university instructor denounce the traitorous and ungodly Communists before a crowd of 200 students.

Japan's sharpest hunger is for leadership, and we have tried to create a climate in which new leaders could grow. Up to now the Communists have produced the best-known talent. But in the villages and towns of Japan, local leadership is coming up. It's the peer's daughter who was put in jail in 1944 for launching a discussion group on social problems. It's the teacher who started a village forum. It's the silk grower who organized a co-operative to slash costs so that Japanese silk could survive competition against our nylon. All this is young and untested leadership, but it is learning fast. And all of it belongs on the credit side of our occupation ledger.

Fusae Ichikawa is the leader of the suffrage movement in Tokyo. We have given women the vote, but few will use it this year. Custom is too strong

Not unexpectedly, we have discovered that the Japanese people—confused and frightened little men—are our best hope. These are the men who write letters to "Honorable Supreme Commander General MacArthur"—exposing a thieving police chief, reporting a hoard of food, or simply patting him on the back for a job well done.

They are the men who rose up in arms against the Yomiuri, long the army's journalistic mouthpiece, and forced its editors to retire. They are the men on Shochiku Films, giant of moviedom, who stayed on strike until their wages were raised—and until the company's ultranationalist directors turned in their resignations.

For these purges, engineered by little men, we can also take credit. The urge has always been there; but the people were denied the opportunity of expressing it. We have chipped big pieces off the clay feet of Shinto, the decayed and primitive religion used by the army to build up national hysteria. This move has given other cults, including the Buddhists, an equal chance at seekers of faith and comfort. We have made a start toward solving the country's two biggest problems: land and education. The Japanese Diet, handpicked by Tojo in 1942, distorted MacArthur's fine directive on land reform into a shabby legal fraud. But the politicians fooled no one. MacArthur's experts have thrown the land bill back at the Japanese cabinet, to revise and revise again.

Slowly, very slowly, we are also evolving a technique for educational reform. Girls of the Kitano School may still travel three hours by train on the day of Tokyo's worst blizzard to line up on the palace plaza and make a deep and humble bow. Girls of a Saitama prefecture may still come to Tokyo to clean up imperial rubble on the palace grounds. But in a village up north I ran into a school where boys discussed the problems of the day, and helped the co-operatives with their work.

Women Are Reluctant to Vote

Finally, for our major black-ink entry, we have given women their franchise. For the first time in Japan's history, women can vote, run for the Diet and argue politics. Only one woman in five will use this privilege this year, and even these few will obediently vote the way their husbands do. But interest is increasing, and up in Akita City, when half a dozen Japanese newspapermen reversed the tables and interviewed me, the first question they asked was about the women's vote back in the United States.

This, then, is the record of our achievement up to this day. But we wouldn't be fair to it—nor to ourselves—if we pretended that we have made no errors or that all things are following their predestined course.

It is plain by now that our directives are being sabotaged. It is also clear that the fabric of Old Japan has been much sturdier than we ever assumed. It has survived defeat and physical destruction. It is now trying to smother our program for reform.

Some of this vitality comes of the habit of obedience ingrained in every Japanese. Some comes of the fact that most of Japan has gone unhurt through our strategic bombing. But it is also known by now that the fabric survived by design, by a plot well considered and well executed.

Early last August when the rulers of Old Japan decided to give up, they began to plan for life in defeat. Their objective was simple. Old Japan would sweat out years of occupation and of alien reform. Then, when the Americans pulled out, Japan would revert to her old ways.

Officials throughout Japan went on a rampage of destruction. Documents which would indict the guilty or betray to us the pattern of a police state went up in smoke. Records disappeared. A few political prisoners who could be troublesome died conveniently.

When the government began its great reshuffle, two thirds of all the police chiefs and most of the governors and school principals shifted to new posts. It was as if the web of repression which covered Japan was raised momentarily, turned 90 degrees, and then dropped again.

The result was obvious. When our units marched into a Japanese town and found injustice, no local official could be held responsible. And certainly none could give any aid. After all, they were all new at their jobs!

When our first planes landed at Atsugi airfield last September, the new web was already working smoothly. Much less efficient was the top layer in Tokyo itself. MacArthur's directives produced fear and confusion. Ranking war criminals sought safety. Lesser criminals intrigued for better jobs in the new democracy. Little work was done. One week in December, the Diet actually stopped functioning while its members awaited a new list of war criminals.

It took the men of Old Japan six months to recover from the shock of our directives and to develop what one American general described to me as the "intelligent opposition." They still live in fear of new arrests.

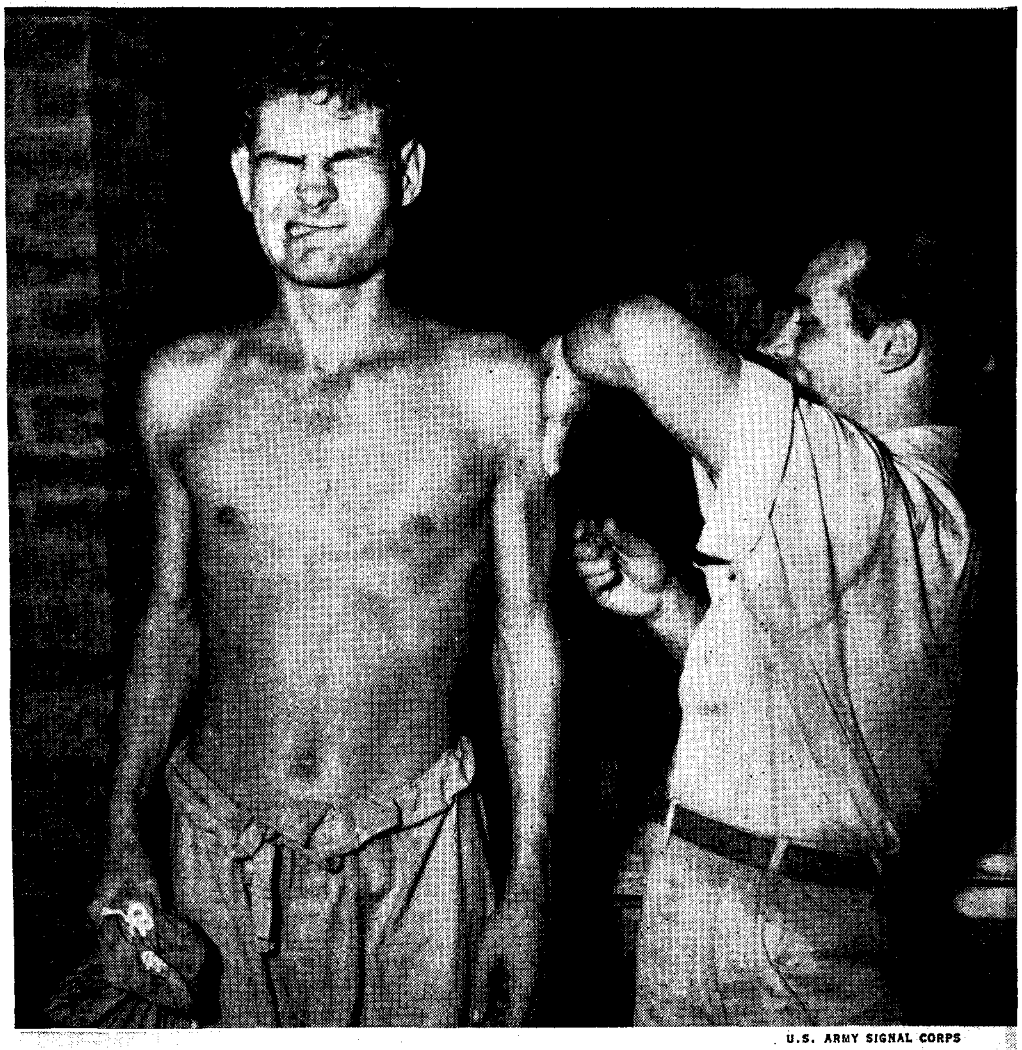
(Continued on page 81)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPARKS-PIX

DISEASE—SHADOW OVER EUROPE

From France to the Balkans, the dread diseases of war stalk all the peoples of Europe. Heroic efforts, plus a little good luck, have checked them so far, but it's a picture that can change disastrously

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Anywhere he goes the grimacing G.I. may get another in the series of shots that protect him. Influenza, typhus, typhoid fever are the worst threats in Europe

Operation DDT. Europe's millions of refugees, shifting from place to place, must be dusted with DDT to kill typhus lice that can start a raging epidemic overnight

INTERNATIONAL

CABLED FROM BERLIN

LAST summer, Europe appeared to be spoiling for the worst scourge of disease and pestilence of modern times. No regiments of germs had ever had, potentially, a more perfect field of operations. From the Zuyder Zee to the Volga, cities and towns, like open sores, lay broken and festering with chaos across the old face of the Continent. Millions of persons, most of them homeless and many of them sick and dying, were on the move, sowing angry patches of infection as they went

The dark warning spread that people would "die like flies" in the first peacetime winter in seven years. Epidemics had followed on the heels of the great wars of history. As if to emphasize that fact, a wave of dysentery and then another of typhoid fever swept Berlin, reaching their respective peaks just before and just after the Potsdam conference.

Typhus, the lethal age-old companion of war, raged in most of the newly liberated concentration camps. Outside Bonn in the Rhine Valley, the United States First Army found 800 cases in the prison of Siegburg alone.

Food supplies were scarce. In the occupied countries the Nazis had nurtured malnutrition, and nations like Holland fought outright starvation. The housing problem was colossal. People crowded into the basements of bombed buildings, air-raid shelters and subways, or slept in the open fields and in holes in the ground. For the winter there was not going to be enough fuel for anybody in Europe, and for the Germans virtually none at all. The resistance of whole populations had been gravely weakened. Once started, an influenza epidemic could cut through the Continent like a top-fire before a high wind in a parched forest.

Today, winter is nearly over and the offensive has not yet materialized. As this is written, no epidemic of major proportions has been reported anywhere in Europe, although everyone knows that the situation could change with dramatic and disastrous abruptness.

When medical authorities discuss this phenomenon they tend to touch wood, rub a mental rabbit's foot and then lower their voices as if to keep the microbes from hearing. They consider themselves blessed with luck because so far this has been the Old World's mildest winter in at least six years. But it is more than luck that is really paying off. It is the long, careful planning by doctors and public-health experts who worked on and with the Allied High Command, starting months before the invasion of Normandy. Later came the help of other affiliated agencies like the Typhus Commission and UNRRA. They all prepared for the worst.

A Worth-While Health Program

During combat, the medical corps' first concern was the soldier. Protecting his health —apart from caring for battle casualties— involved far more than just good chow and prophylactic stations; it meant mending sewerage and water systems and controlling disease among civilians as well. Never in history, as somebody recently remarked, was a war "so cleanly fought." Today, the nations of Europe are reaping the direct benefits of those elaborate and expensive Allied precautions.

The story of how the Allies whipped dysentery and typhoid in Berlin is almost unbelievable. When the city fell, health services had been paralyzed for nearly two months. There were no ambulances. The sick and wounded were carried on litters and carts. Medicine was running out. There were hardly any doctors or nurses to be found. There were nearly 3,000 breaks in the water mains. Five out of eighty-four sewage pumping plants were working but 200,000 cubic meters of untreated sewage were flowing into the open water courses daily. The city was swarming with black squadrons of flies.

The Russians hustled in a commission of experts and rebuilt the health department from nothing, but dysentery was already rampant. When the Allied *Kommandatura* was set up to run the city, the occupying powers joined hands to fight disease. The British and Americans flew in sulfathiazole and sulfanilamide to treat dysentery.

In one week in July there were 315 deaths and 2,471 new cases of dysentery. Babies were dying at the rate of 66 in each 100 live births, and this mortality rate was mostly attributable to the epidemic. By mid-October there were 57 deaths and 222 new cases in a week, and the rate has been going down ever since.

No sooner had dysentery begun to subside than typhoid flared out of control. Lieutenant Colonel Isadore Scheffer of New York City, Chief of Public Health in the American sector of Berlin, says he cannot recall any modern city suffering an epidemic comparable to the combination of those two diseases.

To combat typhoid, the *Kommandatura* undertook to immunize Berlin's entire population of more than 3,000,000. Picture everybody in Los Angeles queueing up patiently on the mayor's order, at schoolhouses, doctors' offices and bomb shelters, to be pricked with steel needles. Authorities said it could not be done. A handful of American Army doctors insisted that it could. "The Germans are still regimented enough so that if you order them to line up for a shot in the arm they'll do it," they argued. "Besides, we will tell them they can't get new food ration cards unless they can show the vaccination stamps on their old ones."

How Berlin Took Its Shots

Typhoid vaccination requires a series of three shots. More than 5,000 quarts of vaccine were used, most of it trucked up from Frankfurt over the Autobahn. Approximately 2,340,000 Berliners—nearly 78 per cent of the population—received their first shots, and 1,950,000 actually finished all three in what Colonel Scheffer classifies as "undoubtedly the largest operation of its kind ever attempted."

It worked. Even those who took only one or two shots received partial immunization. The case rate began sinking almost immediately by about 100 per week, and by late autumn the situation was in hand.

What does the latest physical examination of Europe as a whole reveal? The patient is surviving the immediate crisis far better than anybody dared hope, but even if complications do not set in, it may take twenty years or longer for the Continent to recover its health. The effects of some of the deepest injuries which the war inflicted on entire populations may not disappear for generations.

Here, in the opinion of Army medics and Allied public-health officials, are the highlights and dark shadows in the turbulent panorama of Europe's fight against disease, as they look now.

Influenza remains a constant threat and might still envelop the Continent, with a nightmare of sickness and death as it did in 1918.

There is evidence to indicate that it travels in 30-year cycles, but some doctors feared the upheaval of war might cause it to break out prematurely. It is singularly dormant at the moment, however. Meanwhile some progress is being made in treating it.

The Allies are already taking precautions to minimize the danger of influenza. Approximately a million American soldiers in Europe have been vaccinated with a serum, in the development of which Doctor Thomas Francis of the University of Michigan was one of the pioneers. Its precise effects have not yet been determined but it is supposed to give increased protection lasting for three or four months.

German laboratory specialists receive special courses at Marburg to qualify them to diagnose virus influenza in civilian blood specimens. The courses were prepared by

(Continued on page 74)

The Sporting Life

Lightning struck Roaring Rorich, and it looked as though he'd never regain his senses. In fact, the charming Widow McGovern thinks he never did

BY OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

THE great events of that year began when a mule belonging to a Burning Falls Indian dropped a snow-white foal. Later in the summer a hot sulphur spring opened on the hillside above the town, and a lot of people, remembering the eruption of Lassen Peak the year before, went around looking over their shoulders at Burning Mountain. To top it all off, Roaring Rorich, the loudest man in the country, got struck by lightning, jumped the Republican Party to vote for Wilson, met Mrs. Addie McGovern and bought his first car. It was a full year, everybody agreed.

Roaring bought the auto after he met Mrs. Addie McGovern and started leading a sporting life. Before that he used to curse every car that drove past his place, and he claimed they poisoned the air so crops near the road didn't grow right. If he hadn't been struck by lightning and run over by Addie's brother, he might have gone on using horses as long as he lived, being a stubborn man, and dead set against machines. But Mrs. McGovern changed him—she made a different man of him, though you would have bet that no power this side of the Shining Throne could do that. For forty years he had never gone any way but his own. He admitted it, and his wife and family admitted it, and the whole county admitted it.

Roaring's wife, Eva, was a tiny, quiet little woman, and as good a cook as you would ever want to meet. She had borne Roaring four children, and seemed to get along with him pretty well, though he yelled at her just as he yelled at everyone else. It was only his way, Eva said. Doctor Cornelius O'Connor had always been soft on Eva, but when he or anyone else offered her sympathy, she told them she liked an upstanding man, and one who knew his own mind. She said a man like Roaring was easiest to get along with, once you understood him. Eva was a fine woman, and a good wife to Roaring, but he forgot all that when he met up with Addie McGovern. Folks said it was a crying shame.

Addie was a tall, plump woman, with snapping black eyes and a laugh that made you think of silver dollars. She was a widow woman from the East, but her brother ran a store in Susanville, and she was living with him. Her brother was buying grain around Burning Falls, and she was with him the night they ran over Roaring.

Coming down the mountain they had tire trouble, and reached the valley after dark, with a thunderstorm rolling along with them like some kind of an overgrown and dangerous pet, rattling hailstones against the car, and now and then playfully letting go with a flash and roar that made Addie scream and grab her brother's arm.

About halfway between Roaring's ranch and town the lightning ripped at a tree ahead, turning the whole sky blue. Addie all but fainted.

"Leggo me!" her brother cried. "How you expect a man to drive?"

"What was that on the road?" Addie moaned. "It's a man."

"Nonsense," her brother told her. The car bumped over something, and he said, "By jingo, it was! Drunk Indian, most like. Well, you can't hurt *him*."

He would have gone on, but Addie made him stop, and they got out in the rain and hail and walked back. It was Roaring lying there, his face all black and his hair smelling of sulphur and brimstone. Even so, he was a fine-looking man, and Addie said so. Addie was a well-built woman, and her brother a stout enough man, but the two of them had all they could do to load Roaring into the auto. Addie sat in back and rubbed his forehead, and they took Roaring to the hotel and put him to bed, sending Bert Best, the clerk, to fetch Doctor Cornelius O'Connor.

Roaring's wife and Daniel, his oldest boy, arrived soon after the doctor. Roaring's team had come home without him, and Eva had set right out for town. The doctor wouldn't let them stay with Roaring, who was still unconscious, so they put up in the room next door. Addie had been a professional nurse; and when the doctor went home, he left her in charge. Addie said she was glad to look after Roaring; she said any woman would be. Doctor Cornelius admitted afterward that the glint in her eye should have warned him.

ADDIE was in the room when Roaring came to himself the next morning. He propped himself on one elbow and looked at her, and Addie smiled. Roaring heaved a kind of happy sigh. "Ah! I made it."

Addie put a hand on his forehead and said, "You did, but it was a narrow squeak."

"Don't I know it?" Roaring said. "When I saw the earth opening I knew I was a goner for sure. When I felt myself falling I repented as loud as I could, but I was afraid it was too late."

Addie thought he was out of his head, and she was sorry for it. He was such a big, fine figure of a man, and she had looked forward to having a chat with him. She rapped on the wall and called out to Eva and Daniel, "You'd better get up and come in here."

Roaring reached out and took her hand, saying, "They'll ask some embarrassing questions, if they've kept any kind of a record. Stick by me, Angel."

When Eva and Daniel walked in, Roaring's eyes popped and he bellowed. "How in hell did you get here? Or ain't I here at all?"

Eva pacified him, and Daniel went out in the hall to pacify the people Roaring had awakened, and it all came out. Roaring claimed to have been struck by lightning. He had stayed late in town, arguing politics, and the last thing before leaving he had hammered the table and yelled, "Your Wilson may be a saint, but I wouldn't vote for the man if God Himself was head of the Democrats!"

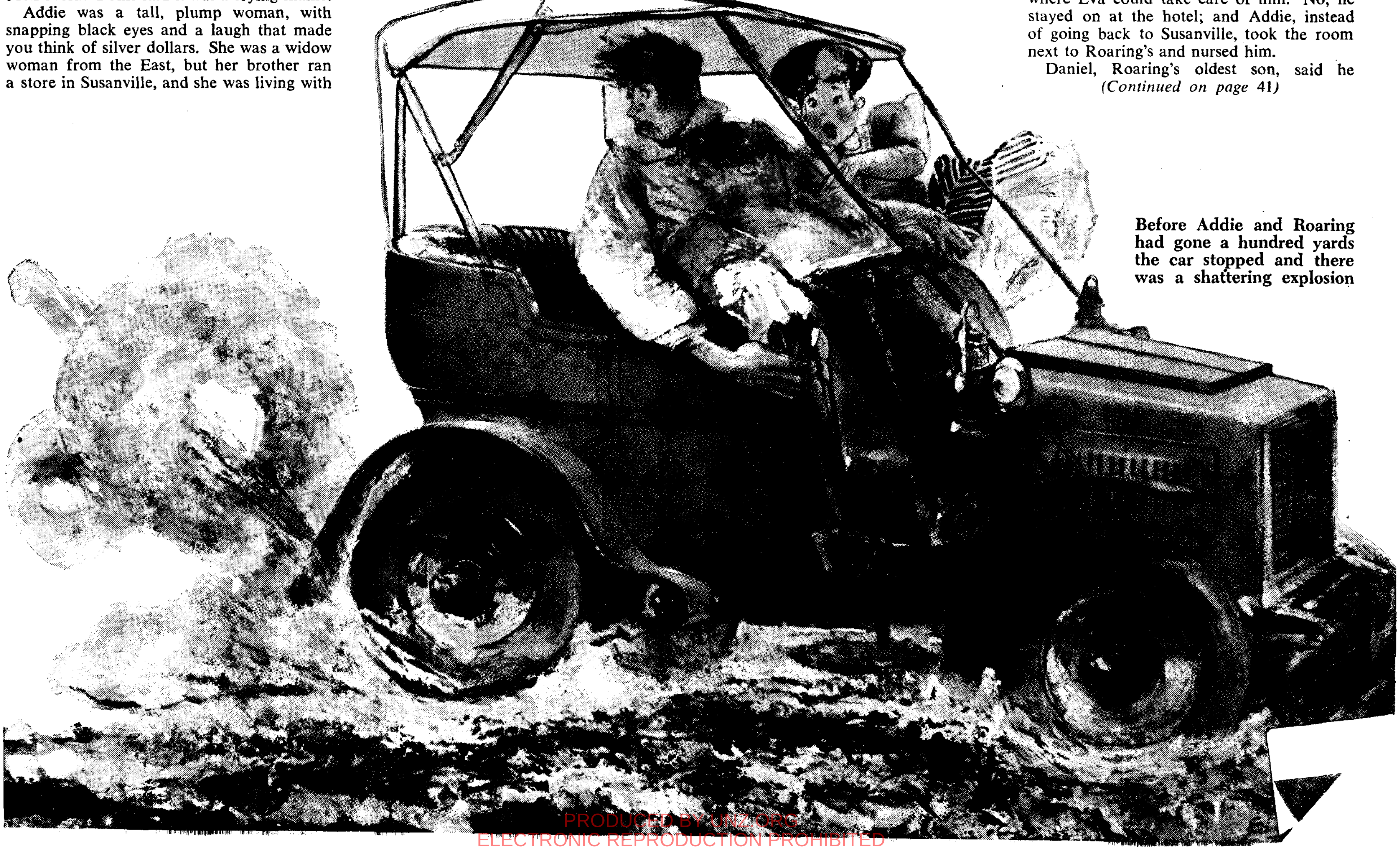
Then he'd started home in the wagon, still boiling mad. He said he had no idea how far he had gone when there was a blinding flash, like the heavens had bust open, and the off horse turned and looked him in the eye and said distinctly, "Woodrow Wilson." Everything grew brighter and brighter, and the earth cracked open beside the wagon so that Roaring could look a thousand miles down into the blackness. He felt himself falling and yelled as loud as he could, "I repent. I'll vote for him!" After that everything went dark, and next he knew he was looking at Addie and imagining he was in heaven.

Eva sniffed and said nothing. Some others around town said that some of the stuff Roaring put in his mash would give a man more of a jolt than ordinary lightning. Most of these were Roaring's old Republican friends. But Addie believed him; she said it was an unnatural storm. And Roaring himself was convinced, and swore he would vote the straight Democratic ticket from then on. From the very first he called Addie "Angel."

Before long their behavior got to be a scandal. Roaring's leg was broken—he figured the lightning had done that, as Addie and her brother never mentioned running over him. Roaring would not go home, where Eva could take care of him. No, he stayed on at the hotel; and Addie, instead of going back to Susanville, took the room next to Roaring's and nursed him.

Daniel, Roaring's oldest son, said he

(Continued on page 41)



Before Addie and Roaring had gone a hundred yards the car stopped and there was a shattering explosion

Never Trust A Murderer

The murderer didn't fool Detective Friedman for an instant. It was the cagey horse player that crossed him up

THE thing I first liked about Detective (First Grade) Max Friedman was that he looked like a cop. He was a very big guy who moved rather slowly, but he didn't think slowly and he was acknowledged by everyone on the force to be the best homicide cop in New York. He had a flattened nose, a souvenir of his early days when he'd been a free-swinging member of the riot squad. He had big feet and he wore big thick-soled shoes and even in plain clothes "copper" stuck out all over him. He didn't care about pottery created during the Ming Dynasty; he didn't have a flower garden; he didn't give a damn for poetry or etchings and he never voted. He was just a cop.

Max was a quiet man, who liked to listen a lot more than he liked to talk. When he did talk he talked about the only subject he knew a great deal about—the subject of murderers. Otherwise he was a very normal sort of person. On his day off he'd go to a ball game or to the race track. He was a great fan of the Giants and he also liked the Empire track because it was small and it was one of the few tracks in the world where you could actually see the horses running. He liked movies too. Oddly enough he liked crook movies the best. It's odd for a copper to like crime pictures.

"What I like about them," he once told me, grinning, "is that in those kind of movies the crook or the murderer always gets caught. Now with us it isn't that way. Often our cases end up with a lot of loose ends, and the guy we are after is maybe sitting in Mexico City laughing his head off at us."

"But, Max," I protested, "New York has the best homicide record of any city in the world except London."

"A lot of them have got away from us since I joined the force," he said darkly. "For instance, the guy who killed Elwell. Remember that case? A bridge player named Joseph Elwell? We had a thousand clues, ran 'em all down, and where do we end up? Behind the eight ball, that's where."

"The Elwell case? That was back in 1922."

"It was 1920," he corrected. "But murder is murder whether it's in 1920 or 1945."

"You hate murderers, don't you?"

He looked faintly puzzled. "No, I got nothing against them. My job is to catch them. If I don't catch them it means I've done a lousy job. But I don't hate 'em."

"But you catch most of them?"

"Oh, sure," he said carelessly. "I've sent plenty of them to the chair since I've been on homicide. You want to go to Empire today?"

"I always want to go to Empire," I told him, and then I phoned my office and said that I wouldn't be working this afternoon. I work for a very tough city editor who knows all the lies. The one thing that baffles him is the truth. I told him I was taking the afternoon off to go to Empire, and that startled him so that he said, "Okay. I got a tip on the fourth. A goat called Shoofly. Bet me five across."

We walked out of the big gloomy-looking building on Centre Street, and the sun hit us right in the face and it felt good. We got into a squad car, which surprised me.

"This is a business trip." Friedman grinned.

"You going to pick someone up at the Empire track?"

"I hope so." The car tore up Fourth Avenue. An old-timer named Hammond was driving and he seemed to take a grim delight in seeing how close he could come to brushing very large trucks.

"It's a suspect in the Low case," Friedman said. "You been following that one?"

"Not very closely. I know that an old guy was shot, and you coppers have been running in circles looking for someone to pin it on."

"That's right," Friedman said. "Here's the story: Robert Low was a very decent citizen who lived with his eighteen-year-old son in a five-room apartment in Gramercy Square. On a Thursday night Low and his son went out to dinner and then to the theater. It was their cook's night off. They came back to the flat, and as Low was about to put his key into the lock he noticed that a light was on inside. He remembered that he had turned the light out when he and the boy had left. The cook didn't sleep in, so he knew she couldn't have turned on the light. Low was a cautious man. He told his son to run downstairs and get a cop. The kid lit out. There was no cop around Gramercy Square. He had to go over to Third Avenue. He came back in about ten minutes with a cop. They went upstairs and there they found the old gent lying dead; shot right between the eyes. Evidently someone had burgled the flat and then, as he came out, found Low there. Maybe Low took a punch at him and then the crook shot him."

"You didn't find the gun?"

"Yeah, we found the gun. I was there with my men a few minutes later. It was a warm night and there were quite a few people around the Square. A couple of them said they had seen a small man throw something over the iron railing that keeps the vulgar unwashed from going into Gramercy Park. That's all we had to go on: a small man and this gun with no prints on it.

"We traced the gun, all right. It had been sold by a pawnbroker named George Maney. He described his customer as a small well-dressed man. He had a permit to carry the gun, and the pawnbroker had registered the name and number. It belonged to a jeweler whose own flat had been burgled about six months before. He had reported the loss of the gun permit. Evidently the two jobs had been done by the same man."

I WINCED as we were almost mousetrapped by an eight-ton brewery truck and a streetcar. "You don't have much to go on," I said.

"Not much," Friedman admitted sadly. "But the pawnbroker added something. The gun cost fifteen dollars, and when the customer paid for it, he said to the pawnbroker, 'If you want to make that grow, put it on Firebug in the fourth at Belmont today.' They were running at Belmont then. I asked the pawnbroker if he had bet on Firebug and he said he hadn't. He was sorry about that too, he told me, because Firebug won and paid forty-two dollars . . . so at least we knew a little more about the man. He was small, dark, and apparently he liked to bet on horses.

"Now we've got a file down at headquarters on every known criminal. That rang a small bell, not a very loud one. Before I got into plain clothes I was working with the loft squad. I knew most of the crooks around then. A lot of them turned square. A lot of them hadn't. Some of them I'd done small favors for. Anyhow I called a few of them in and asked them about a small, dark man who bet on horses and who specialized in apartment burglaries. I finally came up with Jack Rees.

"This Rees filled the bill all right except for the murder angle. He was strictly a burglar and not in the killing business at all. He was a very successful horse player they said. He'd make a pile, then shack up with some girl in a really first-class hotel. He liked to live good. When his dough ran out he'd break into a place, lift enough jewelry or cash to give him a stake and then go back to the race track."

"We're going to pick him up?"

"I hope so," Friedman said. "After all, Empire is the only track that's open. Of course he probably isn't our man. Flat men seldom carry guns, and no one has suggested that this Jack Rees was ever a biff guy."

"What's a biff guy?" I asked.

"On homicide we call professional murderers biff guys. Vincent Coll was a biff guy. So was Lepke, and that mob O'Dwyer got in Brooklyn was made up of biff guys."

"We're getting near there, Max," I told him. "Have that ape up in front stop leaning on that siren or we'll scare the horses to death."

It was a good day for racing, and, as I said, Empire to me is the best track in the world. First we went into the dining room to see Joe and Harry Stevens. As everyone knows they run the restaurants at the tracks and run the hot-dog business at ball games. I said to Joe Stevens, "What's good today, Joe?"

His eyes lighted up and he said, "The liver and bacon."

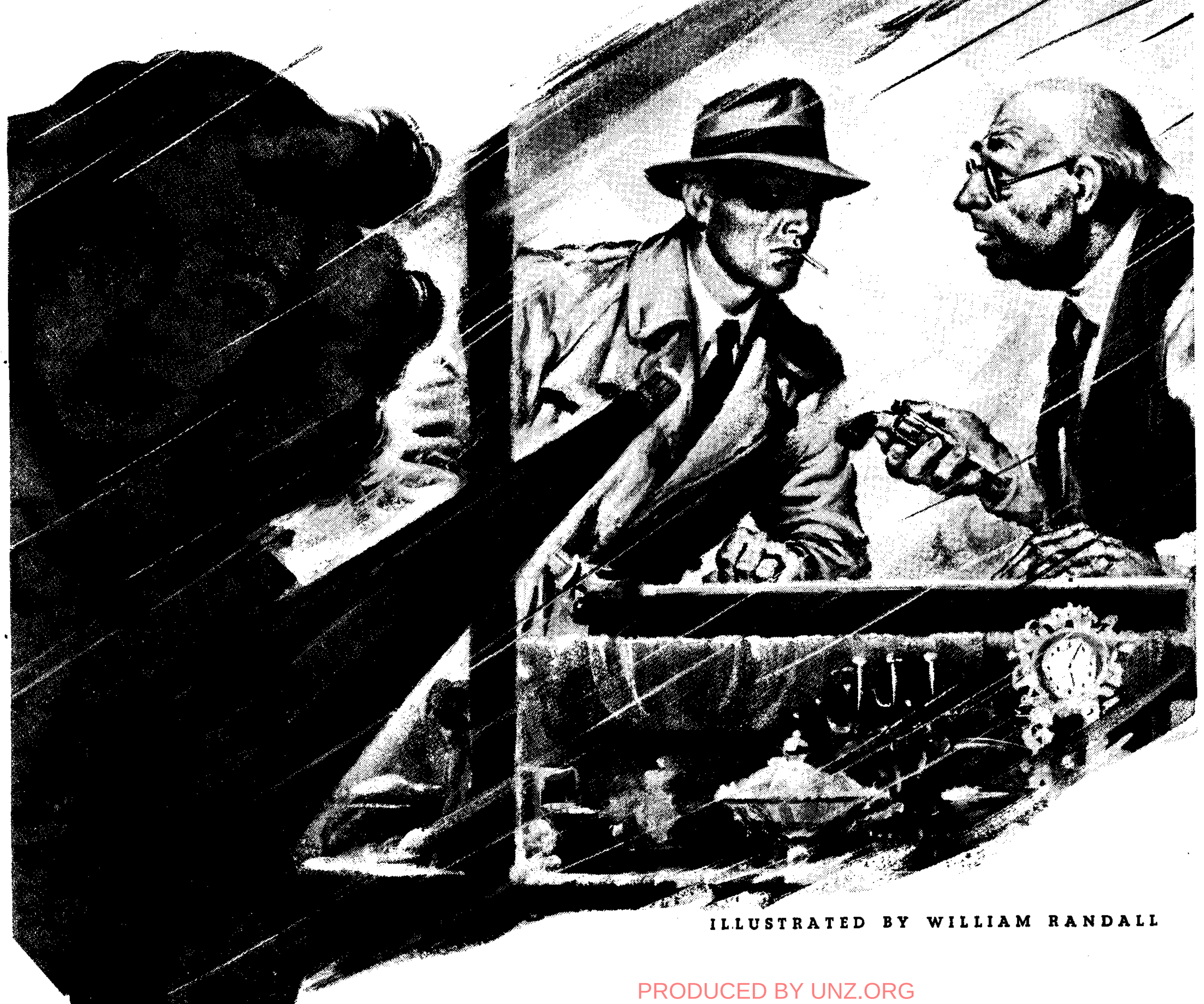
I said, "I mean what's good to bet on?"

"Bet on the liver and bacon," he said in disgust. "Never bet on anything that can talk."

"Horses can't talk," I reminded him.

"Jockeys can," he said. The Stevens broth-

The gun was traced all right. It had been sold by a pawnbroker who described his customer as a small, well-dressed man who had a permit to carry a gun



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM RANDALL

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

rs just don't believe in gambling. They think betting on horses is a very silly thing to do. I agree with them but I have the courage to ignore my principles.

"You seen a man around here named Jack Rees?" Friedman asked.

"Rees? A small, dark man? Yes, he's around here every day. I remember him because he's about the only one around who orders champagne. He's a pretty big better, I think. You'll find him somewhere around the clubhouse."

We went outside and got a table. The best of Empire is that you can sit at a table and the horses are practically right in your lap. You can really see them run at Empire. Friedman knew a lot of people there at the track. He knew the touts and he knew the runners; the men who take your money and stand in line at the windows to make your bets for you. He asked each one of them if he knew a man named Jack Rees. California Tommy, who has been a runner for thirty years, said he did the running for Rees. Sure, he knew him. A swell guy. A heavy tipper. He was around somewhere. The second race was coming up now and I liked a horse named Kate's Pride.

"He hasn't got a chance." Friedman said.

"He's got four legs. That's all the rest of them have," I told him.

"And Jimmy Crichton up on him," Max snorted. "That guy could hold an elephant away from a bale of hay. I'll take the favorite."

"Blue Grass? Hell, he's even money!" I hate betting on favorites.

"Where can you get better interest on your money?" Max said, giving California Tommy five dollars to bet on Blue Grass. I bet on Kate's Pride and watched the dog throw his jock at the gate, get off to a three-length lead and then start to sulk. She sulked herself into coming home last. Maybe she was no good and maybe that jock was holding her in. Blue Grass, of course, won.

Friedman won the third too, and then in the fourth I made a bet for the boss on Shoofly and, trying to recoup, bet twenty for myself. Friedman went along too. Shoofly ran as if they'd filled him with benzedrine. He won by four lengths, laughing, and paid $12.40. Everybody was happy.

"Well," Friedman sighed, "let's go to work."

CALIFORNIA TOMMY pointed out a small dark man to us and said that was Jack Rees. He was with a very good-looking blonde who looked good even there with the sun shining on her. There are plenty of girls who won't go to the track. That sun brings out wrinkles. Max went up to them and showed his badge to Rees.

"You mind coming along?" he asked mildly. "We want to talk to you at headquarters."

Rees laughed. "Talk to me, copper? Is it a crime to beat the races? That's all I been doing."

"It's a crime to drop in people's houses uninvited and help yourself to little trinkets."

"You got the wrong man, copper," Rees said, not a bit disturbed. "Let me show you something."

He pulled out a wallet, and I blinked. It was filled with hundred-dollar bills. There must have been thirty of them there.

"I got plenty more too," Rees said. "You can look up my bank account. Now what is a man loaded with dough like this doing lifting little trinkets?"

"We could be wrong," Friedman said sadly. "But if we are you won't have to stay long; let's get going."

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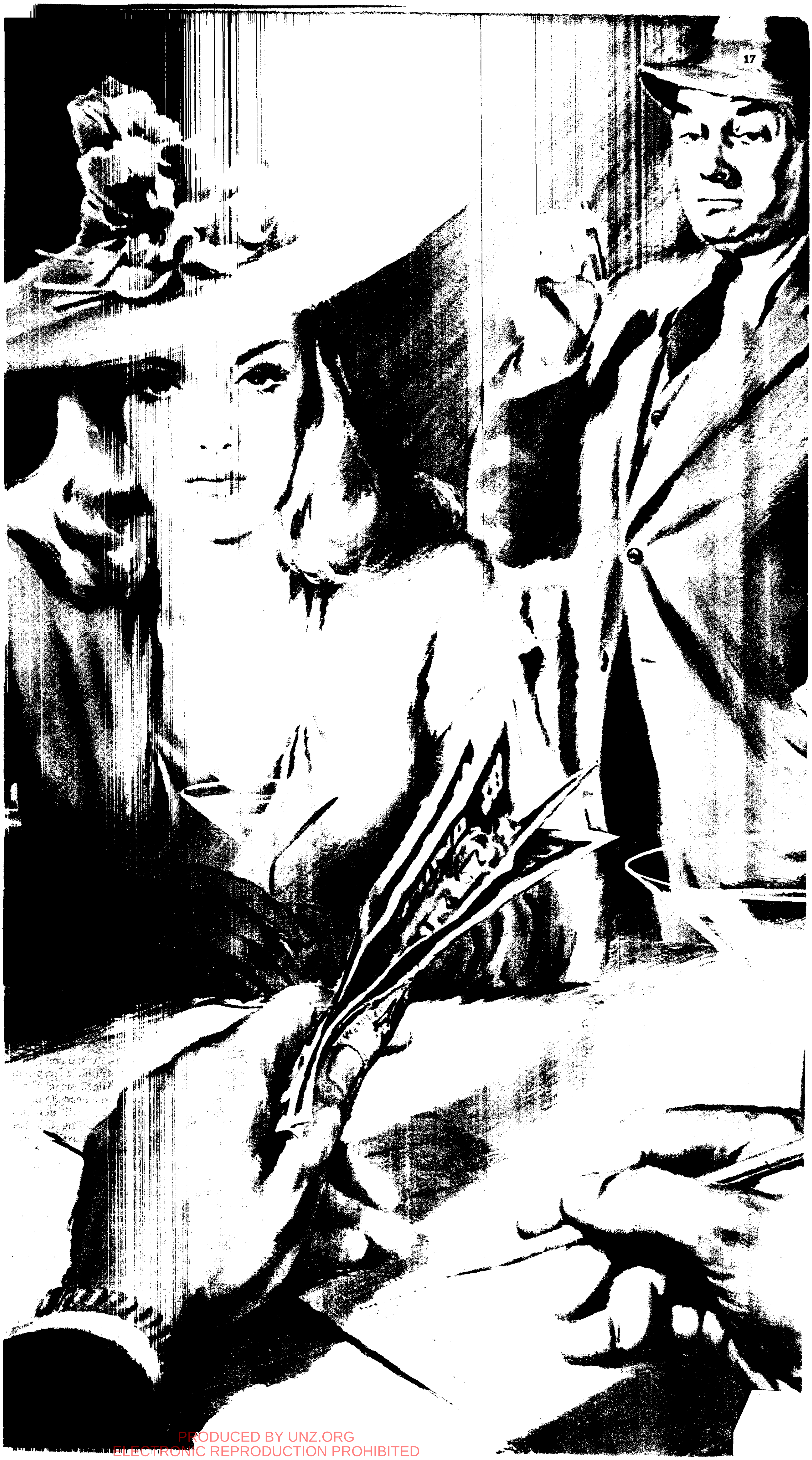

I waited while Rees marked up the card. "You're being very silly," the blonde said angrily. "I've known Jack Rees for ages"

FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

Regular circuits for migrant harvest workers have provided a fairly steady income for families like this, who once got their food by picking over the vegetable dumps

KEEP 'EM WORKING

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

Management, labor and government have been quietly working toward the goal of keeping workers on the job 12 months a year. Where they've succeeded, profits go up, strikes go down and communities take a new lease on life

THE chant of the fishermen as they dragged their long, shallow-bottomed Biloxi luggers up onto the beaches was sad. The priest who had blessed their fleet when the fishing season began in August stood now with a drawn, solemn countenance on a jetty in the Back Bay. It was April. And April, which means new life for so many things, meant something akin to death to the Cajuns and the Czechs and the Poles who fish off the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

April was the end. The fishing season was over. The crabbers had pulled up their stakes and snoods. The oystermen had come in with their dredges and tongs. The shrimp trawlers disconsolately mended their nets or daubed protective zinc on the seams of their luggers. The last boat had put in from the red-snapper bank. And along the Back Bay of Biloxi the canneries had rattled to a halt.

It was always like that in April on the Gulf Coast. The 5,000 fisherfolk whose economic life was tied to the shrimps and the oysters and the speckled trout prepared for a flaccid summer in the shantytowns. Maybe they'd have enough to eat. Maybe they'd have enough to pay the doctor, or maybe little Angélique would just have to be sick without one.

All this Nathan D. Gordon saw. The United States Employment Service had sent him to Biloxi because it showed up as a sick spot on the charts of our national economy, sick with seasonal unemployment.

But Gordon saw, too, that in April, when the fisheries died, another part of the Gulf Coast began to come to life. Vacationists poured down from Chicago and Philadelphia and New York. They jammed the hotels and disported on the moss-treed lawns. They swarmed over the golf courses and splashed in the warm Gulf waters. And to serve these vacationists there were never enough workers. Hotel managers habitually hunted high and low for help—and never found enough. For Gordon the two needs added up to one cure—for both: Why not *dovetail* these two seasonal industries?

This April there will be no sad song in the Back Bay. The shanties will have fresh paint and new curtains, and Angélique can have the best doctor in town if she needs him. For the end of the fishing season will not mean death in Biloxi. The dovetailing has been done, thanks to Gordon and Biloxi's businessmen and the Port Commission and the Chamber of Commerce. And a good deal more has been done besides.

Fishermen will get summer jobs at the hotels as gardeners and housemen. Oystermen will work in the kitchens. Cannery girls will be dishwashers, waitresses, chambermaids. Crabbers will be caddies on the golf links. Skilled fingers that for years have mended nets and trawls will make clothing in a new women's-wear factory. Strong arms that have shaved the luggers' bottoms will plane wood in a new cabinet factory. And in still another new industry, born in Biloxi to counteract the summer slack, the fisherfolk will make Christmas toys—ready to be packed and shipped in August when they take to the sea again.

Biloxi is determined to keep 'em working. It is one of hundreds of communities which are trying to answer one of the greatest needs of the American economy: stable employment. Finding the ways and means to achieve it is a job for many hands and many heads. Private industry, labor unions and the government are all working on it through chambers of commerce, the Committee for Economic Development, the C.I.O., the National Association of Manufacturers and several government agencies. This is the story of what they've done.

Let's look first at the National Shoe Manufacturers' Association, whose new stabilization plan is outstanding. When it announced its plan recently the shoe industrialists knew that they must stabilize now or never, because there'll never be another chance quite like this 1946 shakedown cruise of our reconverted economy.

Stabilization of this industry would appear to be no problem because there is nothing seasonal about the amount of shoe leather we grind into America's sidewalks. Yet, until now, a picture of the shoe industry for any "normal" year would resemble the roller coaster at Coney Island. Up with a wow in March and April and down with a whee from May to August; then up and up and up till

November, and boom—down again until March. In 1938, the last normal year in the shoe business, this meant a swing from 206,000 workers employed in the industry in March down to 175,000 in the doldrums of June. Approximately every seventh worker suffered an interruption of income.

Management also suffered from "rush orders, increased costs, delayed deliveries, poor workmanship" during the peak seasons and from "wasteful overhead, large inventories, markdowns" during the valleys.

In the last few months the National Shoe Manufacturers' Association has taken steps to end all this, to put shoe factories on a regularized year-round production schedule. This means bringing out new shoe styles month by month, instead of gorging the stores with them in spring and fall. It means regularized advertising (shoe advertising in the past has accentuated the peaks, neglected the valleys). It means re-educating the retailer and the consumer away from the seasonal buying habits, which were, admittedly, the fault of the industry in the first place.

Employment and Average Sales

Regularization in the shoe industry, says the association's spokesman, Harold R. Quimby, "will mean fewer heartaches for labor, and fewer heart attacks for management." Granted. But, you'll admit, there are some businesses which certainly are not susceptible to regularization. Sporting goods, for instance. You'd look far for the hot shot who could promote ice hockey in July or baseball in January. But this does not discourage Hugo Goldsmith, president of Sports Products in Cincinnati, from conducting one of the outstanding 52-week work plans in the business. Goldsmith, who employs 1,200 workers to produce 3,000 sports items, believes it pays off to schedule his production on the basis of average sales for the past five years and then space his work evenly over fifty-two weeks.

Eight separate shops and factories are involved in his operation, but he thinks nothing of taking Joe and Mary out of the dyeing plant when its work slacks off and putting them into the leather shop or the knitting mill. This shuffling keeps his employees on the pay roll all year round. It also gives them the added fillip of a new skill, a change of work, in an existence that might otherwise become wearyingly monotonous.

A firm in Wisconsin tackled what is probably the most notoriously seasonal industry of all: construction. In an average year there are nearly twice as many construction workers employed in August as there are in January. You may throw up your hands and say, "Well, naturally—climate is the answer!" But in 1921, a commission appointed by Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce reported: "Custom, not climate, is mainly responsible for the seasonal idleness in the construction industries."

So in the winter of 1937-38, this daring Wisconsin company decided to buck the weather. Workers who had considered themselves lucky to get eight months of work per year were hired on a full-year basis, rain or shine. In return for this security they agreed to work for 76 cents an hour instead of the customary 90 cents. Thus the company was able to show more work for wages paid, was able to attract business by passing these savings on to customers, was able to capitalize on the hitherto unexploited field of winter business—and, on top of it all, the workers averaged 20 per cent higher incomes that year!

Even in the most severe weather, Economist Howard B. Myers points out, construction can go on, thanks to a few new tricks in a very old trade. Quick-drying cement obviates the danger of freezing and cracking. Portable heating and covering devices allow construction teams to "make their own weather." And prefabrication of parts and sections eliminates much of the outdoor work altogether.

Regularization, the ironing out of peaks and valleys, has always been pioneered by men of daring and imagination, and it has usually paid off. Management brought forth the original "big three" of the annual-wage plans—which actually were not annual-wage plans at all but regularizations which made an annual wage possible.

Jay C. Hormel, who launched the famous annual-wage plan of the Hormel packing company in 1931, did so, saying, "No one in the management of the company believes in Santa Claus. We want to make money. And we believe that the employment policies developed by the company will make the company money."

Labor costs at the Hormel plants are budgeted a year in advance and each worker gets his share in 52 equal weekly installments. Bonuses are paid when production exceeds expectations. After monitoring the plan in one department, the company reported: "At the end of the first year, operating costs had been reduced 26 per cent and in the second year a further 12 per cent." And, it should be added, without the incentive to keep its people busy all year round, Hormel might never have brought forth that ubiquitous wonder of World War II—Spam.

Henry L. Nunn, president of the Nunn-Bush shoe company, whose "flexible wage plan" has been functioning since 1935, has been accused of paternalism probably because of the strong entrenchment of a company union. Frustrated A.F. of L. and C.I.O. organizers have said of Nunn's Milwaukee firm, "It's not a union out there—it's a religion!"

Nunn himself takes a different view. He once said, "I'm not 'better' than a reactionary employer. I'm just a little smarter."

Nunn is a sincere believer in the workingman. He considers him a partner in business. Thus he peels off 20 per cent of the total wholesale value of shoes packed, this being the calculated labor cost, and pours it into a salary fund from which each worker draws 52 pay checks a year. Hence the flexible wage, which varies along with the fortunes of the company.

The third of the "big three" plans, Procter & Gamble's guaranteed employment plan, is the granddaddy. It began in 1923 and still guarantees 48 weeks' work to all employees who have been with the company for two years or more. The plan stemmed from Colonel William Cooper Procter's discomfort over the fact that the soap business was seasonal while the use of soap was about as continuous as the use of the toothbrush.

Avoiding Unnecessary Losses

The old colonel built warehouses so P. & G. factories could produce for stock when orders slacked off. He established a distribution system direct to the retail outlets, thus bypassing jobbers who glutted or starved his factories depending on their hunches on price trends. Richard R. Deupree, P. & G. president, estimates that the regularization plan has saved the company $100,000,000 in plant efficiency alone. Feast and famine is as wasteful of a company's money as it is of the human treasure gathered around a worker's dinner table.

All concerned were benefited when General Electric began producing lamps for stock during the slack summer sales period; when Hills Brothers, by intelligent promotion, created a year-round demand for dates instead of merely a Christmas deluge; when the macaroni people learned they could sell in summer by using airtight packaging; when General Foods balanced winter Postum with summer Jello.

Still, let's admit that not all businesses permit of anywhere near 100 per cent regularization. Some are inherently seasonal and some can't avoid minor fluctuations in their labor needs. But that hasn't stopped Lorain County, Ohio, from discovering that there are more ways than one to pluck a duck. This little cove of industry on the Lake Erie littoral found that it could keep 'em working by dovetailing the employment needs of sixteen different industries.

The Lorain plan was launched in 1938 chiefly to save unemployment insurance

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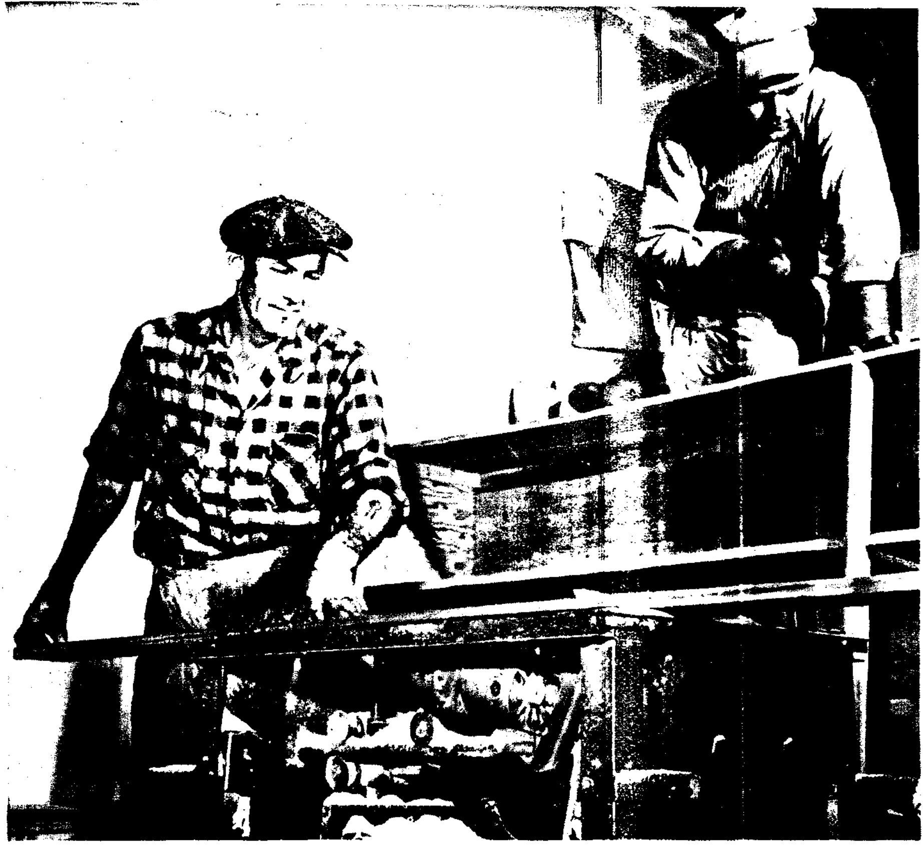


Andy Page (right) and Dewey Crochet work as journeymen carpenters during the summer when the Gulf shrimp fleet is idle, thanks to efforts of Biloxi, Mississippi, to keep 'em working. Former slack seasons left them jobless

For 21 years, Justine Brown has made her own annual income by serving as a maid in Biloxi's hotels during the summer and working in the shrimp and oyster packing plants during the months when the fishing fleet is out

Repairing shrimp nets at the season's end used to be a sad job, but it no longer means idleness for all

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

Rocks for Flower Show gardens are transported in newspaper and hay to preserve weathering. Pools are lined with waterproof canvas

It Might As Well Be Spring

By Ruth Carson

Transplanting gardens into a city building is a man-sized job. But the results, as seen at the Flower Show, justify the tremendous effort

THIS year, for the first time in four years, spring will come early to New York—March eighteenth, to be exact. For, regardless of the weather, that's the date for the opening of the International Flower Show, biggest and most colorful thing of its kind in the world.

The show will return to New York's Grand Central Palace, which, until recently, has served as an induction center. During its six-day stay there, some two hundred thousand gardeners and flower-starved city people will spend a quarter of a million dollars to see it. What you'll see, if you're one of them, will delight you. But you should have seen what a huge job it was to get the show together.

Moving full-blown gardens into an empty hall is no cinch. Yet in a week's time fourteen of them, stretching over nearly an acre on the ground floor, sprang to life. In a single day, the next two floors were overflowing with thousands of specimen plants and hundreds of thousands of cut flowers, each chosen for its perfection.

The cost of this huge undertaking is hard to calculate, but it also runs into the hundreds of thousands.

It includes rent, wages for guards, cleaners, detectives, ticket-takers—not to mention such miscellaneous items as fifteen hundred dollars to fireproof the smilax that will drape the Palace's columns.

The value of the plants in the show is also incalculable. But here's one small item: Mr. Rodne Wilcox Jones, private grower of orchids, says the value of one display of thirty-seven orchid plants he exhibited in the last show was about sixteen hundred dollars. The most valuable plant, with six luscious blooms on it, was worth two hundred and fifty dollars.

By way of partial recompense for their expenses, the growers will compete for some five hundred prizes, ranging from $3 for a bunch

(Continued on page 45)

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. CASSEBEER

THE OLD-FASHIONED SNOW

By May Sarton

UNCLE CHARLES was only five years older than their father but to the Cranbrook children he seemed like an uncle miraculously preserved from another generation. Their father was unaccountably annoyed, for instance, if they asked him to tell them about horse-drawn streetcars. "What makes you think I can remember that far back?" he would say from behind the Wall Street News. "Isn't it about time you went out and got some fresh air?"

But Uncle Charles beamed if asked a question like that. If it was a really good question, he would take out his gold watch, snap it open as if to measure whether there was time for such a long and wonderful tale, and then launch out, "Yup, I certainly do remember them. In those days it took an hour and a half to get from Cambridge to Boston. . . ."

From there on, Uncle Charles' memory unraveled like a long, beautiful ribbon, until his brother interrupted with his inevitable, "Really, Charles, you must be making all that up. I don't remember any of it. Horse-drawn streetcars indeed! Why, they went out fifty years ago!"

That was the cue for Uncle Charles to open his watch again, apologetically this time, and say, "Good heavens, four o'clock already!" and make his escape to the kindly and reminiscent teacups at one of his friends'.

Of course he had never married. Marriage would have meant changes, a foreign woman's clothes in the cupboards, perhaps even repapering and painting. It would have been altogether too painful. Mary O'Donnell, niece of the original Mary, looked after him and his house, and Charles moved serenely in the luminous halo of the past.

Sounds, sights, especially smells in the present never seemed to have the precise flavor that he could conjure up by opening his mother's top bureau drawer and smelling the lavender sachet, or by going out to the barn and putting a finger on the dusty old sleigh and breathing in its leathery, horsy fragrance. The old sleigh was reassuring. For now and then Charles himself doubted whether the things he remembered had really happened. Perhaps in the acute loneliness after his mother died he had dreamed it all in a dream—every time it snowed, for instance, and he remembered the great luxurious snows of his childhood, snow that lasted weeks, fine powdered snow, dry and light as sugar, deep snow that packed down hard and creaked under the runners of the sleighs. . . .

He took comfort in his brother's children, so unlike his brother, he thought with satisfaction. His mother would have enjoyed Deborah and Susan. They not only believed what he said, they actually helped him to remember all sorts of things he had forgotten. Modern children disturbed Charles deeply—they affronted him, always playing noisy, bloody games, pretending to be dive bombers. You never saw a child curled up in a window seat with a book these days. But the Cranbrook children, whatever they might do when he was not there, were thoroughly satisfactory little girls. Only now and then Charles shivered to think what would happen as they grew older and became contaminated by their own generation.

Then one day in January when Charles woke up to the comfortable chime of eight from the French clock, he was aware of a peculiar light in the room. Very quietly he got out of bed, as if he might disturb someone if the floor creaked, and tiptoed to the window. Yes, it was snowing, and this light was the real snow light, the light that had filled him with aching excitement as a child. He wanted to cry out, "Mother, it's snowing!" but after all, he reminded himself, it often began like this but it never turned into a perfect snow after all. It turned to rain or froze too fast or something happened to ruin the magic. Still, it was falling there outside, falling steadily in perfect silence. Charles, at the open window, drew a deep breath. Yes, yes, it even had the right smell!

"Mary," he said, merrily decapitating his breakfast egg, "it looks like a real old-fashioned snow."

"Yes, sir, indeed it does."

"If only it keeps up now. If it only does!" he said with such intensity that Mary was a little startled.

THE snow went on snowing, went on falling, thicker and thicker until it lay in rich ermine folds on the trees and blurred the windows and made baroque turbans on the stone pillars in the driveway entrance. It stayed wherever it fell, for there was no wind. It snowed all day and far into the night, and when Charles woke up the next morning it was still there, as beautiful as the snows he remembered, sugary-dry, covering the earth in crystals, in the purest magic, as the sun rose and touched the feathery trees, the white fountains, with pink and gold. . . .

Mrs. Cranbrook answered the phone sleepily, "Why, Charles, has anything happened?"—Had the house burned down in the night?—"What? Are the children going to school? No, of course not. The snow's far too deep . . . Could I send them over for the day? I don't see why not—"

The voice left the phone and he could hear her asking the children whether they wanted to go. He heard the whoops of joy and he felt almost intolerably excited and happy. So, at last, he could show the children one thing out of the past in its purest intensity, in the true light of reality! There was so much to do that he did not know where to begin. "Mary! Mary!" he shouted, and as he saw the panic in her face, recovered himself sufficiently to say, "Please excuse me, Mary, for raising my voice. Have we any maple sirup in the house? Are there any small pieces of coal in the cellar? And do you know where I could lay my hands on Father's top hat?"

Charles was too absorbed in his plans to realize the effect of these questions. Mary ran up the back stairs, giggling and wiping her eyes. It was as if Mr. Charles had come alive again, and it made her feel like crying.

He was buckling on his overshoes when she came down, and he had wound a red scarf round his neck and was putting on a pair of mittens. "Nothing like mittens for this work!" he said genially as she came to the door. "I'm just going out to try the snow, Mary. Oh, the hat. Splendid! Leave it on the hall table, won't you?" he said and closed the front door behind him.

Outside, the whole world had turned into an immense flashing diamond and for a second Charles was blinded; he stood on the porch shielding his eyes. But very soon from the kitchen window Mary saw him on his hands and knees, busily making a snowball which he proceeded to roll a short distance. It grew enormously even pushed only a few feet, and with that Charles stood up, brushed the snow off his knees and waved airily at Mary with a most satisfied expression.

At that moment, two voices, faint and far-away, called, "Hallo-o-o!—Uncle Charles! Here we are!" And two faces, red with exertion, appeared, plunging up and down through the drifts at the gate.

"Hello there, my hearties! Well, well, well, is this it? Eh? Is this the real thing, eh?"

They panted happily and nodded their heads. When they had caught their breath, Susan said thoughtfully, "Daddy says this is the best snow he ever saw."

Charles closed his mouth tight. "He would say that. He doesn't remember anything."

"It's funny how he doesn't, isn't it?" Deborah said placatingly.

"He's just too busy, I guess," Susan added.

"Well"—Charles threw off the gloom which had enveloped him for a moment—"we're not, are we? Not too busy to make a snow man, not too busy to make maple candy—"

"Are we going to do it, really? Oh, Uncle Charlie—" They sighed and looked at each other secretly under their lashes.

Adoringly they followed Uncle Charles. They helped push the snowball until it grew so big that even all three pushing with all their might couldn't budge it. Then Susan and Deborah lay back on the soft white pillow all around them as if they were in a huge feather bed and panted.

"Time for a snack, do you think?" Uncle Charles asked dreamily, and tramped off into the house, leaving them on their backs like two plump seals, ecstatically weary.

"Look up, Deborah. We're at the bottom of the sea—"

"I can't look any more. My eyes hurt." Deborah was only five and she felt rather sleepy. But she woke up again when Uncle Charles came back with a saucepan in his hands and a big wooden spoon and began to ladle flat buttons of boiling sirup onto the snow. They watched him silently, as if he were an alchemist.

His eyes are very blue, Susan thought admiringly, as blue as a bluebird.

"Have to wait a bit. Have to give the snow time to do its work." He stood up and smiled, peering down like a cook. "Well, Deborah, have a try. See what you think—"

She picked up a rather wobbly button in a snow-encrusted mitten and tasted the mixture of snow and sweetness judicially.

A DREAMY stillness came over them as they sucked and sucked and were allowed to have all they wanted, for once in their lives. Uncle Charles' own appetite for sirupy buttons seemed inexhaustible. But finally he rallied them back to work.

In no time at all, it seemed, so radiant with energy and skill was Uncle Charles, the snow man was finished, with two sticks for arms, two splendid glossy black eyes and the top hat at a rakish angle.

Uncle Charles withdrew a few paces to look at the finished object and suddenly burst into a loud guffaw of laughter. He laughed and laughed till tears rolled down his cheeks. They didn't know why he was laughing, but they laughed too, rather sleepily. They couldn't know the wild joy it gave Uncle Charles to see his father's hat on the snow man, how it seemed to pay off some old score once and for all. . . .

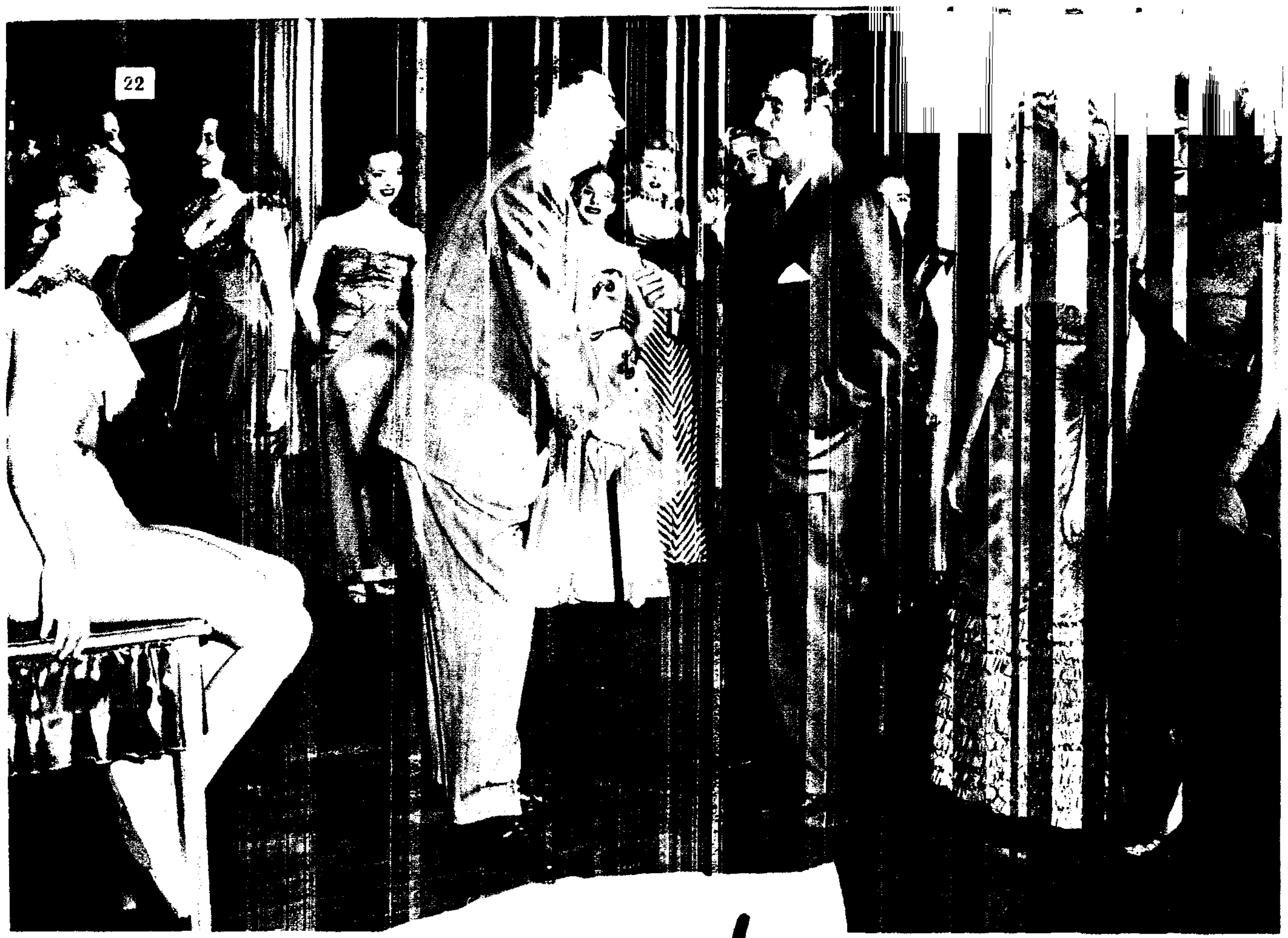
He looked at the two little girls tenderly and put an arm round each of them. "Then," he said in that tone of voice he used when he was finishing a particularly good story, "then it would be time for lunch."

"But it's not then, Uncle Charlie," Susan piped in her clear ladylike voice. "It's now, isn't it?"

"It's now?" he shot back at her with a look of amazement. . . . "Quite right, Susan, quite right. It's now," he said again. "Now. Yes, of course."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI

a short short story complete on this page



Backstage at El Capitan theater, Hollywood, Ken Murray describes how he changes show week after week as the need arises. In movies you can't do that

Gamble with Music

One of Hollywood's top-flight directors tells why a motion-picture musical is quite different from and much harder to make than a stage extravaganza, and why a director's prime asset is a good sense of smell

BY NORMAN Z. McLEOD as told to KYLE CRICHTON

ANYBODY making a motion-picture musical is a candidate for the strange place. Nothing in the history of mankind has ever been more of a gamble, and what a director needs particularly is a sense of smell. Either he has it or the audience has it and they refer to it in a more brutish manner.

The point is that when you make a motion-picture musical you can't try it on the dog. A scene may look good and sound good but when it appears on the screen it may louse up the joint. A good director is a man who senses that before the epic gets in the can. He can't be a second-guesser. Some bad scenes can be eliminated in the cutting but the high points are there and have to stay there—and they have to be good.

A stage musical is another thing entirely. Both the stage musical and the motion-picture musical have actors and songs and dance numbers but the technique is almost completely different. On the stage your story can be so slight it is only a rumor, and often they just take it and heave it out the window altogether; on the screen you must have a story and sometimes it throws *you*.

I've directed some good motion-picture musicals and I've had some others I'm not telling about. My newest is The Kid from Brooklyn, a Samuel Goldwyn production in Technicolor. It has Danny Kaye, Vera Ellen, Virginia Mayo and scads of cute Goldwyn girlies. If it isn't good, I'm pretty bad.

That brings me to what people look for in a screen musical. They look for (a) stars, (b) a good story, and (c) musical numbers. I'm probably a coward but I wouldn't tackle the best musical-comedy book in the world without a big-name star in the cast. Audiences won't go near a screen musical that doesn't have a star, and I'm not one to go arguing with an audience. It may not be true that the customer is always right in a drugstore or a restaurant, but in a theater he is so right it hurts—sometimes.

So you can't do a revue on the screen at all because it has no story and you can't do the ordinary operetta because it has no star. That's why Broadway smashes like Show Boat have never had equal success in pictures. Oklahoma!, of course, hasn't been made into a picture, but I'm willing to bet it doesn't come close to grossing as much as a dozen screen musicals you've seen and forgotten.

On the stage the audience takes a lot for granted. The proscenium arch is always there and everybody knows he is taking part in make believe. A stage butler comes out and makes the bald announcement that the guests are here and in come sixteen chorus girls all dressed alike and sixteen chorus boys all dressed alike and they break into song—a thing most real guests save until later.

On the stage there is a painted backdrop and a lot of artificial lighting effects, and when somebody hammers a bit on a gourd that means that the hero has arrived—off stage—on his horse and everybody accepts it. On the screen you'd better have the horse right there in person or the audience will start tearing up the seats and bouncing them off the ushers.

And then, the story. On the screen we always have the problem of characterization.

In our particular story, The Kid from Brooklyn, Danny Kaye is a very mild, timorous mousy sort of guy—a milkman, whom the girl loves for his sweet character. He is not even a good milkman, he is definitely unsophisticated, and the whole story as well as all our comedy depends upon this characterization.

All the time I was filming the picture I was conscious of the fact that Danny is one of our greatest entertainers. Naturally everybody on the set was dying to see and hear one of his inimitable numbers. But Danny's stuff is so highly polished and sophisticated that I simply couldn't let him do one without ruining the picture—as a story.

It may be interesting to follow the development of this gullible milkman, who accidentally knocks out the middleweight champion prizefighter, and is built up by the ballyhoo of a resourceful fight promoter until he becomes a loud-mouthed braggart and a tiger in the ring. It is only then that we can get away with sophisticated song-and-dance numbers.

But if you make the story so interesting that the audience gets wrapped up in it, they get sore when the musical numbers come in and interrupt things. If you deliberately keep the story down in interest to give the musical and dance numbers a chance, everybody says the picture smells.

The stage audience sees the stage and is conscious of it all the time; the picture audience sees violent light surrounded by blackness. The concentration of the picture audience is tremendous. Literally, one minute on the screen is the equivalent of ten minutes on the stage. A number running five minutes on the screen is a lifetime. The average chorus of a number runs forty seconds; on the stage, numbers have been known to run fifteen and twenty minutes.

So if you want to make a successful screen musical, every number must add to the story. When you introduce a song or a musical number or a dance sequence that doesn't add to the plot, you make people out front restless and bored.

Do you remember that very long but funny sequence in Up in Arms, the Sam Goldwyn picture which introduced Danny Kaye to picture-goers? Danny sang and danced his conception of the motion picture they were standing in line to see, to his friends, Dinah Shore, Dana Andrews and Constance Dowling, and some dozens of startled theatergoers in the lobby. In this one number, Elliott Nugent, the director, successfully set up the audience anticipation and appreciation for a light, zany musical comedy by introducing a great natural funnyman, whose screen debut was to become the most exciting since Charlie Chaplin.

He wisely kept Danny's extraordinarily funny routine within story bounds but got the most out of the comedian's pantomimic antics as well as his famed satirical songs in double-talk. The result was that theater audiences everywhere welcomed Danny uproariously and took him to their fun-loving bosoms for life.

Before the Shooting Starts

A motion picture is really a high-class job of carpentry. In all musicals I have directed, including The Kid from Brooklyn, we talked the story over and decided on the musical numbers that would abet the story before the shooting was started. Sometimes even after this, we find that a number isn't so suitable as we thought, so out it comes even if it has been filmed at considerable expense. In ordinary procedure, we write out the story line and then talk with composers, lyric writers, the dance director and the designers. It may surprise you to know that musical numbers have to be specially designed for the screen because they are a series of intimate shots. You have to know where everybody is every second of the time. On the stage it is one large pattern and if it gets a little out of focus, nobody is hurt.

With a stage show, it opens in Boston or Philadelphia for a tryout. I've never done a stage show and know of the experience only from hearsay, but I understand that remarkable things happen in the weeks before the production reaches New York. A song number that is third in the first act can become number two in the second act. Numbers are stuck in and yanked out according to their reception by the audience.

Nothing of that kind can be done on the screen. Once it is set and shot, it's done. Since both the musical numbers and the dance routines form a part of the story, they can't be monkeyed with for fear of messing up the whole picture. On the stage an obscure number may develop into a hit out of town. On the screen you have to guess right about the numbers and you'd better be damned right. There is nothing more horrible than muffing the hit number of a picture or devoting too much footage to a number that doesn't click.

Here is an illustration of how we have to strain our imaginations to make sure we are right. Plotting a musical number we sit in a cold, empty warehouse, known in the trade as a sound stage. There are no sets. Instead, the dance director says: "Boys, here is a railroad depot, the train is just pulling in, and when it stops, our dancers step off and go into the routine."

So a handful of men, maybe six of us, have to sit there and look like we see a train coming into a station. The art director is cussing gently to himself and wondering aloud—"What the hell kind of a train am I supposed to build?" Every single one of us is busy trying to visualize the scene, but in a different manner.

The dance director continues: "Those little boxes on the stage represent the troupe's suitcases, and the Xs I have marked on the floor are the characters who are standing around the depot."

So we all sit around as if it makes sense and hope that the dance director really has thought up something good.

Next, we turn to the song writer and say, "What happens here, Bud, in the music department?" My song writer is always a guy who can't sing. He says, "Gee, it's beautiful here," and proceeds to pipe up in a voice that sounds like a brick when you scratch it.

And so it goes merrily. But despite all this apparent confusion and vagueness, somehow it assumes form and usually comes out much better than one has a right to expect.

Order Out of Confusion

On the other hand, if you happened to come on the set during the actual shooting, you'd think it was a madhouse. Cameras, sound equipment and lights are all over the place. The sound stage is about the size of a department-store floor and hundreds of people are dashing around like bargain day in the nylon department. There are three technicians to every performer. It looks as though everybody is doing nothing but get in everybody else's way, and actually each knows exactly what he is doing and it all needs to be done.

The finest of motion-picture musical producer-directors was the late Mark Sandrich. Theatergoers will recall his memorable Fred Astaire–Ginger Rogers musicals, and his more recent shows such as Irving Berlin's Holiday Inn and his own Here Come the Waves.

Mark had a system all his own, which was necessary because he made so many musicals. He prepared a musical the way a general prepares a military campaign. He plotted the picture out on a three- by five-foot cardboard chart, and from his diagrams he could see the picture moving, foot by foot, minute by minute. When Mark was shooting a scene or a number he could tell to the fraction of a minute when he was going overboard either on story or numbers.

Of course, he was right. In a musical, everything has to fit—so much story, so much dancing, so many song spots and so many big musical numbers. With his chart Mark could often make the necessary trims and cuts right on the spot. Without his chart, he once told me, he would have been as nutty as everything on the set looked.

Lacking such methodical sense, I go ahead on the general premise that two musical numbers can't run together, that every bit of action has to build into the next one, and that if it doesn't, some critic in New York will say that "the story is negligible" or "slight as the story is," and I'll be ruined.

Oh, I might occasionally draw a series of cartoons to show the actors my conception of the comedy in a certain situation, but usually I just rely on my sense of sight, hearing and smell—and hope for the best. ★★★

Vera Ellen, dancing star of McLeod's newest musical, is shown in a series of shots taken of one of her routines. Because a musical can't be changed once it's filmed, McLeod will often draw sketches of bits of the action, so that he may better visualize them

Gregg Toland, left, ace Goldwyn cameraman, discusses lighting of a scene in The Kid from Brooklyn with the author. All these details have to be right in a movie musical or the audience walks out in droves

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

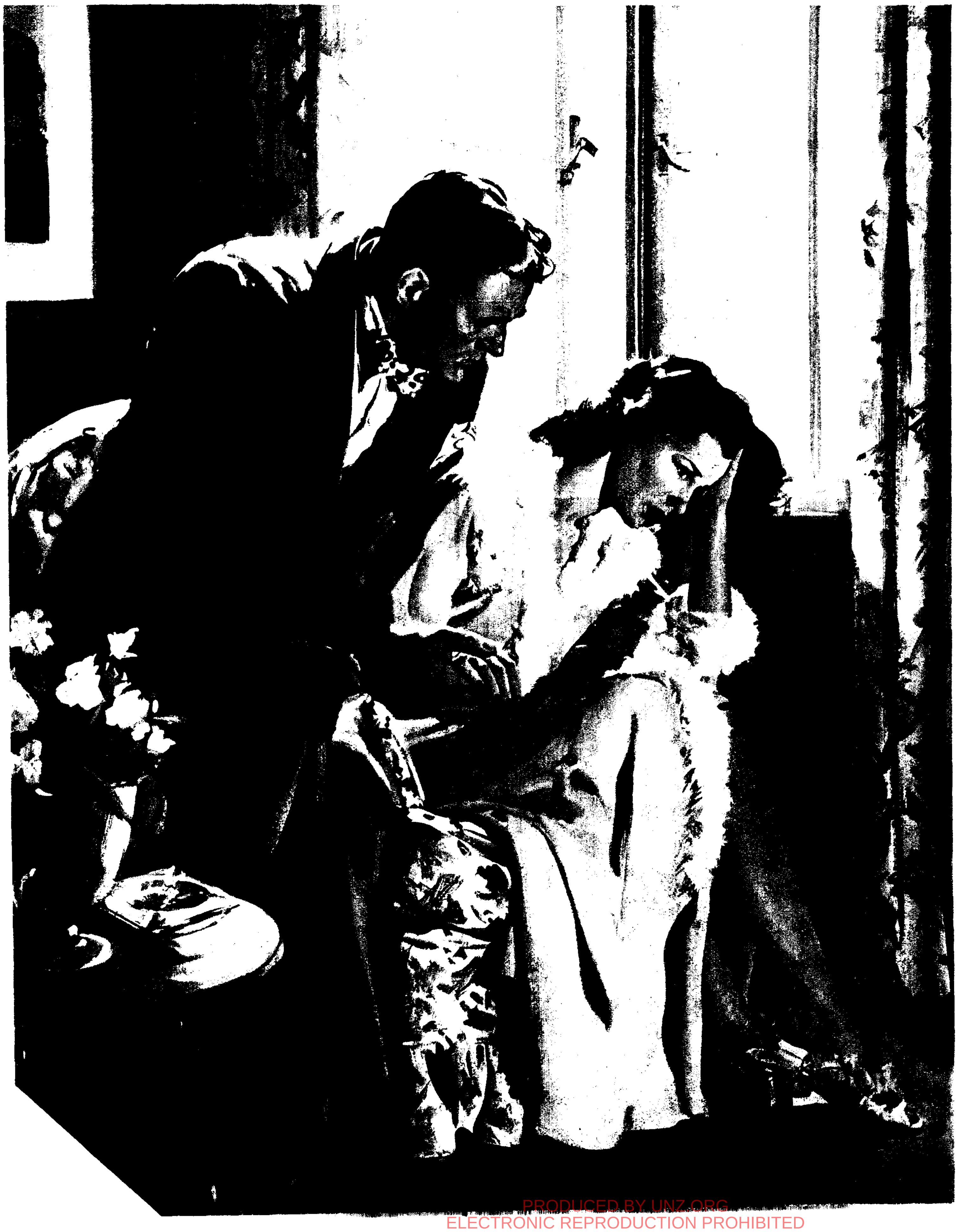
Dangerous Lady

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The Story:

SCOTT HENDERSON had run right into murder—two mysterious deaths by shooting—and, worse yet, every clue pointed to the girl he loved, beautiful GAIL BARRIE. When young DORIS TREADWAY was killed, GAIL had been in DORIS' home; when FLETCHER MATHEWS, SCOTT'S banking partner, was found dead, GAIL had been the only person in his house where she was visiting his daughter, BARBARA. Although both DETECTIVE BERNIE WILLIAMS and SERGEANT CHRIS PETERSON suspected GAIL, SCOTT could not believe her guilty, but when an unidentified car lurched by their car one night, spraying shots at them, GAIL'S terrified insistence that the shots had been meant for him convinced him she was involved but dared not reveal all she knew. Even stranger, a mysterious relationship existed between GAIL and slick, arrogant TONY KINKAID. Although PAUL INNES, the Country Club manager, insisted GAIL cared nothing for TONY, SCOTT had been warned by FERN MEREDITH, torch singer at Valley View Lodge, who was in love with TONY, that trouble involving both TONY and GAIL was brewing. SCOTT'S bewilderment was further increased when GAIL, obviously distraught, told him that she wanted him, as trustee of her million-dollar fortune, to convert the estate into cash and, apparently intending to transfer it to someone else, demanded he turn the cash over to her on her twenty-first birthday when the money legally became hers. Baffled and angry, SCOTT had to agree, then received the final shock when, a few hours later, he learned from BERNIE WILLIAMS that GAIL BARRIE and TONY KINKAID had just been married—and were registered at the Cherokee Hotel. . . .



"This is going to take courage, honey," Scott said. Gail didn't answer. She just reached over and put her hand in his

III

FOR an awkward minute Scott and Barbara stood where they were, not looking at each other, not doing anything. They heard the words, but the full significance didn't sink in.

Bernie pulled up a chair and dropped into it. He said, "Why shouldn't we sit down?"

Scott was trying to take it in stride. He was trying to conceal the things that were seething inside him, the incredulity, the sudden sharp pain, the fear. He was trying to convince himself that even if what Bernie said were true, it wasn't as bad as it sounded. He didn't speak, because at the moment he couldn't trust himself. It was Barbara who broke the silence. She said, "You're sure, Bernie?"

"Yeah. Couldn't be surer. Got the tip from Marty West, assistant manager at the Cherokee. He gave it to me off the record. Said they checked in with one suitcase each. Registered as Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Kinkaid. He gave 'em a three-room suite on the tenth floor. Corner. I beat it down to the license bureau. It was there, all right."

Barbara said, "I wonder why . . . ?"

"He's a good-looking so-and-so," said Bernie. "Knocks 'em over right and left. Why shouldn't Miss Barrie fall, too?" He looked uncomfortably at Scott. "I know how you feel about her, kid. But I gotta call 'em as I see 'em. No matter how things were between you, it's just a lot of water over the dam now. This Kinkaid is a smart cookie."

Barbara said, "That's not the whole story, Bernie. I can understand Kinkaid's end of it, of course. But why Gail?"

"Women are all a little nutsy. Even the best of 'em," Bernie said.

He pulled out a pack of cigarettes and shoved them in Scott's direction. He said, "Here I am shooting off my mouth with a lot of words that don't mean anything. I ain't trying to butt in, Scott. You know that. It struck me that Chris Peterson was gonna find out about this thing pretty quick. Chris is on the ball all the time. He's likely to show up here any minute, and start shoving you around. It seemed like a good idea to get here first." He looked appealingly at Barbara.

She said, "It's a mean setup, Scott. But Bernie is right. This way you've got a chance to adjust yourself. If you heard it first from Peterson, you'd probably blow your top."

Scott reached out and pressed her hand. He said, "Of course, you're right, Barbara—you and Bernie both." He gave a short, bitter laugh. "Scott Henderson, the great lover! The irresistible! The colossal idiot!"

"Lay off that stuff," growled Bernie. "It ain't getting you anywhere."

Barbara said to Bernie, "They registered. You checked the license. Are you sure there was a ceremony?"

He grinned. "You're a keen babe. Yeah, I checked that angle. Married by Municipal Judge Aleck Mooney." He looked away from Henderson's misery and said gently, "You rather I scrammed, Scott? Come back after dinner, maybe?"

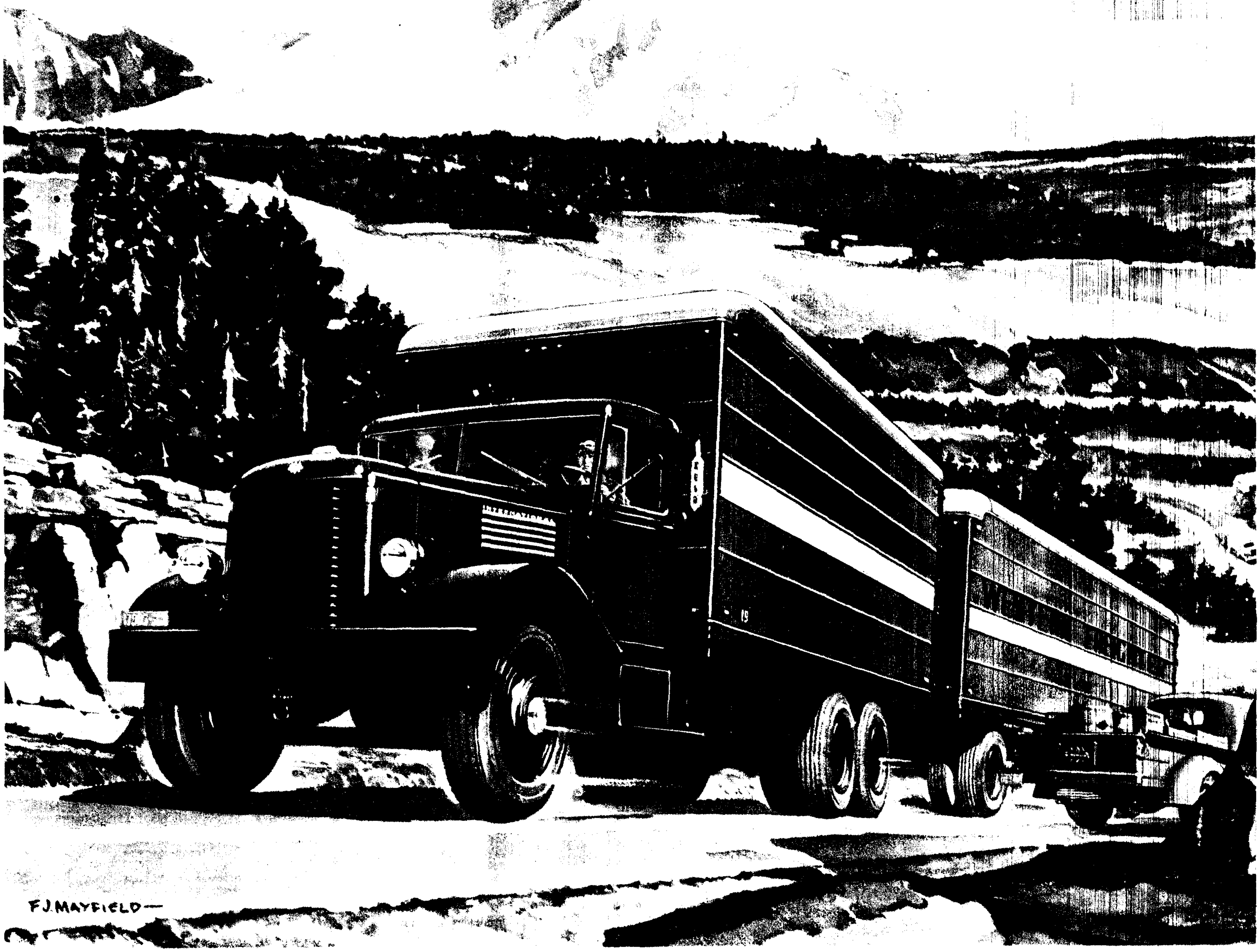
"No." Scott had a grip on himself now. He said, "If that's how it is, that's how it is. For the record, I'll say I'm *still* in love with her. I'd still do anything to keep her from getting in deeper than she is already."

"Nice goin'. How much does Barbara know?"

"Everything."

"Good." The change in Bernie's manner was almost imperceptible, but it was there. He became suddenly the professional policeman: kindly, considerate, but competent. He said, "I don't like any part of it. It ties Kinkaid and Miss Barrie up too tight, and they were tight enough before. Kinkaid showing up at the Treadway house right after Doris Treadway was killed. Him bringing Mr. Mathews home the night . . ." He saw Barbara's face and tried to choose his words more carefully. "Anyway, Miss Barrie was home that night. Kinkaid was here. Maybe other things have been happening. Things I don't know about."

(Continued on page 59)



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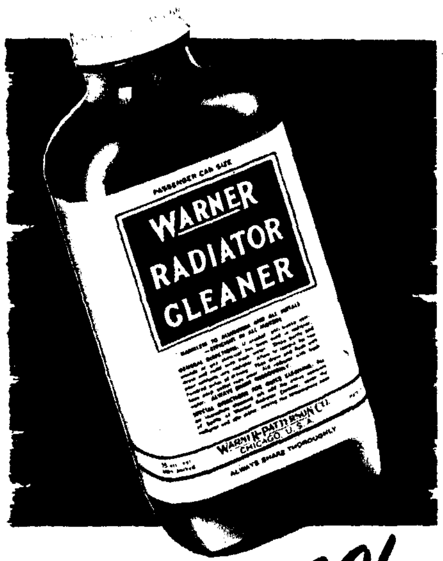

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A Present for the Countess

Continued from page 11

little woman waiting for me, but I've got some time to make up, too."

"Getting out lumber *in* that Maine mill of yours," Dick said.

"No. That can wait. It'll have to wait. There's the Curlew and *Old Jed Mason* and a lazy cruise to blue waters. There may not be time later on and I don't want to miss it while I'm *still* young."

"Just you and your boat and the family retainer," Goldie said. "No woman?"

"No woman," Sam said, and Goldie and Dick looked at each other and wagged their heads.

"Chacun à son goût," Dick said and that was when Dolly Ann materialized in a cloud of mink and devastating perfume.

She had a wisp of fur on the back of her dark bob, and her lips were slashed red in her unpowdered face. She cried, "Sammy Crayle," and put out a hand to keep them from rising. She grinned at Dick and Goldie. "The last time I saw Sammy he was doing his best to keep Yale from walking all over Dartmouth in the Bowl and having no luck. Now he's fruit salad and brass, but isn't that life?"

Sam introduced Dick and Goldie. He said dryly, "Take a good look, Dolly. We're out and I'm off for home."

Dolly Ann said, "But how marvelous. That's what I get for being a good girl. All my prayers answered."

She said, "Come buy me a Coke and I'll tell you what's in store for you, lamb . . ." and moved off with a flirt of her hand.

Sam grinned at Dick and Goldie. "See why I prefer boats? Back with you in a sec."

HE FOUND Dolly Ann at the crowded bar. Ordering Scotch, he looked down at her. "What's this mad idea?"

"Skiing," Dolly Ann smiled.

Sam lifted a dark brow. Outside, New York was black and wet and far from cold. Dolly Ann said, "There's three feet of base and a foot of powder snow fresh set for us at the camp. We're leaving tonight. A gang of us. You're coming . . ."

"I'm going up to Maine," Sam said, savoring his drink.

"Uh-huh. You can't. You're not married or anything, are you?"

"Perish forbid," Sam plagiarized, and Dolly Ann beamed.

"You see? Perfect. It's a pretty chummy gang. Paired off. Rings even. Except for Didi."

"Who's Didi?" Sam asked cautiously.

"A girl I went to school with in Switzerland when I was very, very young. She came over here a little while back. I haven't seen her in years but her family were nice to me when I was abroad and I can't be a stinker, can I? So she's here and she's unattached and there you are. I mean You."

Sam said amusedly, "A knockout and I'll go for a loop, no?"

"No," Dolly Ann said, sipping at her drink. "She's not the type. But I must have a man for her and you can be sweet and go off to Maine afterward, serene in the consciousness of having done a good deed. And you get to ski . . ."

Sam said, shaken, "I've a lot of shopping to do."

"Do it," Dolly Ann said generously. "Wire me when you'll get to Utica and I'll have a car at the station to meet you. Oke?"

"Well," Sam said, and Dolly Ann said, "A foot of powder . . ."

Sam said, "Circe. But mind, I'll be nice to this lame swan and no more."

"Natch," Dolly Ann beamed. "'By, lamb."

That's how it had come about. The early twilight had just begun to fall when the car drove through Old Forge and the chains crunched against white, hard-packed snow. All about, the trees were black and bare and the firs were Christmas cards.

The air was dry and biting to the nostrils and when the car drew up before the Trant lodge Sam got out quickly, grabbed his bag and made for the sprawling, hewn log edifice. Stamping the snow from his galoshes, he pushed open the big door. It was half dark in there where the hall rose high, and deer heads looked down from wainscoted walls. But at the farthest end there was a dancing glimmer of rosy light, and shedding galoshes and coat, Sam moved to the door from where the light came.

The stone fireplace took up a good quarter of the wall of the pine-paneled room with its polished hardwood floor, its colorful rugs and roughhewn furniture, and four-foot logs burned with a red cheerfulness. Sam put out his hands and walked up to the fire and said, "Ah . . ."

He didn't see her at first. She had been sitting in the gloom beyond the heat of the fire and it was only when he turned his head that Sam saw her standing quietly, waiting for him to notice her.

A SMALL girl. Twenty-one at the most and younger somehow because of her smallness and the quietness of her. The firelight shone on her hair, and Sam thought at first it was red, but then he saw it was palest gold. But he saw her eyes clearly, big and wide; the heart-shaped face and the broad brow.

She looked sort of lonely; sort of forlorn. It was that—that only that warmed Sam's heart toward her; made him feel anything, pity, compunction. She wasn't a knockout; she certainly didn't bowl him over.

He said, "Hello. Afraid I didn't see you. I'm Sam Crayle."

Her voice was rather deep for so little a girl. "I am Désirée de Chassigny. Would—would you like some tea? Or perhaps whisky?"

"Tea," Sam said. "English tea with milk and toast and jam if there's any going. Where's everybody?"

"Skiing," Didi said as she pressed a button at the side of the native stone fireplace. "They did not wish to miss the first hours."

"So you stayed to welcome me. That was pretty white of you, Didi. That's what Dolly Ann calls you, isn't it?"

"Yes." She spoke hesitantly to the maid, then moved to sit again on the cushioned, polished oak bench. "I did not mind and Dolly Ann agreed someone should be here to meet you."

"Very proper," Sam said, turning his back to the fire, his palms flat on his flanks. "They're all two'd up and you're my date . . ."

He saw the movement of her hand and he said, "We'll make it a time. You ski, don't you?"

"Yes, but not too well. I've had no skiing for a long time."

"I was no champ," Sam said. "Tomorrow we'll leave sitz-marks all over the landscape and we can skate when we're too crocked to ski."

He saw the maid push in the tea table and he beamed at Didi de Chassigny. He told himself, "I'll be nice to this poor little kid. There's no reason I shouldn't."

It was rather cozy sitting beside her at the fire. The tea warmed him inwardly as the fire warmed him outwardly. There was honest-to-goodness strawberry jam and good toast, and after three years of indifferent fodder, even at a general's mess, Sam could appreciate that.

There was only a haze of blue light where the windows were. Sam could smell the jasmine scent that came so hauntingly from Didi in her blue skirt and paler blue pullover. He lighted his pipe and thrust out his legs. "You're just over."

"A month. Dolly told me you are but newly returned . . ."

She hesitated and Sam grinned. "Among other things, hey? Don't believe everything Dolly burbles. But I am just home and bound for Maine. I live there. You know Maine?"

He saw the shake of her head. He said, "Nothing like it. We Crayles have sworn by it and at it for two hundred years. I'm the last, so I go both extremes doubly."

"You are orphaned?"

"A long time," Sam said. "You, too?"

He saw the slow bend of her head. "The war . ."

Sam sat up. "Golly, that's tough. You've no one?"

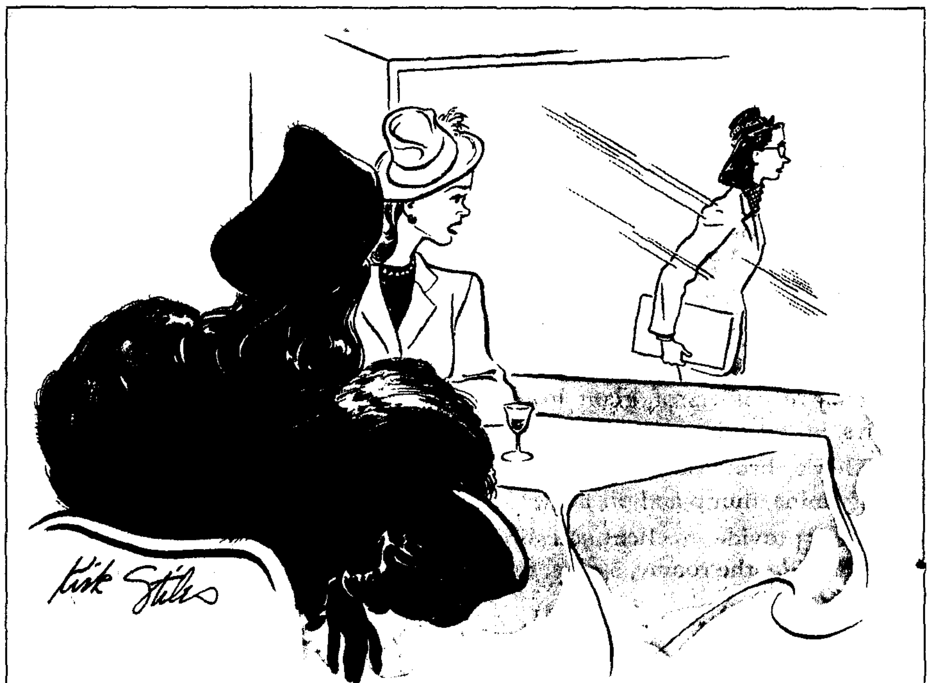
"My aunt. My father's sister. Mamma was American. Aunt Amelie is in South America. I will be with her later in Florida."

Sam said softly, "Two orphans. That makes it more binding. We better hang together, Didi."

THE others arrived then, noisy, bringing the dry odor of the cold with them. They kicked off heavy boots with much shouting and came streaming in to the fire. Dolly Ann and three other girls; four men following them. Sam knew two of the girls, a couple of the men, but somehow they made him feel older than his twenty-five years; and the girls with their glibness, their bright good looks, made Didi seem quieter, less significant.

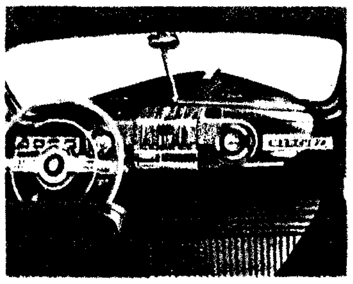
They all sat before the fire drinking hot cider, hot buttered rum. They jabbered about the snow; shrieked at mishaps. They had a language of their own that did not seem to embrace Didi and deepened Sam's compunction; made him move to sit beside her, and after supper when they made for the fire once more it was the reason Sam said, "You twerps have stolen a march on us. We can't have that."

They looked at him, and Sam asked,



"She'll probably marry some dope and settle in a small town—the lucky stiff!"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES



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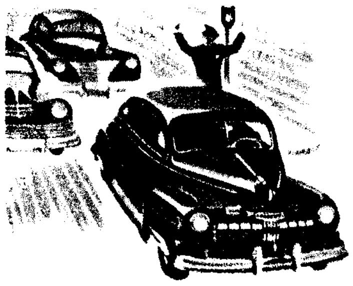

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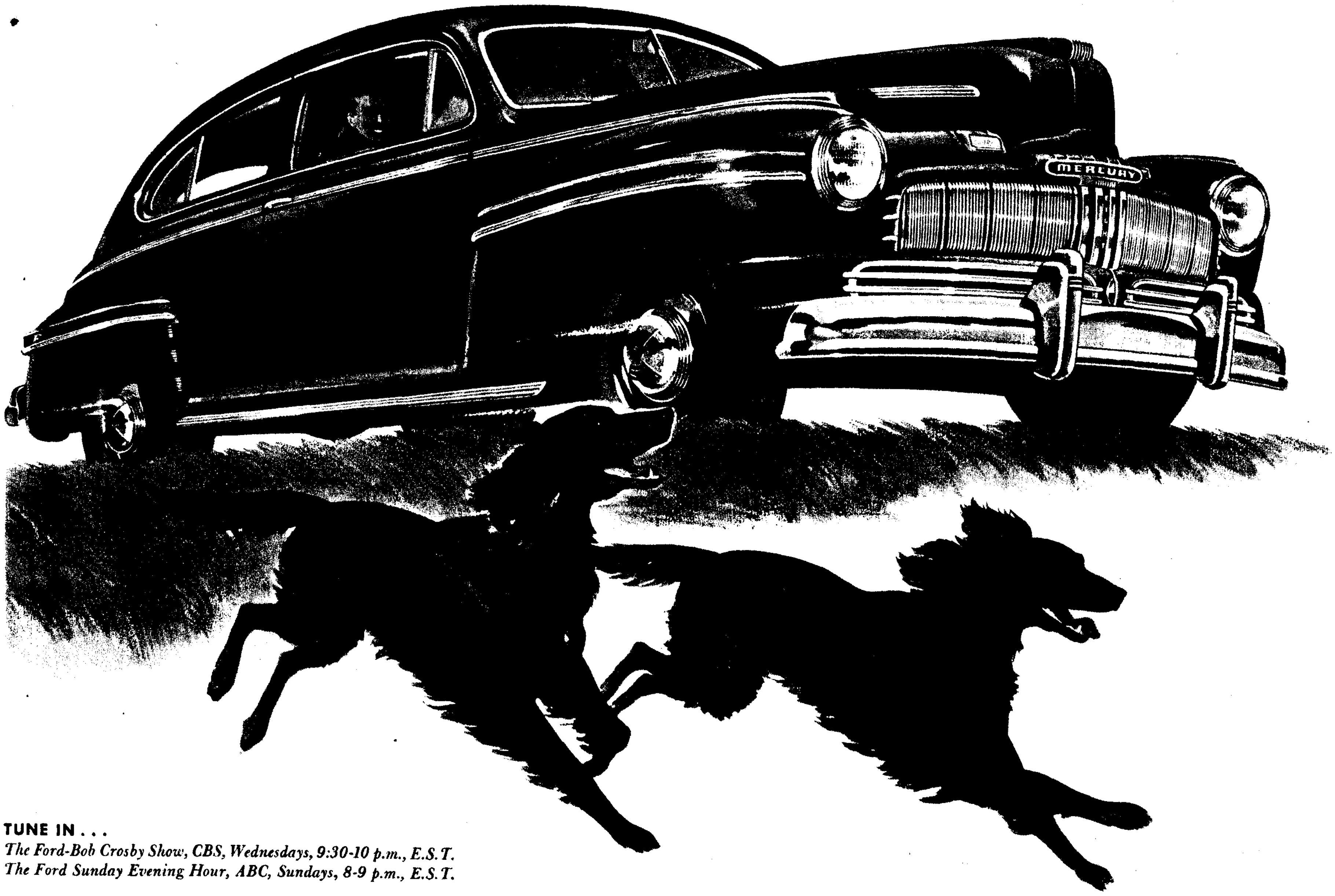

TUNE IN . . .

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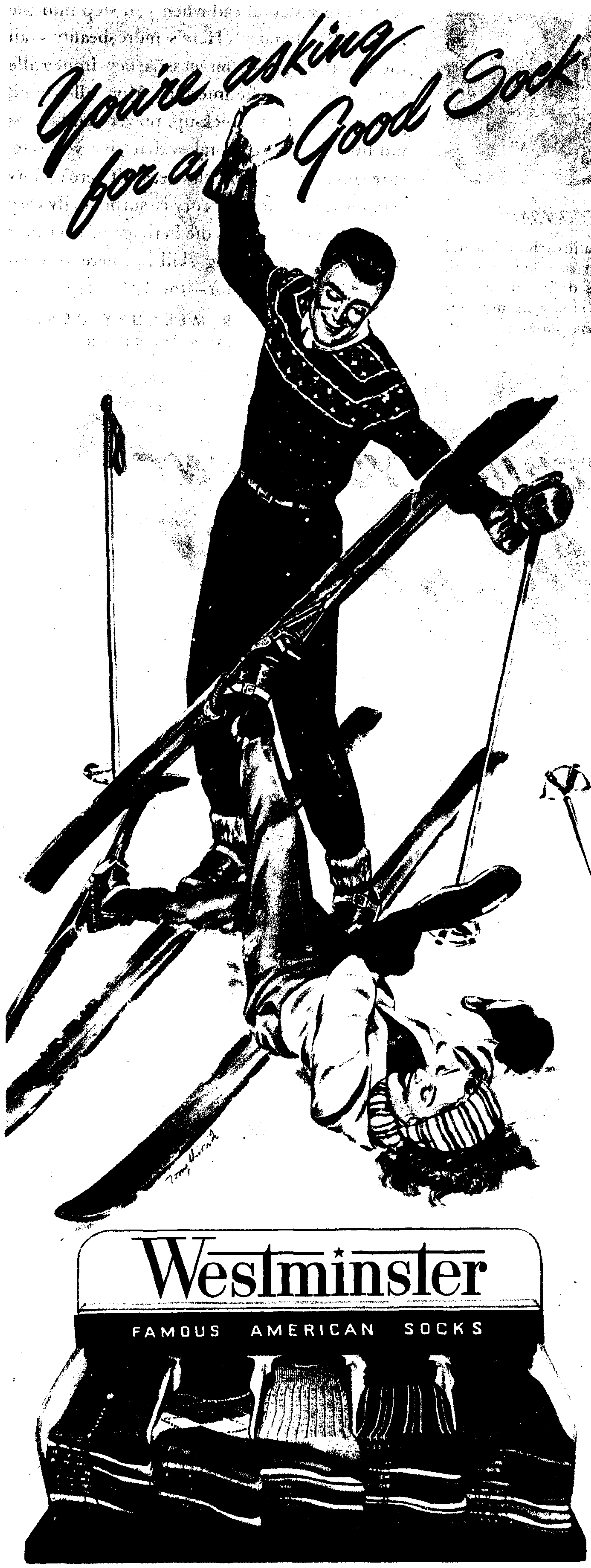


"How's the small lake, Dolly? All snow, I suppose."

Dolly Ann shook her dark head. "Nope. Dad had it cleared before he and Mom went down to town again. Why?"

"Didi and I are going skating. Alone."

Dolly Ann murmured, "You *are* a lamb," but Sam was looking at Didi. She got up and went with him out into the big hall.

It was utterly still as they walked down to the lake. There was a three-quarter moon and the tree shadows were blue on the snow. Didi in a furred parka was something that made Sam look twice.

THE lake was small, hedged in by deep brush. Sam helped Didi with her skates, got on his own before the subtle cold could nip his toes. Didi was waiting out on the ice, making slow backward circles and Sam skated out to her and said, "*Allons-y.*"

The lake was too small to get up much speed, so they skated hand in hand, then skated in tandem and with Didi going backward while Sam skated forward. After that they waltzed—or tried to; Sam's racing blades wouldn't take it and Sam took his first tumble and heard Didi's quick, "Sam, you're all right?"

He liked the sound of his name as she said it. They skated in silence once more. Then Sam built a small fire and its glow was a beacon that made more definite this world in which they alone existed.

The moon was making lace of the tree branches as they walked back to the house. They went through the dark alley of the firs, and Sam put his arm about Didi without thinking—without being conscious of more than that he was having a swell time and liked her. Then he saw the parka move, saw her heart-shaped face and he bent and kissed her lips.

It didn't mean anything. It was just a reflex yet he saw the way her eyes widened, the way she looked up at him, her lips still parted. He said, "Hey, don't take it so big. I'm not that good." He drew her arm through his, laughing. "Lord, haven't you been kissed before?"

"No," Didi said simply, and Sam stopped and stared down at her.

Didi said, "I was in the convent until I was fifteen and one doesn't find chances for being kissed there. And then, when I was to leave, the war came and I stayed. We found work to do and there still weren't any chances."

"Well, blow me down," Sam said. "Do I apologize?"

"No. No, Sam."

That's how the week began. A week of skiing and skating. Of dashing down to Old Forge to dance. Dolly Ann no longer looked grateful—she looked puzzled. Sam didn't mind. He was having a grand time and somehow he was content to let the others go their ways while he remained with Didi, talking of this and that.

He told her about Crayle's Arm, up in Maine, and about the Curlew; told her as they drank hot soup from a vacuum bottle high on Pine Top in the bright sun that was almost too warm even though the thermometer on the hut behind them said it was ten below. He told her about Jed and the voyage they were going to take. "We've had it planned for years. We were going to take to the seas just as soon as I got my sheepskin. Then the war came along and we had to put it off. But we're going to have it. Beating down to tropic waters. I'm not going to miss that."

Somehow it was so easy to talk to Didi. She was such a swell listener, and she wasn't like the others. Maybe that was because she hadn't had the chance to do things as Dolly Ann and the others had. Like—well—even like being kissed.

They all went down to New York together. Sam had a few more things to attend to before he went on up to Maine so he took Didi to lunch the next day. The place was crowded and it was nothing like the Trants' had been. Didi seemed small and quiet in her wool dress and dark furred coat, but she was lovely. Sam could realize that now.

He said, "You'll be going to Florida soon, won't you?"

"Yes." Her eyes were still, as if she were waiting for something.

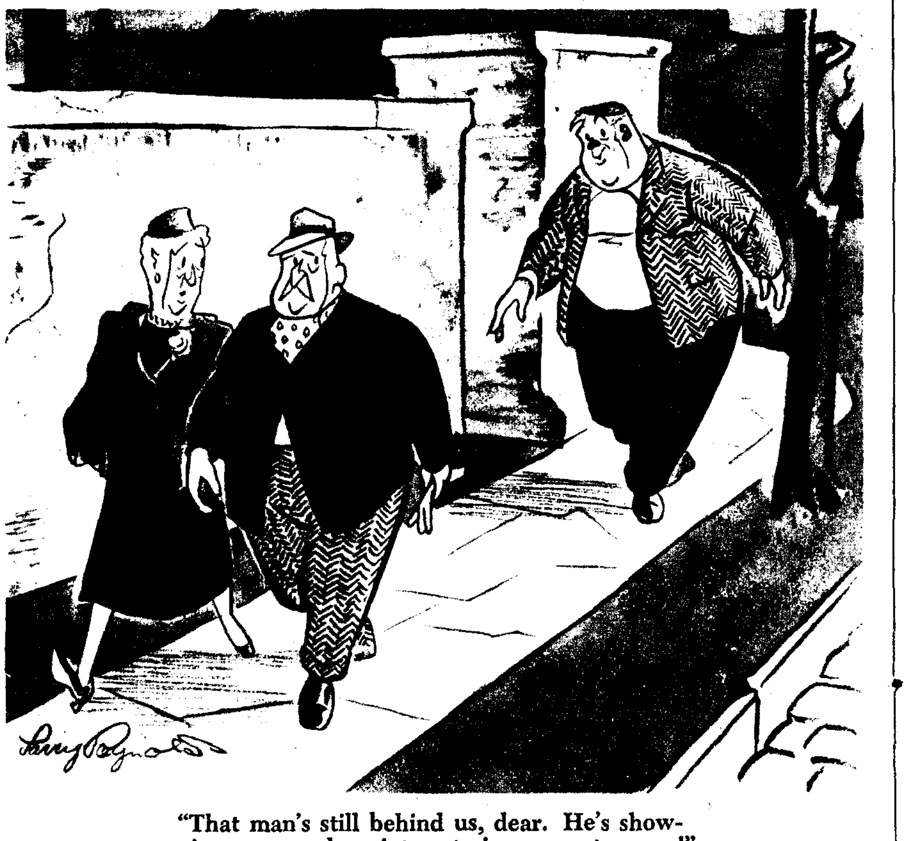
The noise about them grew, and Sam couldn't think—couldn't speak very well. "It's been swell, Didi. Grand."

Someone came up to them, then, and after that the time grew short. Sam left her there at the restaurant on Fifty-third and made for Grand Central feeling oddly lonely.

IT WASN'T until weeks later that he came to the realization that he was in love with Didi de Chassigny. He'd been conscious of having had a swell time, of having met a grand girl, but he'd been thinking ahead too much—to Crayle's Arm and Jed and the Curlew.

It was just as he had known it would be. Everyone glad to see him. Craig happy to have him back at the mill and Jed fretting about getting the Curlew off as soon as they

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"That man's still behind us, dear. He's showing an undue interest in your trousers!"

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had her in shape. Sam congratulated Craig on the way the mill was running but insisted with Jed that the voyage came first. They worked on the Curlew in the shed with an oil stove to give warmth and planned, during the evenings in the white house, where they'd go. The plans grew, the Curlew rounded into shape, and as time went by, Sam saw Didi more often in his mind's eye, thought of her more each day until suddenly he knew that the voyage wouldn't be complete without Didi. Then he stopped and confronted himself and knew he loved her.

After that he grew feverish to have the Curlew ready and stocked—to be away. Didi was in Florida. She'd written him a quiet little note, and Sam had answered, but he couldn't say anything in his letter. He had to see her.

He asked himself again and again how she felt. He recalled things she had said—the way she had looked. He told himself it was all right—it had to be.

EARLY in March they got the Curlew into the water, through the skim ice and out to sea, then beat down the coast. After they had made Cape Hatteras, and the Gulf Stream angled toward them, it grew really warm and Didi seemed to grow closer. Sam bit at his pipe and thought of her beside him and could hardly wait.

Now here he was and he wasn't so sure of anything any more. He took the cold pipe from his lips and looked up to see Didi coming across the lobby.

Sam rose, his heart in his eyes. She was all in white, and her slim legs and arms, her oval face were tanned a golden color that set off her pale hair. She said, "Sam, how nice."

Her hand was cool in his. Sam said, stumblingly, "I told you I'd be here . . ."

There were people all about them and Sam hated that. He looked down into her face. He said, "The Curlew's in the lake. Come out and see her. Come and meet Jed. There's a chowder going and we can eat and talk . . ." He stopped. "You can, can't you, Didi?"

He saw the shadow that came into her eyes. Then her head lifted. "I'd like to, Sam. Give me ten minutes."

They walked through the darkness to the lake where the dory waited. Sam wanted to take her into his arms but he thought, "I've got to take it easy. There's lots of time. There's all our lives." Because with Didi beside him it was just as it had been at the Trants'. It was all okay and right.

Jed liked Didi. Sam could see that almost as soon as they got aboard. Jed wasn't one to hide what he felt in a matter like this. He nodded and winked at Sam, and Sam grinned and felt his breath catch.

He showed Didi over the boat, showed her the berths fore and aft of the big galley; the dining nook with its cushioned seats; the snug lavatory with its shower; the stores lockers and gear lockers. "We can go anywhere," he told her and behind him Jed said, "Aye, we can."

They ate Jed's chowder and drank coffee, and Didi in slacks and a white pullover was just right. Just right for the Curlew and more than right for Sam.

They sat on deck later while Jed redded up below, singing in his harsh voice. There was the gently tracing masthead above, moving in small arcs against the velvet star-studded sky; there were the bulb-outlined silhouettes of big yachts, the lights of the hotels.

Sam talked of the far "Bermoothes," and Didi sat as she always had, quiet and small and very dear. When Sam asked her she told him her aunt was with her at the Playa. Sam thought: I can wait until tomorrow. I know how the French are. I've got to ask the old girl first. Formally. I've got to do it right. He ached to take Didi into his arms, but he didn't.

It was late when he left her at the Playa. He held her hand and he said, "I'll be along around ten, Didi."

She didn't answer for the moment. She looked up at him and started to say something but all she said at last was, "All right, Sam."

Jed was talkative when Sam got back. Sam didn't mind. He was too wrought up to sleep. He sat and listened. Jed said, "'Minds me of your grandma. Small, like this Didi o' yours. You never knew her. Died afore you were born. But like as peas—small an' quiet. That kind got lots to them."

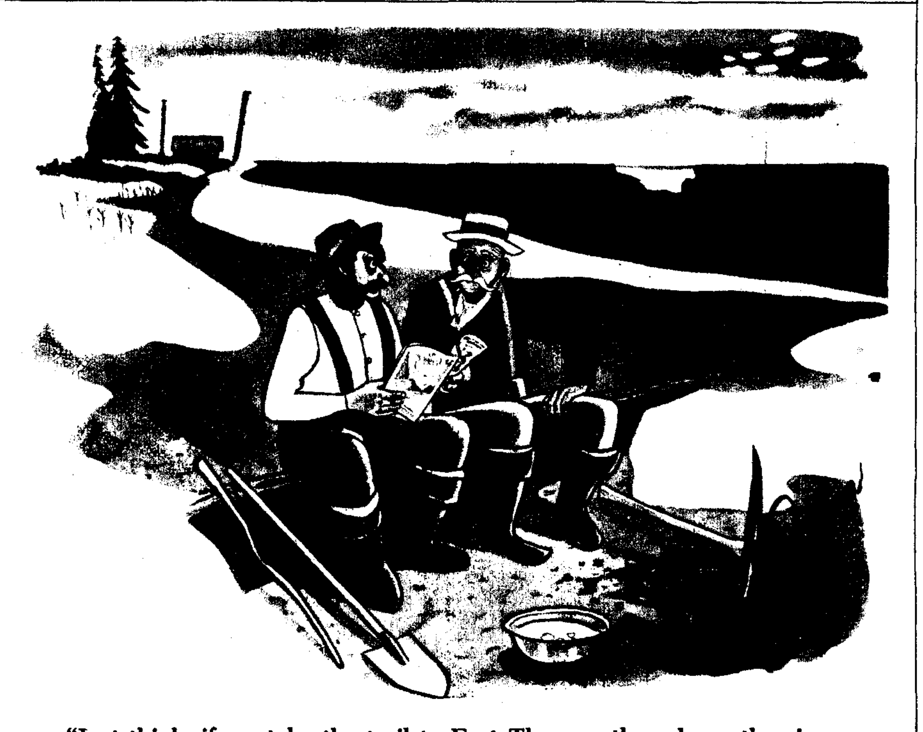
Sam slept on deck that night with a blanket over him and the cushions of the cockpit seats under him, his face turned so that he could see the lights of the Playa between the trees.

He was up early, waited impatiently for Jed to return from West Palm and the shopping, and was dressed and ready when Jed finally stepped aboard from the dory. Jed looked at him critically over his armful of bags. Looked from Sam's white shoes and gray trousers to his darker gray jacket and white shirt. "Luck," Jed said and disappeared below.

Sam's mouth was dry when he came into the Playa and asked for Didi. The clerk said, "You're to go right up. The Countess is expecting you, Mr. Crayle."

The lift purred. There was bright carpeting in the corridor. A maid opened the door and Sam went into an apple-green room and saw a dark, slender woman in gray silk move toward him.

She wasn't anything like Didi. She was fashionably slim and terribly chic and there was all the knowledge of the world in her black eyes. Sam said, "Good morning. I'm Sam Crayle. Did Didi tell you . . . ?"



"Just think, if we take the trail to Fort Thomas, then down the river after the spring floods, then take the coastal steamer to Port McCracken and the train to New York we can fly to Paris in six hours"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

She broke in, her English heavily accented. "She did, Mr. Crayle. Will you sit down?"

Sam sat. He felt awkward. Worse, he felt that this woman did not like him, that she disapproved of him. He said, "I hope I didn't keep Didi out too late last night. There was so much to talk about."

Jewels flashed as her hand gestured. "It is rather late to think of that, is it not, Mr. Crayle? My niece is not an American girl to be wafted here and there at any young man's whim. Even if she were not responsible to her *fiancé* it would have been bad enough, but as it is . . ." Her eyes accused Sam, but all Sam was aware of was the one French word she had uttered.

He felt his heart stop. "You said *fiancé?* You mean Didi is engaged?"

"She did not tell you?"

"No," Sam said through dry lips.

He saw the Countess' shoulders lift. "*N'importe*. It is sufficient that my niece is engaged to be married. Her betrothed is of the *corps diplomatique* and circumspection is everything. Even the slightest latitude is unthinkable." She got up. "You were kind to her, I am told. I thank you, Mr. Crayle."

It was the brush and it made Sam's jaw harden. It made him ignore the dismissal in her attitude, made him say, "I don't doubt that what you say is so, but I'd like to hear it from Didi. I'm from Maine and we're not much different from Missouri folk."

The Countess said, "You speak riddles, but if you wish . . ."

She moved to the door and touched a button. She spoke to the maid and came back to look at Sam with alien eyes. Sam stood there his eyes on the door, his heart heavy.

Didi came in quietly. She seemed very small and lovely in her blue dress as she stopped and looked at Sam with those great eyes. Sam cut across the Countess' words. "Your aunt says you are engaged to be married, Didi? Is that true?"

Her red lips moved. Her eyes met his. Then she bent her head, "Yes, Sam."

Sam let his breath go. There was a coldness about his heart, an emptiness at the pit of his stomach that ran right to his fingers. He said steadily, "I hope you'll be very happy. Goodby, Didi. Goodby, Madame."

He found his hat in the foyer and didn't remember going down in the lift. The sun was shining outside but Sam wasn't aware of it. He wasn't aware of anything until he was back on the Curlew, ripping off his shore clothes while Jed stared at him from the companionway.

He brushed past Jed to the deck. "We're shoving off," he said savagely.

Jed rubbed his chin. "There's weather making from the Gulf," he said deliberately.

"Swell," Sam said. "We'll run before it."

He moved to the wheel. Jed said, "She ain't comin'?"

"She's not," Sam said and felt his voice fade. It made him say brutally, "Step to it. Lively, damn it."

IT BEGAN to blow when they were barely out of sight of the Gulf Stream's darker blue. They stripped down to a jib rag, and Sam felt a lessening of his ache in the wind's fury. But it was there again when the wind died at night. Sam went below and lay in his bunk and looked tight-lipped at the bulkhead.

It couldn't be so and yet it was. Didi had confirmed it. There wasn't any reason why it shouldn't be so. There wasn't any reason to think she had cared for him—and yet he couldn't dismiss it like that. It hadn't been just another house-party feeling. It was more. He turned on his face and wished it were months hence but he knew that wouldn't do much good. This was going to sink him forever.

He took his watch at midnight, rejected Jed's attempts to talk. He woke Jed at four and turned in again and slept.

It was broad daylight when he opened his eyes and he could tell by the Curlew's motion that the storm had blown itself out long

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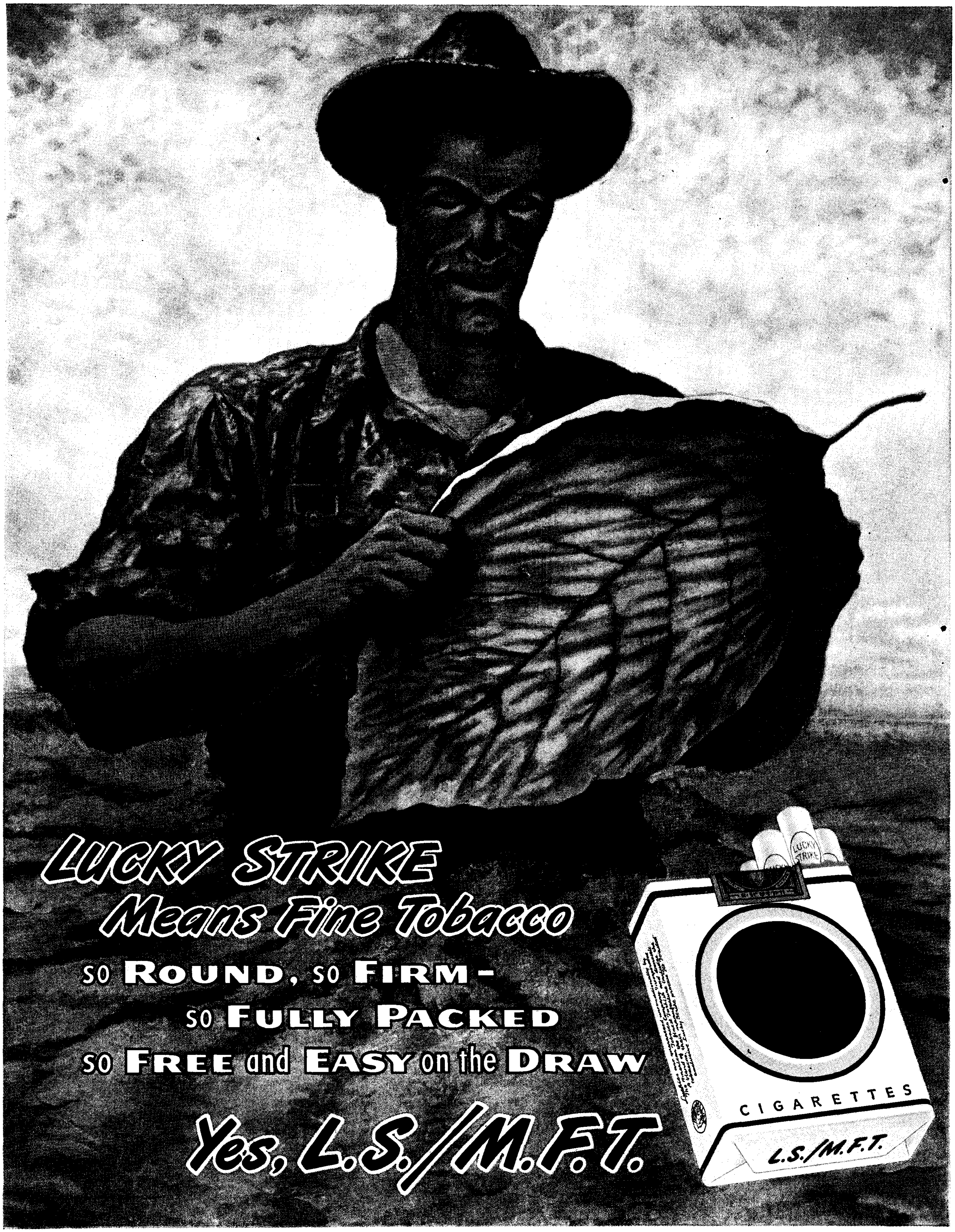
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since. He swung his feet from the bunk and went up the companionway. Jed was sitting on the after cushions, the wheel lashed, the sails bellied. He had something in his hands, something red and yellow and blue.

Sam stared. Jed lifted his head and showed what he held to Sam, a bird—a small bird in bright plumage. It was exhausted, too exhausted to move despite its fright.

Jed said, "Land bird. Storm blew it out to sea. If we hadn't come along, it would 'a' drowned. It didn't want to come here. Something stronger made it . . ."

Sam passed his hand across his eyes. He said, "Could you make a cage?"

"I could."

"You do it," Sam said. "We're coming about."

IT TOOK them longer, with sails and engine, to beat back, but on the second morning Sam Crayle went up the Lake Trail again, carrying the bird in a makeshift cage. It hopped about, its strength back, trying to find an exit, but Sam only walked on, his jaw set.

He didn't send up his name at the desk. He got in the lift and when he got out he pressed the button of the foyer. The maid opened the door. Sam said, "I want to see the Comtesse de Brieux," and brushed past into the living room.

The cage was on a gold table, the bird fluttering when the Countess came in. There was a cold question in her dark eyes. She looked at the bird in its cage, then at Sam. Her voice held an unconcealed contempt and dislike. "A present, Mr. Crayle?"

Sam said, "I want to see Didi."

"I am afraid I cannot permit that. I see no necessity . . ."

Sam moved to the door. He raised his voice, "Didi . . ."

He moved back to the center of the room and met the Countess' furious eyes. "Sorry if you don't approve, but this is more important than French or American or any ideas of protocol . . ."

He put his hands behind his back and faced the door. He saw Didi come in. She wore a short dress and a white bolero jacket and her eyes were wide in her pale face.

Sam said, "This fellow you're engaged to. Do you love him, Didi?"

The Countess said fiercely, "I have told you, Mr. Crayle. My niece is French—not American. This marriage has been arranged by two families as marriages have always been arranged—for the good of all—"

Sam interrupted, his eyes on Didi. "You haven't answered me, Didi . . ."

He saw her firm young breasts rise. Her eyes met his. "No, Sam. I do not love him."

Sam's hands fell to his sides. He turned to the Countess. "You asked about the bird. It's not a present. It's an example. The storm drove it out to sea. As Jed said, it didn't want to go. A wind blew it. It would have died if we hadn't come along."

"Dieu, de quoi . . . ?" the Countess began, but Sam only nodded.

"You're doing the same thing to Didi. Blowing her into something—somewhere she doesn't want to be." He lifted his hand. "I know the way things are done in France—or were done. But this is America and this isn't two other people. This is me and the girl I love. It's between Didi and myself, no one else."

He looked at Didi. He said, "I love you. I guess I did from the start but I didn't know it until I got home and then I couldn't wait to get down, to get the Curlew ready. It's no good without you, Didi. Nothing is. Is—is there a chance for me?"

He saw the way her face lifted, saw her lips move. "You—you didn't say anything. And Dolly Ann told me you were only being nice . . ." And then she said with a rush, as if just grasping it, "Oh, yes. I love you, Sam. I do . . ."

"That's all that matters then," Sam said, his chest bursting. "Will you come with me? You don't need to take anything. Just come. We'll find someone to marry us. God knows what's in store for us both but you'll never have to doubt my love. Will you, Didi?"

Her silky lashes blinked. She said breathlessly, "Give me five minutes, Sam," and was gone.

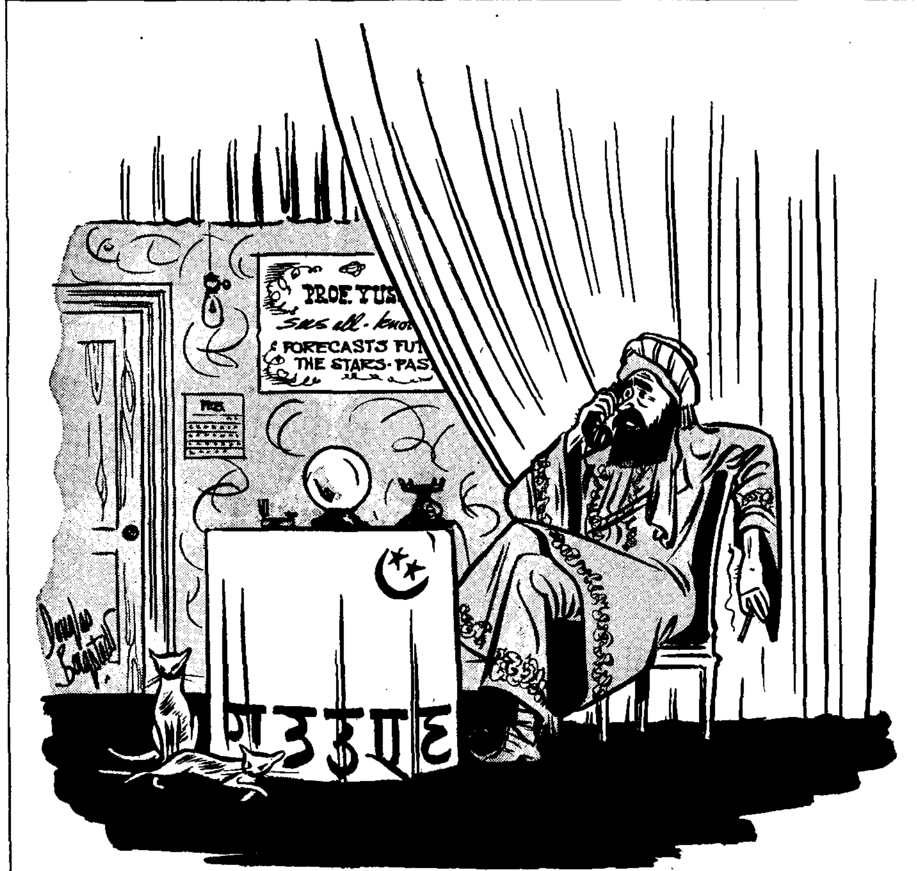
The Countess cried, "Didi . . ." and started for the door but Sam said quietly, "Let her alone." He faced her angry eyes. "Things change. This is how it is now. It's us, Didi and me. You're French, Madame. You should recognize the *fait accompli.*"

He held her eyes, then saw her turn away to cross the room and sit down, her lips tight. The bird fluttered, and Sam lifted the cage, and going to the window, opened the wicket. There was a flash of color and the bird was gone.

Sam said slowly, "It's going where it wants to be, doing what it wants to do. That's what we fought for. The right to live our own lives and let others live theirs."

He did not look at the Countess after that. He turned and faced the door and waited for Didi.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Whaddye mean—'Guess who'?" DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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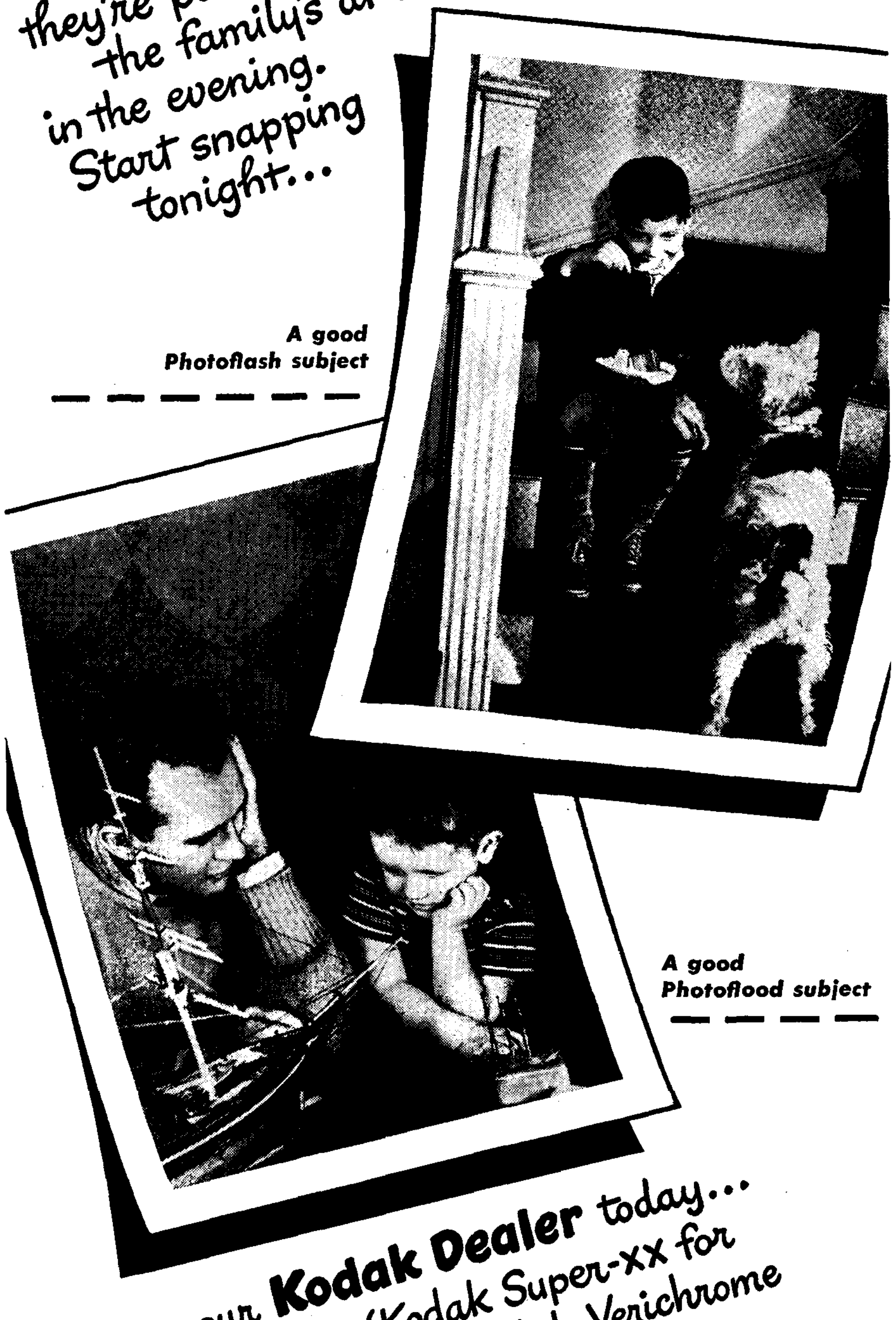

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WHOOSH!
there goes the Milk Train!

Once upon a time perhaps the "milk train" *was* the slow-paced stepchild of the rails. But not so today!

The most thrilling race against time in the food industry is the daily rush to bring fresh milk to the doorsteps of millions of families.

Thanks to special milk trains which may even take the right of way over crack passenger expresses—and to fleets of fast moving tank trucks—milk, when the consumer receives it, is days fresher than any other food in common use. Dairies pay a high price for this speed—but it is justified by the wholesomeness and safety of the milk supply which we take for granted today.

* * *

As an *extra* safeguard of the purity of their milk, progressive dairies use the Sealright Hood. This tamper-proof, waterproof hood is sealed on *over the regular bottle cap*—to keep the pouring surface untouched by hands or dust until the bottle reaches you. Since every drop of milk in the bottle *must pass over that pouring surface,* you can see that this is a vital protection indeed!

SEALRIGHT CO., INC., FULTON, N. Y.—KANSAS CITY, KANSAS
SEALRIGHT PACIFIC, LTD., LOS ANGELES

SPECIALISTS IN SANITARY PACKAGING FOR FOOD PRODUCTS

KEEPS THE POURING LIP STERILE CLEAN
We use SEALRIGHT SANITARY SERVICE for Your Protection

Sealright
MILK BOTTLE HOODS

Any Week

Continued from page 4

AND a young friend of ours has just been in to show us a letter from an insurance company. He is notified that his five-hundred-dollar policy has been changed into a seventy-one-year endowment. "It is indeed comforting to know," he told us, "that when I am ninety-two I may thus retire on a weekly competence of darn' near two dollars."

MR. ELLIS N. MACSWEEN of Terre Haute, Indiana, knows the editor of a country weekly whose policy it is to have the names of everybody in his county in the paper at least once a month no matter how thin the excuse. It's a paying policy, too. But every so often this editor calls in his two-man staff and says: "Read the paper from beginning to end and see whether there is anything in the sheet which will offend anybody but us."

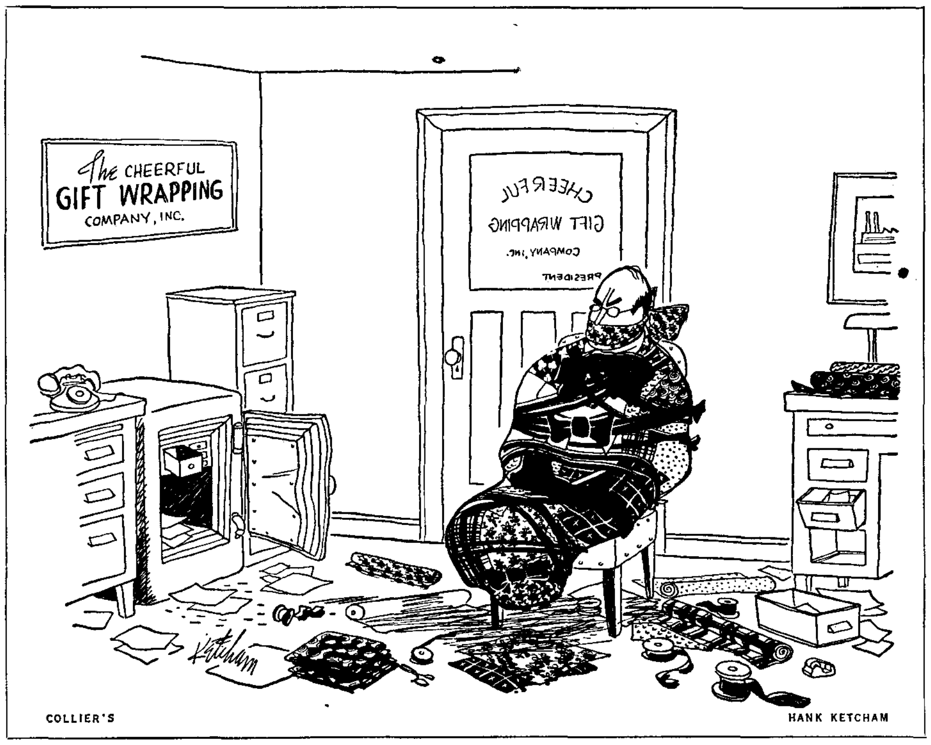
OUR Pacific Northwest agent reports that a few days before the Army abandoned Barnes General Hospital near Vancouver, Washington, it laid $63,000 worth of linoleum on the hospital's floors. When our agent spoke about this to a colonel, the latter looked pained and said: "Where the hell would we lay it? Wasn't it bought for here?"

WE ASKED a young lady who lives in Greenwich, Connecticut, whether the UNO was taking over her home—her father's place. She said, not that she'd heard of. Then she said thoughtfully, "Who?" We repeated, "The UNO." Still a bit mystified, she said: "I wouldn't know. There are so many of those real-estate companies around trying to buy up property."

AND while we're about it, a UNO note: From Chicago we're informed by Joseph Arstikanyan that Friends of Armenia in America will celebrate St. Patrick's Day with a Shamrock Party and Dance. The Grand Procession will be led by Mr. Terence O'Daly and Miss Lily Costigicklian to the music of Jack Greenbaum's City Fellers.

WE HAVE been accused from time to time by unimaginative persons of manufacturing names in this column. And yet we have just received from Mr. T. Earl Bottomly of Stockton, California, a clipping from the Stockton Record that "Mrs. Coy Pigg, Welfare Chairman of the Marine Corps League Auxiliary, received letters thanking the auxiliary for afghans sent to patients in the Corona Naval Hospital." Furthermore, we have a letter from a fellow named Eli Klippklopp. He's against "lending a dime to England"—not that England asks for a dime.

"HONESTY," says Mr. Frank Kavanaugh of Kansas City, Kansas, "would be the best policy if there wasn't so much danger of going broke."... W. D.


The CHEERFUL GIFT WRAPPING COMPANY, INC.
CHEERFUL GIFT WRAPPING COMPANY, INC. PRESIDENT
Ketcham

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Never Trust a Murderer

Continued from page 17

"You're being very silly," the blonde said angrily. "Jack is an insurance man. I've known him for ages."

"How long is ages, miss?" Max asked mildly.

"Well . . . oh, a couple of months," she said.

"Honey, I'll do what the man says." Rees was debonair and unworried. "Now let me mark the rest of your card, and you bet a hundred to win for me on these horses."

He marked the card for her and then stood up. We walked out of the place talking about the horses. Rees was all right, I decided, and this time Friedman had stubbed his toe. Rees had a nice smile and he didn't mind a bit going down to headquarters.

"What the hell! You got a job to do," he told Max. "I'm clean. I got nothing to worry about. When I was a kid, I admit, I was a bit wild. Sometimes I'd go along with the boys and maybe snatch some cigarettes or candy from a shop. But that was a long time ago."

"What insurance company do you work for?" Friedman asked.

"That's a stall to make that doll of mine happy," he laughed. "I make my living at the track. You know if you work hard enough at it you can beat the horses. I've got a clocker who's there every morning. I get the best information there is and I don't play hunches or gray horses or fillies in the spring meetings. This is a business with me."

"You do all right?"

"I do all right," Rees said.

We got to headquarters and Max questioned him. No rough stuff; Friedman just questioned him. Low was killed on the night of September 9th—three weeks before.

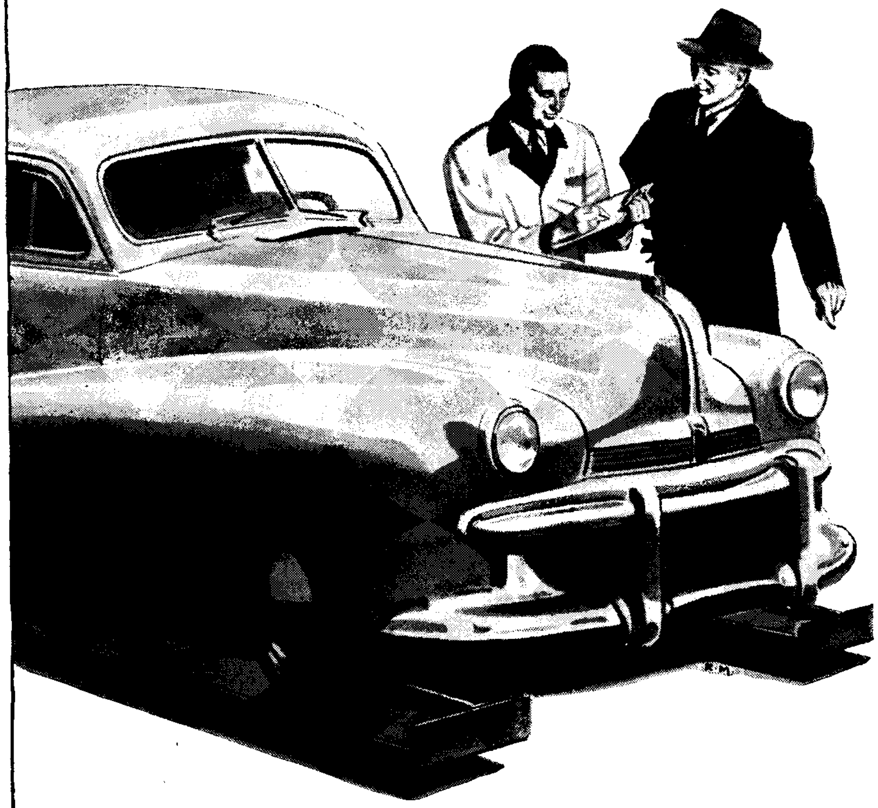
"Where were you on the night of September 9th?" Friedman asked Rees.

"I have no idea," Rees said calmly. "Where were you? Do you remember?"

"No, I don't," Friedman admitted, and I saw a reluctant look of admiration come into his eyes. This man knew the right answers.

Friedman was patient. He asked questions

Next time you leave your car for service

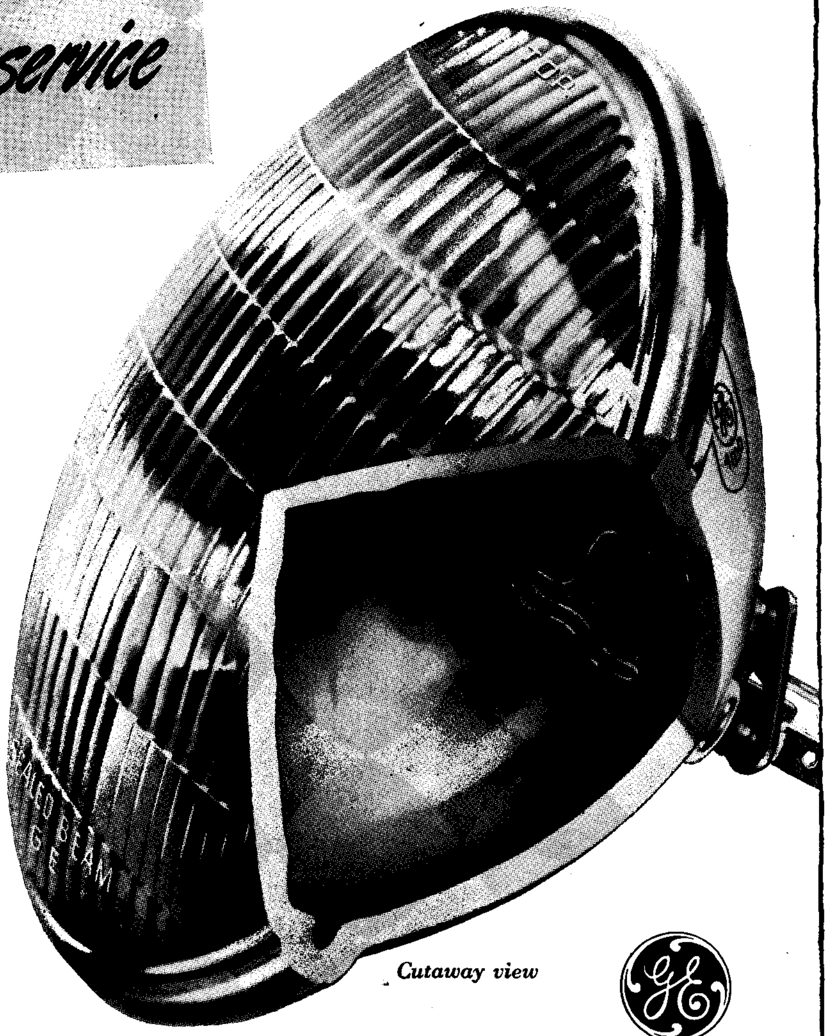


1

Remember to have your lights checked

Next time you leave your car for service—an oil change, for example, be sure to ask for a check-up of your car lighting. A recent survey shows that one out of four cars has one or more essential lamps burned out.

Your headlamp may need to be replaced, or you may be driving with a burned-out stop light or license plate marker and not even know it! For safety's sake, why not find out?



Cutaway view

2

Get G-E, the lamp that *does not grow dim!*

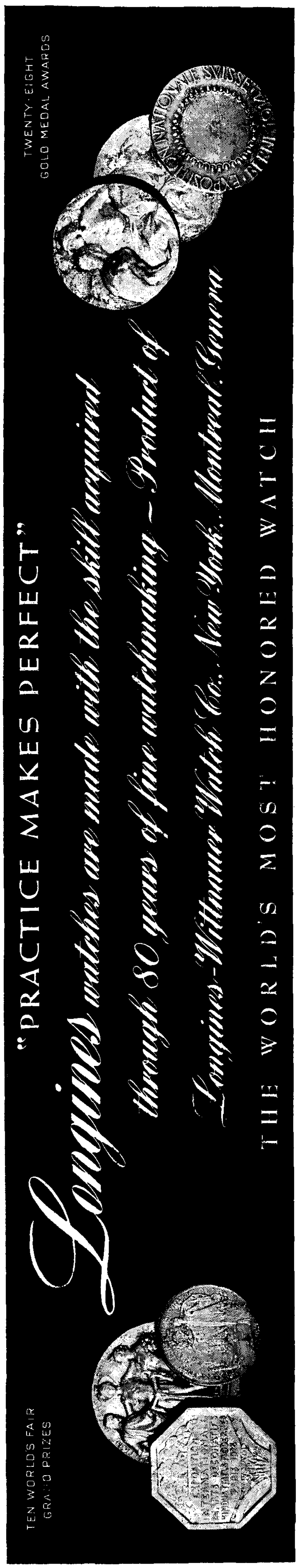
You can enjoy "new-car" lighting all the time by using headlamps that *do not grow dim!* Road and laboratory tests prove that the average General Electric Sealed Beam Lamp maintains 99 per cent of its original light output right up to the end of lamp life.

Take advantage of this improvement in car lighting next time you need a headlamp. Be sure to ask for a General Electric "All-Glass" Sealed Beam Lamp—the strong, rugged lamp that *does not grow dim!*

"ALL-GLASS" SEALED BEAM

G·E LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC


"PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT"
Longines watches are made with the skill acquired through 80 years of fine watchmaking – Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., New York, Montreal, Geneva
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
TWENTY-EIGHT GOLD MEDAL AWARDS
TEN WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES

for two hours. Rees was getting tired and a little irritable now. But he answered everything with apparent frankness. Meanwhile they'd brought in the pawnbroker. Friedman took Rees downstairs to the stage where they have the line-up. First he put a light coat on him and a slouch hat. That's how the man had been dressed who'd bought the gun. He put Rees into a line with six others—all big men, I noticed. The lights were turned on.

Friedman said to the pawnbroker, "Ever see any of those men before?"

"Sure, sure," the pawnbroker said excitedly. "I seen that man—the one on the end there."

"What?" Friedman exploded.

The man on the end of the line was Detective Charles Armstrong. Armstrong almost had apoplexy.

"Sure," the pawnbroker said. "I seen him last week. He came into my shop to buy a saxophone."

"A saxophone?" Friedman roared. Armstrong grew red in the face. He'd never live that down.

"You see any of the others?" Friedman asked.

The pawnbroker looked intently. "I think so. That little guy. That's the one all right who bought a gun off of me. He's the one who gave me the tip on Firebug. Yeah, that's the guy, all right."

"That's all," Friedman snapped. Then he brought Rees upstairs for more questioning. He wasn't so affable now.

"You'd had a bad session at the track and you were broke," he snapped. "You needed a stake. So you broke into a flat on Gramercy Square. Coming out, you bumped into the man who lived there. Maybe he took a punch at you; his knuckles were skinned. So you let him have it. Here's the gun you used."

"You're nuts," Rees said tersely. There were beads of sweat on his forehead and he was clenching his hands. "You're nuts," he almost yelled.

Friedman's questions came faster now, like trip hammers. He asked a thousand questions that had nothing to do with the murder. Where had Rees gone to school? What church did he go to as a kid? What did his father do for a living? Rees was weary now and his eyes shifted away from Friedman's hard gaze. This was all part of a pattern. I'd seen Friedman do it before.

"You killed him." Friedman's voice was like ice.

"I didn't," Rees cried out.

"You bungled it too, you dope," Friedman snapped. "You should have stuck to your little petty-larceny jobs. You shouldn't have used a gun. You don't know how to handle one. You even left your fingerprints on this, the gun you used."

"I wore gloves," Rees shouted almost automatically. And then it was over. A look of horror came over his face as he realized what he'd said.

THEN it came out, but fast. Sure he'd done the job, Rees admitted, but he didn't mean to shoot the old man. He had been surprised when he'd come out of the flat to find Low waiting, and Low had swung at him. They struggled and the gun went off accidentally.

"That was a hell of a good shot considering it was accidental," Friedman snapped. "Caught him right between the eyes. Take the bum away," he added, and they dragged the now gibbering Rees to a cell.

"You got it all down?" Friedman said to a stenographer who had been taking notes. He nodded. "Nice to have a confession. It makes things easier for the D. A."

"His lawyer will say you beat it out of him," I suggested.

"That's why I let you sit in on this," Friedman grinned. "You can testify that the questioning was gentle and all according to Marquis of Queensberry rules." . . .

That's how it was. Rees hired the most expensive criminal lawyer in town but none of his tricks worked. Rees was up before Judge Wallace, and Wallace never did like housebreakers who carried guns. Wallace threw the book at him and gave him the chair. Now if that was all there was to the story, it would hardly be worth the telling. Men like Max Friedman break murder cases every week in New York. It's routine to them. But what followed wasn't quite routine.

I met Friedman a week before Rees was scheduled to walk into that little square room and sit down in the only unoccupied chair in it. We got to talking of this and that, and finally he talked about Rees.

"Funny thing," Friedman said thoughtfully, "Fred Olsen phoned me yesterday—you know Olsen, the Sing Sing warden—well, he asked me could I get Rees two or three weeks reprieve. I asked him if he had any new evidence, and he said he hadn't. He wanted me to go to Judge Wallace and have him recommend that Rees be granted a stay. The way it works out in this state is that if the judge who did the sentencing asks the governor for a stay, it is granted automatically. Olsen made quite an issue of it, but he wouldn't give any reason. So I told him to go to hell."

"I wonder what his reason was!"

"I don't know," Friedman said. "I'll know next week, though. You know the rule in this state. One member of the police force has to attend all executions to act as an official witness. So I'm elected."

"Do you like watching executions?" I asked curiously.

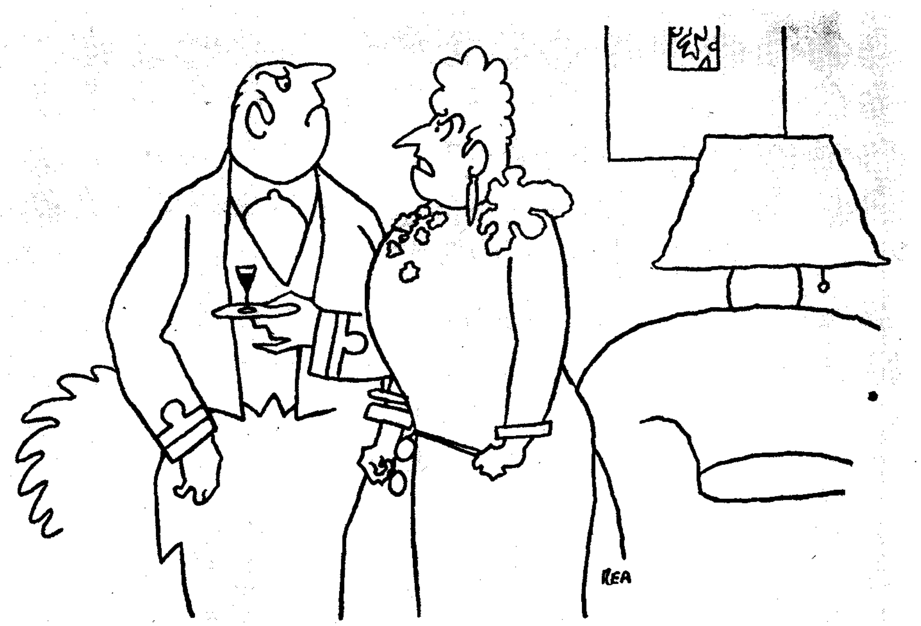
Friedman shrugged, "Frankly, murderers aren't people to me. They're rats and I'm afraid that I don't have any feeling about them."

Well, he went up to the big house on the river and when he came back, I dropped in to see him. I was a bit curious about that strange request Olsen had made. I knew the warden, all right; he was a fine honest man. It wasn't like him to ask for a reprieve for a murderer. I asked Max what the score was.

"Kind of silly," Friedman grinned. "I got up there in time for dinner. I had dinner with Olsen. He told me the truth. It seems that men in the death house get some small privileges other prisoners don't get. For instance, if they can pay for them they are allowed to have newspapers. Now Rees ordered one paper each day. Just one—the Racing Form. He'd study that damn' thing for hours and then pick horses. The guards thought he was nuts at first but then they noticed that the horses he picked usually won. So they started to bet on his selections, themselves.

"Well, he picked a few long shots, and the guards did all right stringing along with him. Olsen heard of it, too, and he started playing Rees' selections. But Olsen didn't start until a couple of weeks before Rees was scheduled to burn. Like all horse players he got awfully greedy. That's when he phoned me. He figured if he could keep Rees alive another few weeks he'd get rich. He was very unhappy when the time came to throw that switch, believe me."

"Did you see Rees before he was chilled?" I asked.



"Oh, yeah?"
"Yeah!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Friedman grinned, "Yeah, I saw him. In fact I took that last stroll with him. During the trial when he was on the stand he made a couple of nasty cracks aimed at me. Well, there was no reason why he should have loved me; after all, I convicted the guy. So I wasn't surprised to see his eyes gleam a bit when I walked into his cell. But then he got up and shook hands and said, 'No hard feelings, copper. You had to do it. That's your job. I just bet on a long shot that didn't come off, and I don't mind paying."

FRIEDMAN paused for a moment before going on. "We began the walk to that room. Rees, as calm as if he were walking to his box at Empire, said casually, 'Man alive, but I'd like to be at Belmont tomorrow. I got a real sleeper in the big stake.' I said, 'What the hell, Rees, how can the Whitney horse lose?' He said, 'You haven't been watching that filly of Hirsch Jacobs'. That Brooklyn Handicap is made for her. A little filly named Ginny R. Last time out, that was two months ago, she won a mile in 1:38 and she was looking over her shoulder at the finish. Six lengths she won by.' I said, 'Rees, you're out of your mind. She's the longest shot in the race. She's thirty to one. I like the Whitney horse.'

"By now," Friedman continued, "we'd reached the little green door. We walked into the death house. There was the usual crowd of reporters there, all looking a bit sick. I guess Rees and I were the only ones who didn't mind it. Rees said, 'Don't be a sucker, copper. This is my last tip. Bet the family jewels on the filly, and your wife will wear diamonds. The filly is ready, chum. Jacobs has been waiting for this spot. I know. Bet on the Ginny R., copper. . . .'

"Well," Friedman said, "they were the last words he spoke. Ten seconds later he was dead."

"Funny guy, that Rees," I said to Friedman. "Even sitting there in the chair, all he could think of was horses."

"You're wrong there," Friedman said to me. "Sitting there in the chair, all Rees could think of was how he hated me and how he could square things with me."

"What do you mean, Max?"

"Why, he was purposely giving me a bum tip, hoping I'd make a good bet on the horse and lose my shirt. You can never trust a murderer even when he's sitting in the chair."

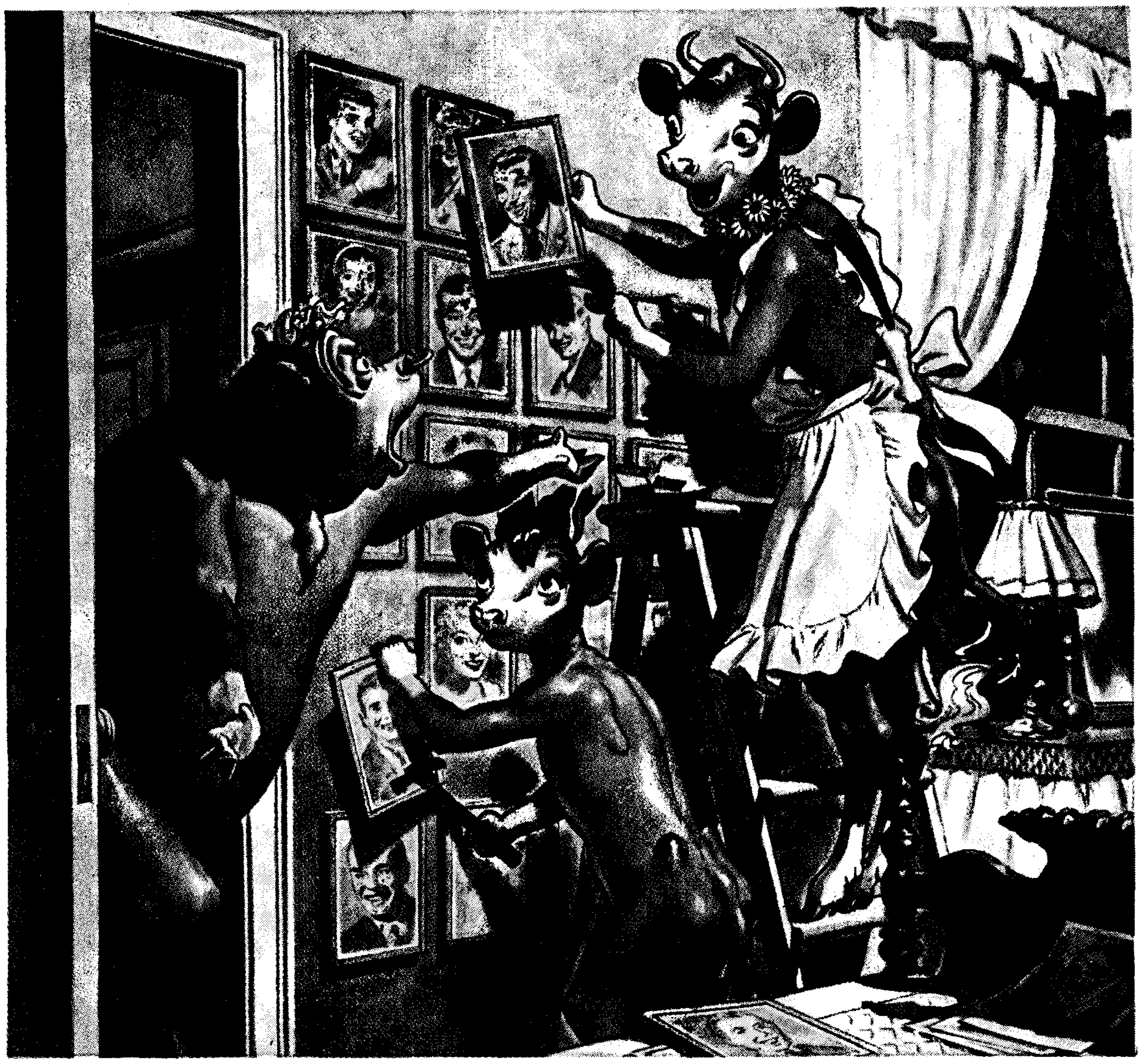
"Then you didn't bet on the filly?" I asked.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" Friedman said angrily. "Of course not. I remembered that dirty look Rees gave me when I went into his cell. He didn't like me a bit. Besides, I'd never bet on a filly in the spring. No, I bet on the solid horse that Whitney owns. No matter how you doped the race, he figured to win . . ."

"How did the race come out?"

Friedman looked surprised. "Didn't you hear? Hell, the filly won and paid $62.50. The Whitney horse finished last."

THE END



"But, dear, I have a personal interest in all the movie stars!" smiled Elsie

"WHY DON'T YOU GROW UP, WOMAN?" roared Elmer, the bull. "Why don't you quit acting like a booby soxer?"

"It's *bobby* soxer, dear," corrected Elsie, the Borden Cow.

"Bobby, booby – what's the difference?" demanded Elmer. "What I want to know is why you're plastering the whole blooming room with movie stars' grinning mugs. Don't tell me you're going into the tooth paste business?"

CREAM IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK
Borden's

"Goodness, no," laughed Elsie, "I'm in the tooth *building* business. And I get a special, private thrill when I think that folks in *my* business help make movie stars' smiles so beautiful."

"Make movie stars beautiful!" exclaimed Elmer, alarmed. "Take it easy, there! Are you *sure* you're all right? Gotta fever? Do you see spots before your eyes? Maybe I'd better get a doctor—"

"When you do," blithely countered Elsie, "just ask *him* if milk and milk products don't contribute plenty to beautiful smiles. Ask him if my wonderful-tasting *Borden's Homogenized Milk* doesn't help grow fine, strong teeth. It's so rich in calcium and phosphorus. And it has 400 units of Vitamin D in every quart to work *with* the calcium and phosphorus. Ask him—"

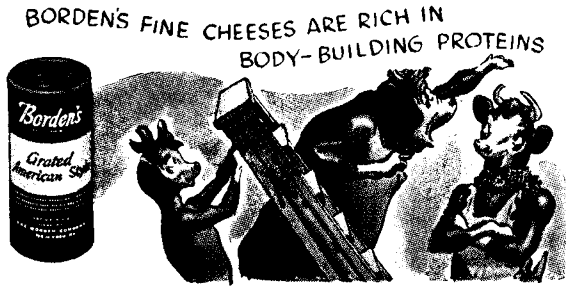
"Every time I open my big mouth," groaned Elmer, "I get it stuffed to the ears with *Borden's.*"

"And isn't it fun," asked Elsie, "especially when it's *Borden's Ice Cream?* It's such a grand treat, such a glorious, no-work-for-the-cook dessert, such *good* food, such—"

DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD
BORDEN'S ICE CREAM

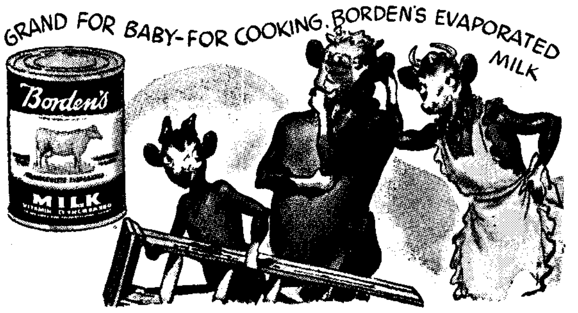
"One more *such* out of you, woman," warned Elmer, "and I'm telling you, I won't be able to resist—"

"I have yet to meet the man," enthusiastically interrupted Elsie, "who *can* resist a dish of macaroni smothered in Borden's Grated American Cheese. Every last smitch of the macaroni is so savory with that grand, rich cheese goodness. A *very* toothsome dish! And I mean *toothsome* in *two* ways when I talk about *Borden's Fine Cheeses* . . . appetizing toothsome, and tooth-building toothsome."


BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE RICH IN BODY-BUILDING PROTEINS
Borden's
Grated American Style

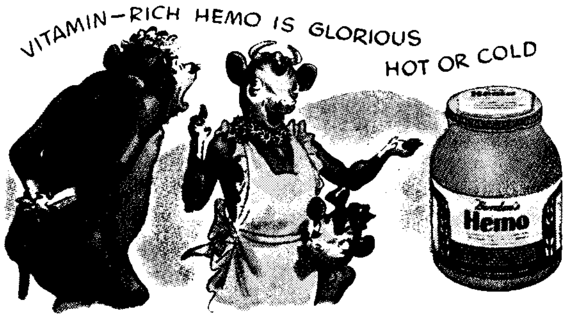
"Well, whadda you know!" slyly asked Elmer. "Now, they're filling teeth with cheese."

"Don't be silly, Elmer," cried Elsie. "I mean cheese is rich in food elements needed to *build* teeth . . . of course, you get these elements in other milk products, too, like *Borden's Evaporated Milk.* There, my dear, is a truly wonderful milk for toothless little babies. It's so safe and wholesome, and so rich in tooth-building calcium and Vitamin D! Of course, it's grand for grownups, too. Makes the creamiest, smoothest cream soups ever!"


GRAND FOR BABY-FOR COOKING. BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK
Borden's
MILK

"Who in thunderation wants cream soup at this time of night?" bellowed Elmer. "What I need is something to put me to sleep, where I can't hear another word about—"

"Then, *do* have a piping-hot cup of *Hemo,"* urged Elsie. "It won't *put* you to sleep, but hot Hemo *will* help you relax and *will* help lull you to sleep. And you'll love its delicious *milk-chocolate* flavor—everybody does! And every last sip is loaded with vitamins and minerals you need to keep you feeling on your toes!"


VITAMIN-RICH HEMO IS GLORIOUS HOT OR COLD
Borden's
Hemo

"What?" mimicked Elmer, "No tooth builders?"

"But, certainly, dear," answered Elsie. "Hemo is a great *milk food,* too."

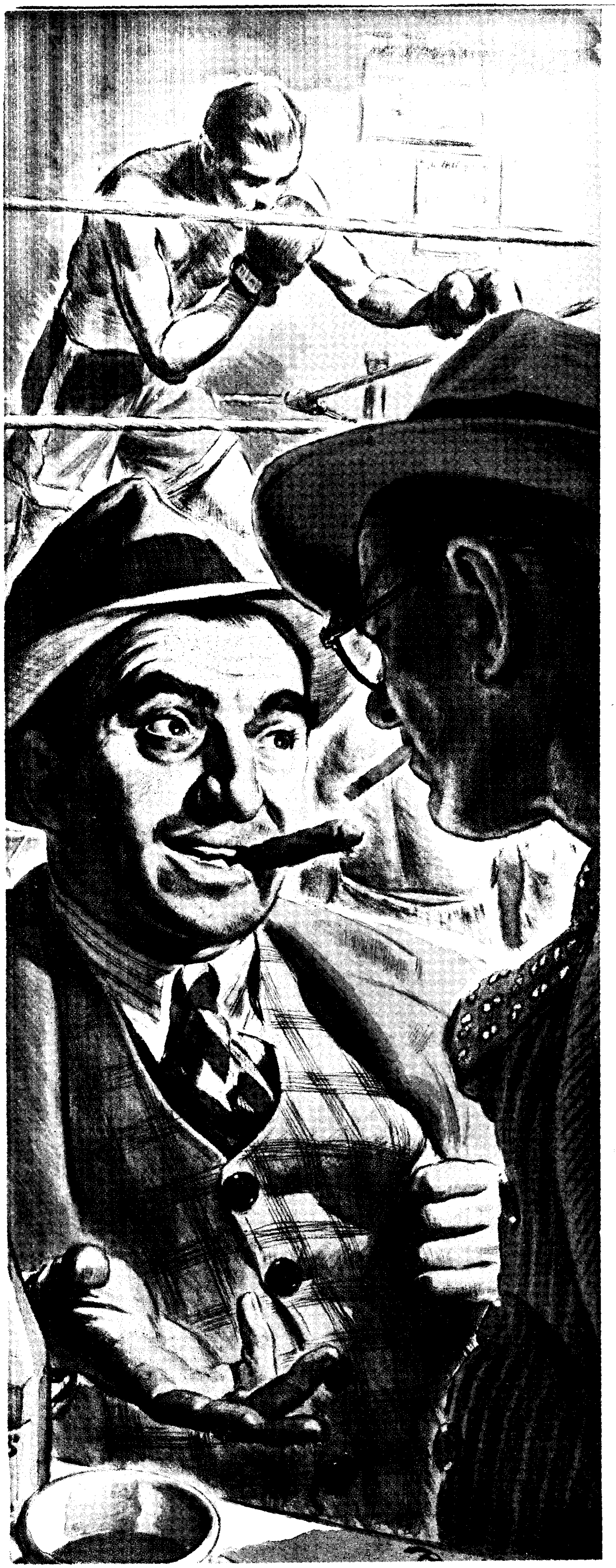
"Is that good?" wearily yawned Elmer.

"Always teasing!" laughed Elsie. "Of course it's good —*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

– if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

TUNE IN
GINNY SIMMS
IN A
GRAND RADIO SHOW
WITH COMEDY GUEST STARS
Friday Evenings, CBS

©The Borden Company



Hymie was beside me, gnawing on a cigar. "What do you think about the kid?" I asked. "I think you ought to have your head examined for sending him here!" he answered

Cut Me In

BY DON TRACY

It was a fight the kid never had a chance to win. And yet, believe it or not, he couldn't lose

I SAID, "You look good, Railse. You look fine." That was a lie. The kid looked terrible. He was thin, and his skin had a yellowish tinge and his eyes were sunk into his lean face like no boy's of twenty or twenty-one ever should be.

"I'm okay," he told me, and let it go at that.

He sat down on the chair I shoved his way. In spite of the cheap blue suit that didn't quite fit and the shirt collar that was loose on his thin neck, he had a certain dignity. His back was straight and his shoulders were the way they must have been when he was standing retreat at Parris Island—or on Kwajalein, if they had retreat parades over there.

He just sat there, looking at me, waiting for me to make the first move. It wasn't a comfortable moment. All my memories of Railse Bascomb came crowding back and there wasn't one that left an opening for some crack that would make the kid smile. I fumbled around with a cigarette to stall for time; then remembered to offer him one. He shook his head.

"Well, well," I said, with an inane heartiness. "It's been a long time. Must be about—"

"Four years. A little over four years since they let me out and I joined the Marines."

"Yeah. Well, it's been a long— You must have seen and done plenty."

"A little," he said. There was another silence.

"You had lunch?" I tried, desperately. "I was just going out to get a bite."

The apple pie à la mode I had eaten as dessert a few minutes before churned reproachfully under my belt. But I was willing to chew my way through another meal, if it meant breaking away from this kid. Railse Bascomb had brought back to me a night in a Chicago hotel room. It was a night I had persuaded myself I had forgotten. I had convinced myself that there was nothing about that night to make me feel guilty. And here was the kid himself, back from the wars, and I hadn't forgotten that night and I still felt guilty.

"I've eaten," the boy said. "Uh—Mister Kilgore. The last time I saw you, just before I joined up, you told me that if there was something you could do for me to let you know when I got back."

"Sure!" I exclaimed. "Sure! I meant it, too."

There was plenty of relief in my voice. Here, I told myself, was a chance to pay up for that night in Chicago, to square the books. The kid probably wanted ducats to a fight, or maybe he wanted me to put in a good word for him with some boss. Maybe he even wanted a few bucks. Whatever it was he wanted, it would be cheap enough. A guy you do a favor for can't kick your conscience around.

"You name it, Railse," I said. "If I can possibly do it, I will. You boys have got plenty coming to you."

Mike Kilgore and the old magoo!—"You boys!" Waving the flag like a black marketeer. Okay, so I'm ashamed of it now. . . .

"It ain't that," Railse said. "It's just—well, I wonder if you could get me a good manager."

Just like that.

Some of the smoke of my cigarette went the wrong way, and I exploded into a cough. I hacked and wheezed for a while until I got my windpipe clear and then I faked a few more coughs while I wondered what I was going to tell him.

A manager! This kid wanted to go back into the ring! I might have been a Pentagon Commando all through the war but I knew that yellow cast of his skin spelled atabrine. I was no doctor but anybody could have seen that Railse had been a mighty sick kid. Malaria—and probably a hunk or two of scrap steel in a place where it wouldn't do him any good—was written all over him.

Besides, his eyes were wrong. I don't mean that they were feverish or haunted or any of that hooey. That's for feature writers to use in describing some hero who's probably had six tall ones too many. I mean this Bascomb kid's eyes were wrong for anybody who wanted to be a fighter. They were— Hell, I don't know. Maybe they *were* haunted. But to me they looked sort of bleak, unhoping.

He was sitting there, waiting for me to stop stalling. Patient, not too expectant. His life, I guess, had given him plenty of training in being patient and not expecting too much.

I jammed out my cigarette in the tray. This, I knew, was going to be tough. I decided on the fatherly approach.

"Look, Railse," I said, and I could see right away he knew what was coming. His eyes didn't change but there was a faint tightening of that wide mouth of his. "Look. I'll be the first to say you were a pretty fair country fighter when you—when you were in that school. For a kid, I mean. The Silver Mitts and all. You had a certain amount of class—a lot of class—but—"

I put out a hand to stop him as he started to get up. "Now wait," I told him. "Let me finish."

"I guess I heard all I need to," he said. Not sore. Not especially disappointed. Certainly not disillusioned. His voice was even, impersonal. Yet those few words of his made me think of Chicago and the hotel room with Railse Bascomb listening outside the door while we sports writers inside popped off over our Scotch and water and broke a kid's heart. And I remembered the man who had told me that Railse had listened that night; the man who was young Bascomb's coach before he joined the Merchant Marine and made a Murmansk run that didn't get through.

"You've got to listen to me," I told Railse. "I want to explain."

He sank back into his chair and I began talking fast.

"Believe me, kid," I said, "I'd turn this town upside down to get you started if things were different. But—well, you've been sick. Maybe you've been nicked a couple of times. I said you looked swell, but you don't. You look like hell. You look like you need a couple of years somewhere on a farm."

"I didn't get no C.D.D.," Railse said. "The doctors said I was all right when they let me go."

"Sure," I agreed. "But they didn't say it was okay for you to climb back in a ring and get your head knocked off. Listen, Railse, it's been four years since you've done any fighting. Oh, maybe you've had a couple of bouts in the service, but I mean the real thing. And this would be the real thing. Not kid stuff like the Silver Mitts. If you tried to go back and you didn't fold up the first time you went ten minutes with the bag, you'd go in there against some tough kid who'd murder you—some kid who never had malaria or didn't just get out of the hospital.

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Here's why most Motorists prefer Champion Spark Plugs

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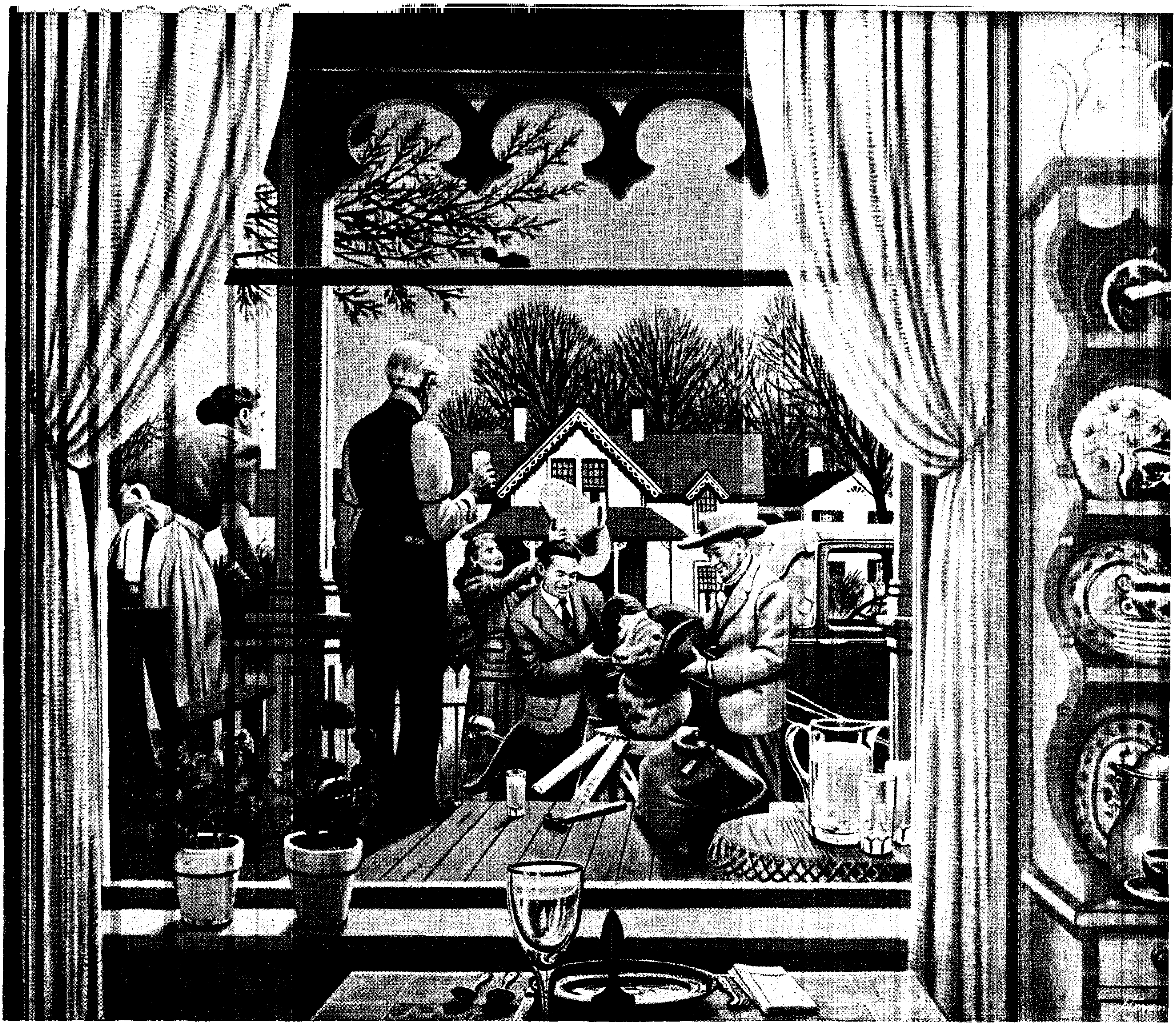
PATENTED

THEY'RE DEPENDABLE!

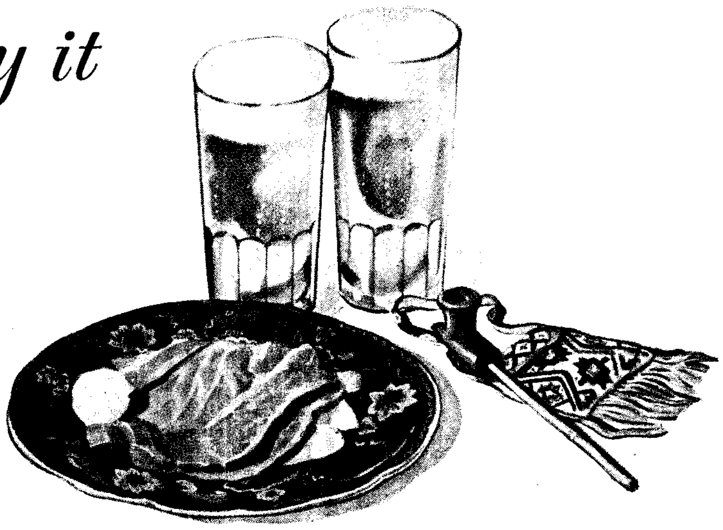
Survey after survey proves that Champion Spark Plugs are first choice with most motorists. This preference is based on the fact that for thirty-five years every Champion Spark Plug represented the ultimate in dependability. That is why Champions insure peak performance in any car, the maximum in acceleration, power, speed, economy and efficiency. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS . . . DEMAND DEPENDABLE **CHAMPIONS** FOR YOUR CA



"UNCLE FROM THE WEST" by Stevan Dohanos. Number 1 in the series, "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it



In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

The Sporting Life

Continued from page 15

wasn't going to stand for it. He said he was going to tell his father a few things.

"You'll attend to your own affairs," Eva said. "I'll tend to your father. Ain't I been handling him twenty years?"

Daniel muttered stubbornly, "It ain't right nor just. And you won't say nothing to him."

"What should I say? There's no manner of use threatening your father. He can threaten louder and longer than you or me or anybody else. But don't worry."

"He bought her a dress!" Daniel cried. "He spends his—our money on that woman."

"He earned it," Eva said. "It's his right to spend it. As for her . . ."

And that was all Eva would do about it. When Roaring's leg mended so that he could hobble around, he bought himself a new suit, handmade boots, a shirt with purple stripes, and a twenty-dollar white hat. He said he was out for some fun. Keeping his nose close to the grindstone, slaving away for his wife and family, he hadn't known what was going on in the world. But he aimed to make up for it now, he said. Practically everybody heard him.

He went on picnics with Addie, and once they had watermelon soaked in champagne. Addie's brother and his wife came over from Susanville every few days and the four of them went riding. Roaring was against it at first, saying he had no use for a machine, and never would have while he could grow hay for horses. But Addie coaxed him into it, and before long Roaring enjoyed riding.

Once they all went down to Susanville and stayed three days, and when they got home, Roaring said he aimed to buy a car for himself. No one ever dreamed a man so set against machines would ever own one himself, but then no one ever expected to see Roaring voting Democrat, either.

"And all on account of a woman's eyes," Doctor O'Connor said to Eva. He sighed. "Well, no matter what the old reprobate does, Eva, don't you worry about the future."

"I'm not worrying," Eva said, tasting her apple pie mixture to see if there was enough cinnamon in it. "If there's too much or too little seasoning, Roaring makes a fuss."

"You better start worrying," Daniel said. "Half a dozen times a day he hobbles uptown with that woman to gloat over the touring car in Arthur & Davenport's window. She's persuading him to buy it."

"Well, it might be nice to own one of the things," Eva said. "You like 'em too, Daniel, and they must be safe enough—you see more every day."

"Much good it would do *us*," Daniel grumbled.

Doctor Cornelius O'Connor said thoughtfully, "But that's not the worst, buying a car. He's talking about moving to Susanville and opening a saloon, with her brother for a partner."

"If he tries to sell the ranch, I'll—I'll—I'm liable to do anything," Daniel cried.

"You'll mind your own business," Eva said tartly. "I expect I can handle my own man." But she looked worried.

Two days later she had reason to be worried. Roaring limped into Arthur & Davenport's and took a wad of bills out of his pocket—he never had trusted banks—and paid cash for the shiny new car in the window. Davenport himself taught Roaring to drive it that afternoon. Aside from running up on the sidewalk a couple of times and crumpling a fender on the Apperson Jackrabbit Eight belonging to Pete Waller, the lumberman, and consequently getting into a fight, Roaring did pretty well. Chasing Waller strained his leg somewhat, so he parked the new machine in a shed back of the hotel and went to his room, Addie helping him upstairs.

About an hour afterward, Doctor Cornelius O'Connor called and began to lecture Roaring on his duties to his family. He should have known better. Roaring was hoarse, on account of his fight with Waller, and he couldn't shout the doctor down. He lost his temper and threw Doctor O'Connor out of the window, but the room was only fifteen feet or so above the ground.

ADDIE and Roaring sat talking about the car until late. Addie said it was a wonderful little machine and he would never regret buying it. At first Roaring seemed a little uneasy, and once he said that getting hit by lightning weakened a man's judgment, but Addie convinced him that the car would bring him more pleasure and profit than the money could have.

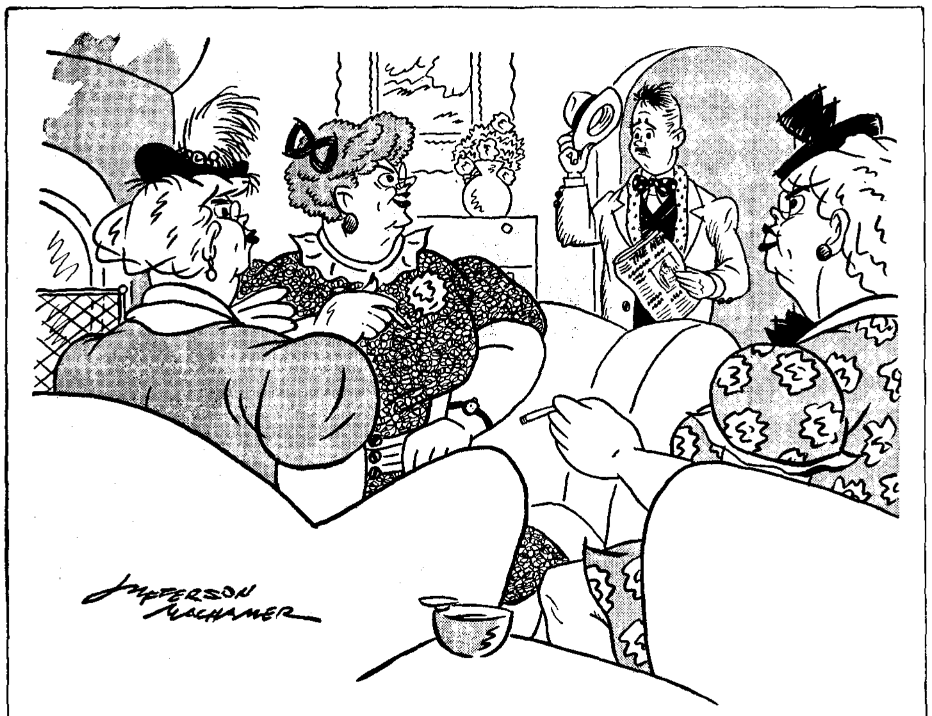
Roaring's plans were seldom a secret, because even his ordinary speaking voice would wake the dead. And Bert Best, the room clerk, was a particular friend of Daniel's, and kept Daniel posted. Roaring and Addie talked over what she called "our business deal," and when Daniel came home for supper that night, he glumly told his mother that it was all decided. His father and Addie were driving to Susanville in the morning.

"That's the last we'll see of him, or his money either," Daniel said.

"Now, don't worry," his mother told him. "They going in that new car?"

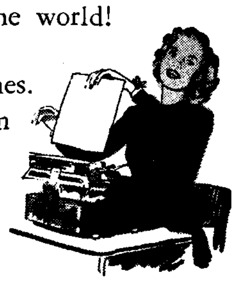
"How else? Didn't think he'd leave it for us, did you? Paid Davenport cash for it—the old fool!"

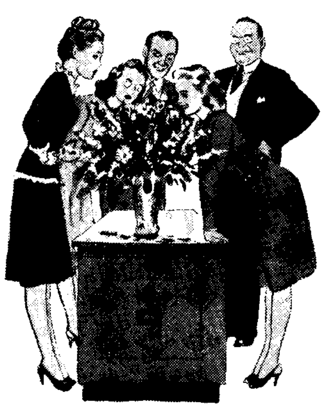
"Now, Daniel. Please be a little more respectful when you speak of your father," Eva



"Horace, dear! Would you settle an argument for us?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER





"What's this?".. beamed the boss

"The boss is a funny guy. Never gets steamed up about anything . . . not even when I put the carbons in backwards. So it seemed a little strange to me the way he lit up like a neon sign when I walked in with the lush bouquet that James Jones & Company telegraphed him for the firm's 25th anniversary. EXCITED? I've never seen the chief so happy with the world!

ANYHOW, THIS LETTER I'm typing now is to Jim Jones. The boss writes that he's tickled pink with the flowers Jim wired . . . and wants Jim's sales manager to stop by on his next trip through here. If I know the boss . . . that's like money in the bank for little old Jim Jones & Co.

AND IDEAS ! The boss has had me going all day with that reminder calendar of his. I have to remind him to wire flowers to his mother in Chicago for her birthday... and his daughter's graduation...and...

AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME. . . the boss isn't the only one around here who's happy with those flowers. All the other girls...and all the execs, too...can't get over how they cheer up the place..."

In any event—
WIRE FLOWERS

Yes, it's good business to build good will this easy and inexpensive way. For *any* occasion, just have your secretary phone any florist who displays the FTDA seal shown below. He'll do the rest.

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NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.

said. After a moment's thought, she asked, "How do those machines run?"

"By a motor," Daniel said shortly.

"I wish you'd explain it to me. You've ridden with Bert Best and Doctor Cornelius enough. You should know something about it."

"I can handle one all right," Daniel said, half-proudly and half-guiltily. "I've driven Bert's car. But a woman wouldn't understand. It's too mechanical."

"If this one is always stopping, like Bert's, your father wouldn't ever put up with it," Eva said. "His temper's too short."

"His is new. It runs like a top. Bert's is on its last legs."

"Well, what makes Bert's stop all the time?"

"It's old, and—well, there's lots of things go wrong. Seldom the same thing twice."

"You explain it to me," Eva said. "I can run a sewing machine, and I never yet saw the man who could. Take them pedals—is that what makes it go?"

"Gosh, no," Daniel said scornfully. "That's only the gears and the brake. Gasoline makes it go. Without gas, or if there's water in it or something, it won't run at all."

"Gas and oil," Eva said, to show she understood.

"Oil's a different thing. Without oil it might run a ways, but it would get hot and bust. Same thing with water in the radiator. Then you got to have air in the tires, of course. But the worst thing to go wrong is the timer. Bert uses a dry timer, with a sock around it so it won't short."

"Timer? Do they run by a kind of clockwork?"

"My gosh, no! A timer is—well, it's a thing on the front. It has to be there, because—well, it *has* to be, and just exactly right, too, or it gets out of time and makes a noise like a cannon. I just can't explain those things to a woman."

"All right, you can show me," Eva said. "It's in the shed back of the hotel? Bye and bye we'll go down and look at it."

"It's too dark."

"We'll take a lantern. Can you show me that timer without tools, or should we take hairpins and buttonhooks and things along?"

IT WAS a strange time to look at a machine, Daniel thought, as he and his mother slipped furtively into the shed. It was after midnight, and the whole town was asleep. Eva carried a bull's-eye lantern, and Daniel had borrowed a bag of tools from Bert Best.

They worked for a long time, though after the first few minutes Daniel wanted to run. But his mother's will held him, and he whispered instructions and prayed his father would not wake up.

Even when they were home again, tired and grease-stained, Daniel did not feel entirely safe. But his fears could not keep him awake, and in the morning his mother let him sleep late. It was after seven when she shook him out of bed.

"Daniel," she said. "They're coming."

From the road that ran past the house Daniel heard a loud *bang*. He whimpered and covered his head with the bedclothes. Eva snatched them away, saying:

"Nonsense, Daniel. They're on the road, bound for Susanville. My goodness, you wouldn't think a little thing like that could make such a racket, would you? What will happen when the radiator breaks down?"

"Oh, my gosh," Daniel moaned. "He found out it was us did it."

"Nonsense," Eva said again. "Don't they have to go by this road? You get up and do the chores, and be quick about it, if you want any breakfast. And harness the light team while you're at it."

EVA looked out of a front window as Roaring drove past the gate, a hundred yards distant. Roaring held the wheel proudly, but with a slight uneasiness. *Bang* went the little car, so loudly that Eva jumped. Roaring's face convulsed and she heard him curse, but Addie smiled—for any watcher's benefit—and looked as gay as she could.

Before the car was out of sight, there was another shattering explosion. By this time Eva was watching from an upstairs window, and when the car stopped she called Daniel.

"Sounds like a flat tire," Daniel said.

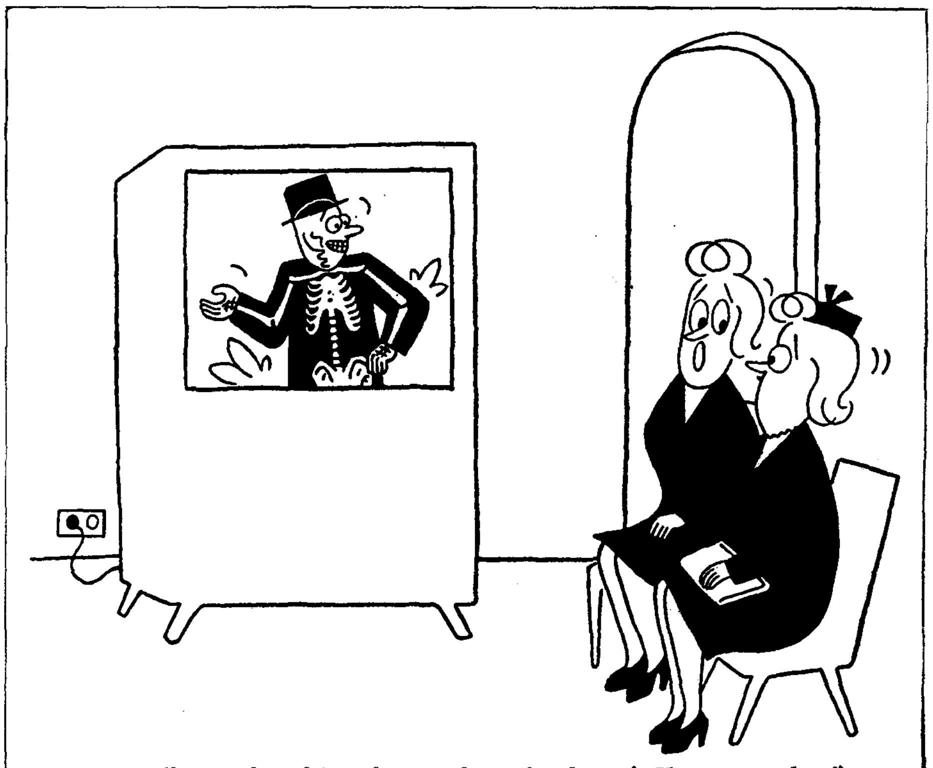
"It was as loud as the other," Eva reported. "When the radiator goes, is there any danger of him being blown right off the road, Daniel? It's mighty narrow in places."

"The radiator won't make a noise," Daniel said.

Eva watched Roaring's back go up and down, up and down, for a long time. Then the car moved on and was lost to sight around the first bend, but at irregular intervals she heard the awful bangs.

The road over the mountain zigzagged back and forth, making as straight as it could for the pass. Now and then the car could be seen from the house. But whether she could see it or not, Eva could trace its progress by the terrible explosions. Now and then there were long periods of silence, which meant that Roaring was fixing a tire, or perhaps the radiator, or trying to get the water out of the gasoline. Eva smiled to herself. She was glad she was not up there, within reach of Roaring's temper, and she felt a little sorry for Addie McGovern.

A car came toward town from the mountain, and Eva ran out to the road and stopped it. The driver was a man she had never seen before, but she asked, "Did you meet a car with a man and a woman in it?"



"We still get a lot of interference from the doctor's X ray next door"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

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No great amount of calculation is required to answer this question. Subtract from your income your personal expenses and what you save during the year and the result is a fair approximation of what your family costs.

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Smartest thing I ever did for myself *and* my friends was putting on a Zenith. No one will ever have to raise his voice to *me* again.

* * *

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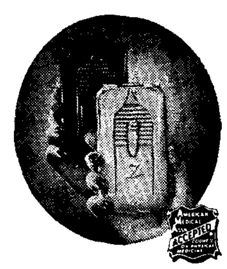


The man's face flushed red. "I did. He was stopped, and I pulled up to see if he needed help. Of all the damned—"

"He's my husband," Eva said quickly.

The man stared at her, swallowing his anger. Then he tipped his hat, said, "God help you, ma'am," and drove on without another word.

At noon Roaring was still this side of the pass, as Eva could tell from the faint, faraway *bang-bang.* After an especially long silence she told Daniel, who was in a miserable state, "All right. We'll take the wagon and go after him."

"You think it's safe? He'll be ready to kill somebody, and if he suspects we took that little pin out of the timer and all the rest, he'll—"

"You can stay home, if you're scared," Eva said, to shame him into going.

They set off at a fast clip, because all of Roaring's horses were first rate and fast. Daniel drove and Eva sat beside him on the spring wagon.

SOME two miles up the grade they met Addie. She was walking, and when she saw the wagon she stopped in the middle of the road, hopefully, until she recognized Eva. "Oh, it's you," she said. "I thought maybe I'd get a ride."

Addie was a sight. Her hair was rumpled, her dress was dirty, she had lost her hat, and there was a dark mark under one eye that would be an astonishing thing in another hour. She moved as though her feet hurt.

"Your shoes is too tight," Eva said. She held out her own tiny foot and said, "Too bad mine are so small, or I'd let you wear 'em. It's a long, hot walk to town. You must have made Roaring pretty mad."

Addie looked about to cry, and at the same time angry enough to bite a stick. "He pushed me out and then he chased me. I only asked if it was my fault he couldn't run a car. It certainly wasn't the car's fault, so—"

"Something went wrong?"

"Something? Everything!" Addie cried. "And then when the motor froze—"

"Froze the motor?" Eva asked, astonished.

"Happens when it gets too hot," Daniel explained.

"Land a-living," Eva marveled. "I guess there's things about a machine I never will understand. You'll be going to Susanville on the stage, Mrs. McGovern?"

Addie said tearfully, "No! I'm going to sue that man for what he's done to me. He struck me and pushed me and—and when I was getting up he kicked me!"

"He's got an awful temper," Eva admitted. "Not that he ever laid a hand on me—nothing to count, anyhow. But it won't do you much good to sue, in this county. I guess there ain't even an Indian but what's on my side, and now Roaring and me is on the same side."

"I'll make him wish he'd never been born," Addie cried. "This was my best silk dress—look at it!"

"If I was you, I'd take the first ride out," Eva said sincerely. "Lots of people around here don't like you, account of me, but they was all afraid of Roaring. Now he won't be looking after you, and there's no telling. I don't suppose they'd really mean to injure a woman, but you take a bunch of men when they get half drunk and set out to tar and feather somebody—"

"They wouldn't dare," Addie said, but not as though she felt certain of it.

"I hope not. But if I was you, I'd leave before the news got out. Go on, Daniel."

Daniel spoke to the team, and when they had gone a few yards Eva said with satisfaction, "There! That'll take care of her. She'll go."

The off horse pricked its ears forward. The other did the same and the team stopped of its own accord. Daniel and his mother glanced at each other, and Daniel asked uneasily, "What kind of a racket was that?"

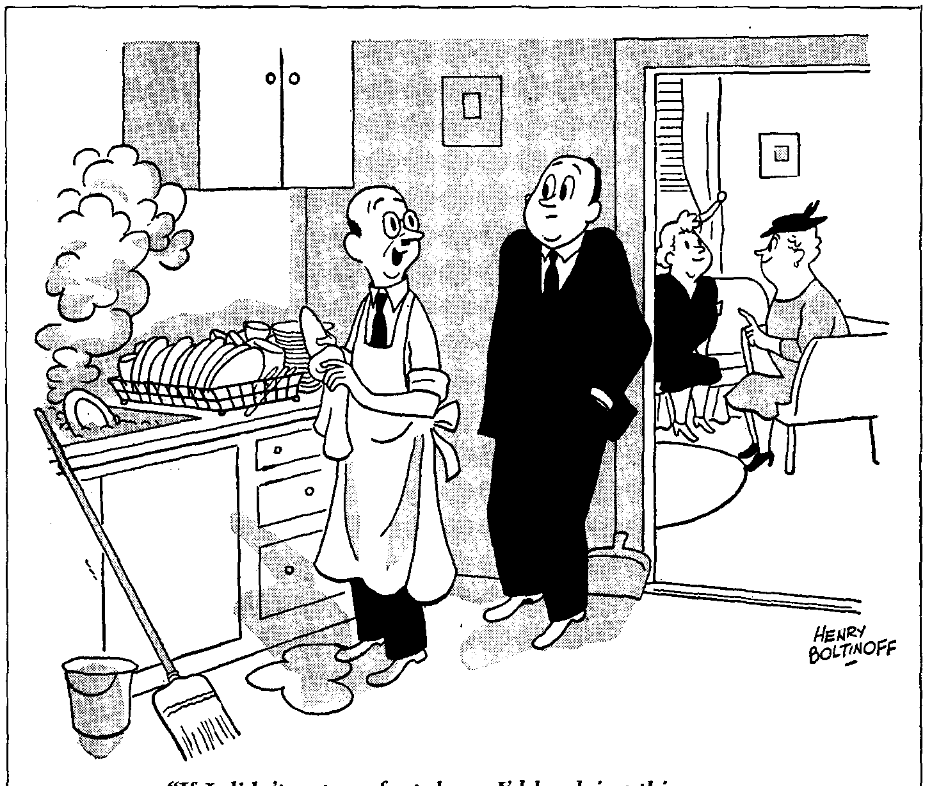
"Blessed if I know. Get on, Daniel."

Daniel drove on with a tighter rein, because the team grew more and more nervous. From ahead the banging and clattering sounds increased, and finally Eva and Daniel came around a bend in the road upon a scene of murder.

That was how Eva thought of it. She said quickly, "Oh! He's killing the poor thing."

And that was how Roaring felt about it, too. Roaring was a big man and a strong man. He had tipped the shiny new car over the bank, where it had come to rest right side up again, with only its top and a fender dented. That had not satisfied Roaring. He wanted the car to know what it meant to suffer, as he had suffered. He neither looked at his wife and son, nor spoke, and for their part they were afraid to say a word. Daniel jumped to the ground and ran around to hold the team's heads, staring fearfully at his father.

Roaring picked up the biggest rock he could find—and you know he could manage a mighty large one. Staggering with it to the edge of the road, he let go of it with a grunt and an outward heave. With an awful crash, it fell on the gold radiator, carried away a headlamp and rolled down the hill. The next rock went through the top and rested on the back seat. The little car was no longer neat and shiny; it was dented and scarred, the top was in shreds, and pieces of the windshield were scattered all over the hillside.



"If I didn't put my foot down I'd be doing this seven nights a week instead of eating out two nights!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

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COMPARE it with ANY Pen costing up to $10.00. COMPARE its beauty . . . its workmanship . . . how it feels in your hand . . . how it WRITES. COMPARE its instant response . . . its generous ink capacity . . . its smoothness. COMPARE and you'll discover why hundreds of thousands of UNIVERSAL Fountain Pens are in daily use throughout the world.

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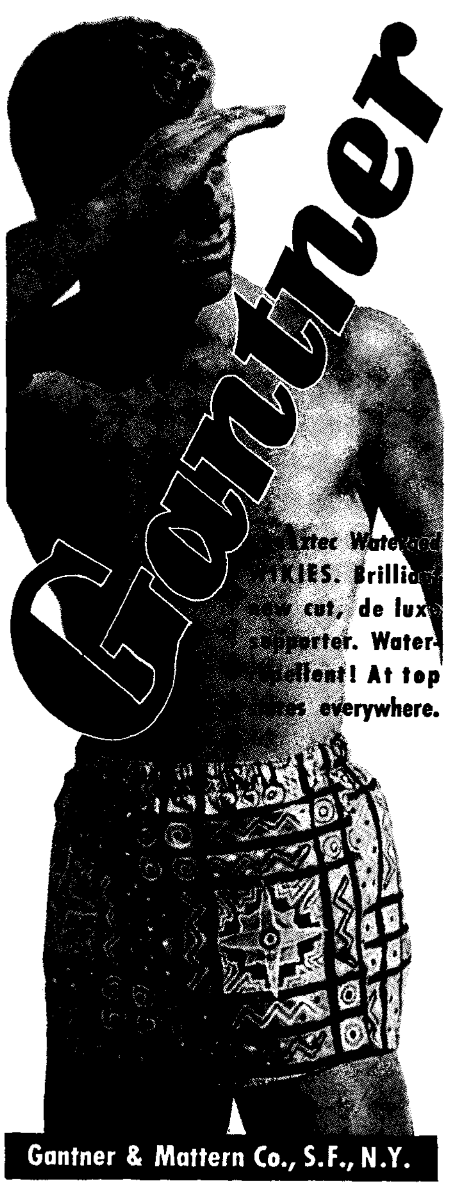
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Eva and Daniel watched in horrified silence. Roaring appeared not to know they were there, and the fact that he said never a word and yelled never a curse was worst of all, Eva said afterward. It was unnatural, and if ever there was murder in a man's heart, it was in Roaring's.

He carried rocks and hurled them down from the bank until the little car was no more than a twisted heap of metal and fabric. At last he stopped, panting and glaring. There was nothing left to smash. Still in terrible silence, he turned away and climbed onto the wagon seat beside Eva.

When Daniel's weight in the back made the springs sag, he started the team with a touch of the lines.

Eva knew how to meet Roaring's yelling and cursing, but his silence frightened her. They rode homeward with never a word spoken, but not far from the main gate Roaring pulled the team in sharply, and let out a curse, and looked back at the mountain.

"By God!" he shouted. "I never thought to set fire to it."

"Well, you did everything else," Eva said.

"I did, didn't I? And I feel better for it. Like waking up from a bad dream." Roaring nodded to himself and looked sideways at Eva, not so much uneasily as slyly. "I'll tell you, being hit by that lightning almost ruined me with concussion. It's all hazy, like I been dreaming. I hardly remember what I've been saying or doing."

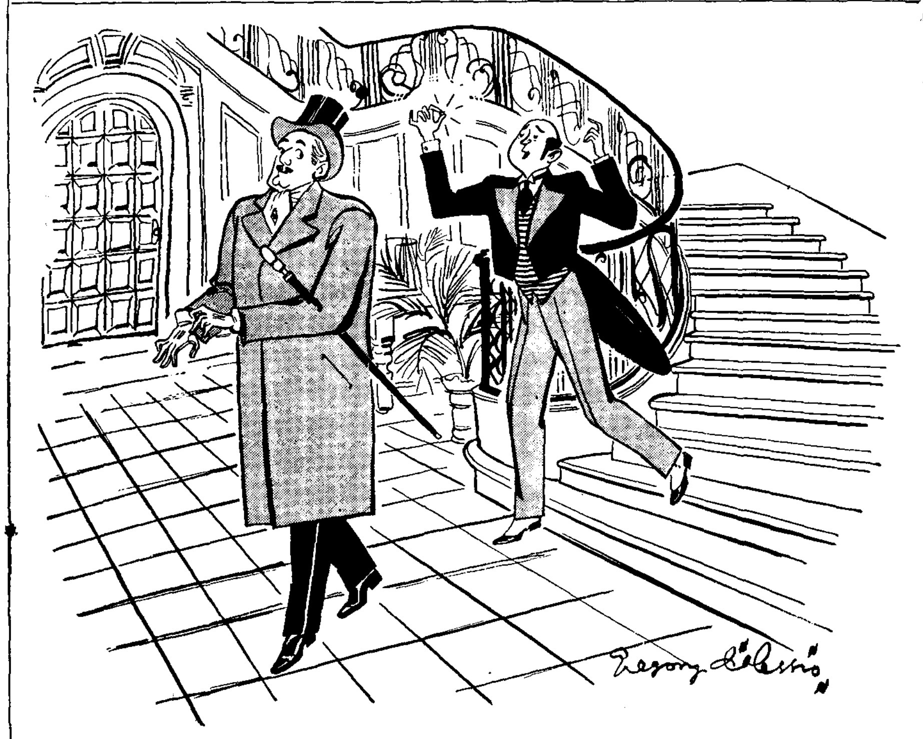
"Nothing much," Eva said. "If you'll get a move on this team, we'll have apple pie for dinner."

When they stopped at the main gate, the motor stage came rolling toward the mountain, and Roaring stood up in the wagon and shook his fist at it and yelled a curse. Addie McGovern, riding up front with the driver, thought he had seen her. She cowered down in her seat.

Roaring ended with ". . . damned stinking, treacherous contraptions ought to be illegal, together with the whole black, graft-ridden Democratic Party. And for God's sake, don't put too much cinnamon in it."

THE END

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Just a moment, Mr. Carstairs—you've forgotten your discharge button!"

COLLIER'S

It Might as Well Be Spring

Continued from page 20

of violets to $300 for a group of hydrangeas.

The ground-floor gardens win trophies instead of cash prizes. But each has been allotted at least a thousand dollars by the Flower Show committee to help cover expenses. And that's all it does—help.

Stumpp & Walter, for instance, have been allowed $3,000 for the 1,200-foot garden they are planting. But they've budgeted their garden at $4,000 and may spend another thousand. A third of the cost is for labor and transportation, the rest for plant materials. A dogwood or apple tree in bloom can cost two to three hundred dollars by the time it's delivered to the Palace. Tulips, fifty cents each, minimum.

Commercial growers chalk the expense up to advertising—not that they don't take pride in their gardens.

"It's like a dog show," says one exhibitor. "You don't expect to make money. But you can't help competing."

In normal times, work on the show starts a year before. Last year V-J Day was the signal for hurried committee meetings. It was September before the Army officially released Grand Central Palace—the only hall in New York adequate to house the show—and that's late for getting the thing underway.

We previewed one of the gardens for the show about the middle of January, with the thermometer registering twenty. It was in Darien, Connecticut, at the Brookside Nurseries run by Henry and Stanley Bulpitt.

With coat collars turned up to our noses, we examined the garden-makings in the frozen nursery grounds back of the greenhouse. Large dogwood trees, their roots bound into balls with burlap, lay tipped over in holes which had been dug the week before during a thaw. Handsome big hemlocks, to be used as a screen against the adjoining garden at the show, stood in other frozen holes.

In a side yard, looking more like brush to be carted away to the dump than a prospective garden in bloom, were lilac bushes, rhododendron, azalea and Scotch broom.

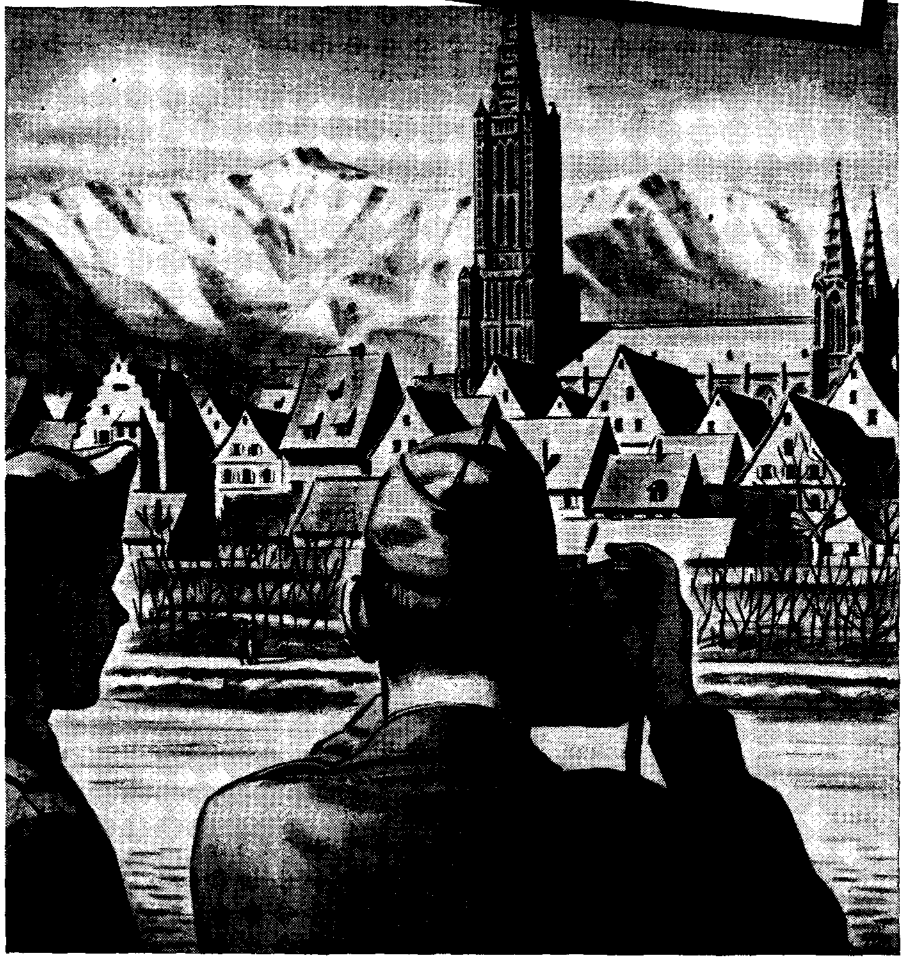
In the greenhouse itself, spring had already begun. Azalea bushes, the white ones that need an early start, were just showing green leaves after a week of regulated temperature. The dogwood trees were due to be moved into the nursery the first part of February. The rhododendron would wait a little longer, since they weren't to be in full bloom for the show.

(You've got to have your flowering sequences strictly according to nature, or the judges won't like you.)

On a bench in the same greenhouse sat stocky, green wallflower plants, which would later stop the crowds with their abundance of

Where would you like to go during the next three years?

France? Germany? Philippines? Japan? China? Hawaii? Panama? Puerto Rico? Alaska?



GI's in Germany

If you are a red-blooded American — alert, alive and ambitious — you probably want these things: Adventure! . . . Travel to foreign lands! . . . Good pay, good food, good clothing! . . . Training for future success! . . . A thorough education!

The new peacetime Regular Army offers you *all* these things. By enlisting for 3 years you can choose your arm or branch of service and overseas theater. You may travel abroad, in Germany, Japan or other occupied areas. And you can learn a skill or trade that will enable you to earn a good living all your life.

For all this training and travel, food, clothing, quarters, dental and medical care, you pay *not one cent!* Instead *you get good pay* with liberal furloughs and the opportunity to complete your education after discharge! Under the GI Bill of Rights, following a 3-year enlistment you are entitled to 48 months of education in the college, business or trade school you select, with tuition and incidentals paid, up to $500 per ordinary school year, and $65 a month for personal expenses if single, $90 a month if married!

Act now! Get full details at your nearest Army Recruiting Station!

SEE THE JOB THROUGH
U. S. Army
BE A
"GUARDIAN OF VICTORY"

Enlist NOW!

4 Reasons Why

Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Martini!

1 Fleischmann's "Dry" Dryness! Not just dry—FLEISCHMANN'S GIN is "dry" dry . . . without the slightest trace of "sweetness." In fact, tests show it's 100% dry—a connoisseur's choice, yet priced for you to enjoy!

2 Fleischmann's Taste! It's light! It's delicate! A taste found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It comes from a mash specially prepared from finest American grains . . . plus continuous distillation.

3 Fleischmann's Smoothness! It's so soft! So velvety! So very, very smooth! The reason? It's 76 years of "know how"—for no other gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

4 Fleischmann's Mixability! It's priceless—for making perfect drinks! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S provides the ideal "base" for Martinis, Tom Collins, for all gin drinks! It's "balanced" at 90 proof—just right!

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90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF.

You find all 4 only in

FLEISCHMANN'S...

America's First Gin

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

fragrant flowers of apricot, yellow, red and tawny brown.

In the dusk under the benches were potted tulip bulbs, just beginning to break ground. In another month they'd be exposed to the light little by little. In the cellar, there was a dead-looking collection of stuff that, by the middle of March, would be pink and white Epimedium blossoms, hardy forget-me-nots and the lush, green foliage of day lilies.

It takes faith to be a gardener.

During that same January thaw, the week before, botanists from the Brooklyn Botanic Garden were out digging in vacant lots. They were carefully harvesting, of all things, weeds and weed seeds. We saw the results a few weeks later: a lusty growth of dandelions in bloom; cuttings of thistle; sour grass, plantain and chickweed, flourishing under hothouse care.

A Demonstration of Weed Killer

The Botanic Garden intends to demonstrate how the new selective weed killer, 2-4-D, helps your lawn. At the Flower Show, the weeds will be planted in strips, between patches of lawn and both sprayed with weed killer. When you see them, the weeds will be grotesque, giant things, actually growing themselves to death. When you rake them out, they won't grow back.

Hormones, like those that make 2-4-D work, have other uses the Botanic Garden would like to show if they're given the space. Things like making more hothouse tomatoes stay on the vine till they're ripe (and, incidentally, turn out to be seedless); preventing apples from dropping before the harvest. For props, they'll need things like apple trees in bloom. But that's easy. It takes only six weeks to force an apple tree to bloom.

Nothing is too much trouble for the Flower Show. One year when the Garden Club of America wanted to reprove messy picnickers, they built a beautiful forest glade, complete with ferns, wild flowers, mossy stump, trees—everything. Next door they built an identical glade—plus eggshells, paper plates, empty bottles. It made a big impression.

They're still talking about the desert in bloom which one Garden Club member shipped from Arizona in heated railroad cars. Truckloads of sand were carted into the Palace, and the flowering desert plants looked so realistic against a painted backdrop of Arizona skyline that the crowds gaped.

Rock gardens are a favorite with the public. There have been spectacular ones at the show, with twenty-foot waterfalls and an incredible array of native flora. Mr. Zenon Schreiber of New Jersey is showing the only rock garden this year. He thinks a ton and a half of stone will be enough for the space he has been allotted, though he's been known to move in as much as six tons for a single garden.

The first of February, he was still tramping the hills searching for stones of just the right shape and weathering. When he finds them, he'll have to persuade the owners to part with them, then drag them over the hills to a truck. The biggest stone he ever moved into the Palace was nine feet long and about five feet wide.

As show time nears, tension mounts among the exhibitors. There's the nerve-racking business of timing and temperatures. It's a job to bring a gardenful of plants to the proper degree of bloom, bud or foliage on just the right day. Greenhouse men work at it like symphony conductors. More heat here. Cool that one off a bit, it's coming along too fast. Fertilizer, shade, light, all help.

One famous grower dug up an ancient dogwood tree to put in his garden at the show. In the greenhouse, it didn't respond like a younger tree. So, stealing an idea from the poultryman, he put lights on it at night to step up production. Later, he floodlighted it at the show, not for stage effects, but to keep those flower buds unfolding.

Another grower, determined to give New Yorkers a thrill by filling his garden with that delicate southerly plant, acacia, woke with a start one night to find the temperature dropping toward zero. He sat up the rest of the night, stoking his greenhouse fires.

Of course a warm spell, like the one the East had last March, can wreck a gardener's plans, too, rushing his garden into bloom too soon. But gardeners are accustomed to working, hoping and preparing several times the amount of stuff they'll need so as to better their chances.

Moving plant material into the Palace is another headache. You can grow it to perfection, wrap it carefully, transport it in a heated van (furniture and horse vans have been used), and then have it get frosted, if there's a cold enough wind while you're unloading. You can spend many an hour getting to the unloading platform, too.

"We've tried getting there at all times of the day," says Mr. Evan Harding of Westport, Connecticut, whose nursery is building its eighth show garden this year. "But there are sometimes a hundred trucks ahead of us, and only seven or eight can unload at a time. We've waited as long as six hours."

Once inside, strain gives way to a sort of holiday excitement among the exhibitors. Everyone can at last see what the other fellow is doing.

Tons of peat moss are carted in and spread over the wooden platforms which support the gardens. (Peat moss looks like soil and is a lot easier to handle.)

Sod is rolled down like a carpet, to make some of the lawns. Others are patched together out of grass that was seeded in small boxes called flats, and grown in greenhouses.

SCOOP! EXPOSÉ!

Store-window mannequins
Seldom wear pantequins!

—Gordon M. Brown

Trees and bushes, by the time the workers are finished, seem to have grown right there.

No one knows, until it is finished, just what a Flower Show will look like. But the theme this year is Peace, which probably means that a lot of white flowers will be shown. Stumpp & Walter, for one, are planting nothing but white flowers in their garden, with the varying greens of grass, boxwood hedge, yew, rhododendron and hemlock as a foil.

The day before the show opens, potted specimen plants and cut flowers come in by the truckload, every one the product of months of greenhouse grooming. The orchids are guarded most tenderly of all, packed in wooden boxes, each blossom in a protective paper tent.

The Lady Gardeners Keep Busy

Dirt-streaked Garden Club ladies in overalls wield trowels and shrubbery, squint at bouquets in the making. A group of rose growers, banded together under the title, Roses, Inc., prepare a rainbow wedding to show you how versatile, as well as beautiful, their roses are.

The garden clubs plan competitive flower arrangements. The Museum of Natural History brings in the only artificial materials allowed in the show to demonstrate how natural settings of leaves and flowers are made out of fabric, wax and wire.

It's impossible but it happens. By ten Monday morning, there's nothing left for the gardeners to do except keep their plants watered and gather the faded blossoms.

Then the crowd takes over. People wander happily about—climb onto tractors, drift in and out of greenhouses, buy seeds and bulbs, test tools, collect pamphlets, catch spring fever.

The Flower Show was nothing like this when the Horticultural Society of New York and the New York Florists' Club started it back in 1913. Then it consisted of a few potted plants and table decorations that looked like birthday cakes from above. Nobody knew much about it, or cared. "Why a flower show in New York?" they said. "New Yorkers aren't interested." Now it's one of the hit shows of the town.

The only trouble is, it's hard to see the flowers. There are all those people in the way.

THE END

$64 QUESTION BRINGS

A Billion Dollar Answer

Coming out of the war—in which they were called upon to carry more than 90 per cent of the military transportation load—the railroads are being asked this question:

"What are you going to do about peacetime equipment and services?"

And here's the answer for 1946:

A billion dollars' worth of new passenger and freight cars, new locomotives, new and heavier steel rail, new operating facilities, new equipment, materials and supplies of all sorts. This means new ideas in cars—whole new trains—providing the utmost in safety, comfort, and luxury. New motive power. Better tracks and roadbeds. New standards of dependable, all-season freight service.

For the future, the answer is to be found in a continuation of railroad research for better transportation service, carried on more actively and on a broader front than ever before.

And all of it—not just the cars and engines, but the roadbeds upon which they run and the fixed facilities they use—is paid for with railroad money—no government subsidy—no federal, state, or municipal aid—no money from the taxpayers.

Operating on this self-supporting business basis, the railroads provide America with the greater part of the transportation upon which its future prosperity depends—at a cost averaging well below that of any comparable service anywhere in the world.

AMERICAN RAILROADS

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ALL AMERICA

Never neglect a neck pimple

Any neck pimple can become infected. Never take a chance!

Treat the pimple properly. Then put on a BAND-AID*—the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other ready-made adhesive bandage. Keep one box at home—one where you work.

The quick, easy way to bandage a neck pimple

36 ASSORTED ADHESIVE BANDAGES

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*BAND AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of the adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson.

Keep 'Em Working

Continued from page 19

taxes. The collaborating firms, manufacturing such diversified products as golf balls, bicycles, women's stockings and steam shovels, set up a stabilization bureau to take in one another's economic laundry. When one firm started down into a valley it notified the bureau of the impending layoff of so many workers, who in turn were assigned to work in one of the other firms which was approaching a peak. Taxes were saved and, incidentally but more important, a good many Joes and Janes were kept working all year.

Six companies in Chicago have used a similar arrangement, not so much to slough off their surplus help as to provide emergency extras when they need them. Marshall Field, Williamson Candy, Chicago Mail Order, W. F. Hall Printing, Cuneo Press, and Kraft Foods set up a pool of marginal help to meet the dovetailing seasonality of these businesses. Joe, a package wrapper, might work for Hall Printing in July and August, for Williamson Candy in September and October, in Field's store in November and December and then settle down the rest of the year to his original job at Kraft's.

California's San Joaquin Valley has come out of the war with a special problem—and a special determination to solve it. Thousands of its farm hands are thrown out of work each January when the fields have shed their last cotton. But now three counties in the valley have brought in a firm of textile engineers to lay plans for a cotton mill. Idle hands will be put to work making cloth in the slack season.

California Tackles the Problem

Volatile California knows the pinch of seasonality all too well. In 1939, the last normal year, only 53 per cent of its workers were employed all year. A State Reconstruction and Re-employment Commission has studied the problem and is attacking it on many fronts, of which the encouragement of dovetailing is not the least active.

"Let the businessman re-examine the operation of his store or factory," the commission declares. "Is a constant hiring and firing going on? Why? Perhaps the work schedule can be arranged. Perhaps a new product can be added to fill in work during slack times."

The commission cites the example of a northern California lumber mill which formerly laid off its workers from December to April but now keeps them on the job all year. It has set up a shingle mill (and profitably) to take up the winter slack.

Montana, Washington and Oregon also have caught the dovetailing spirit. Thousands of railroad track workers, who would normally be thrown out of work in the winter when the roadbeds are frozen and snowbound, now go up to the lumber camps for a winter of logging. In every respect this is better than throwing the track gangs into the big cities for four months of idleness, "smoke" drinking and discouragement.

The battle of the seasons, then, is one thing. The battle against geography can be quite another. What are you going to do when thousands of Joes are idle and hungry on one side of a mountain, while a factory's tongue is hanging out for workers on the other side? Well, you're going to take Joe over the mountain.

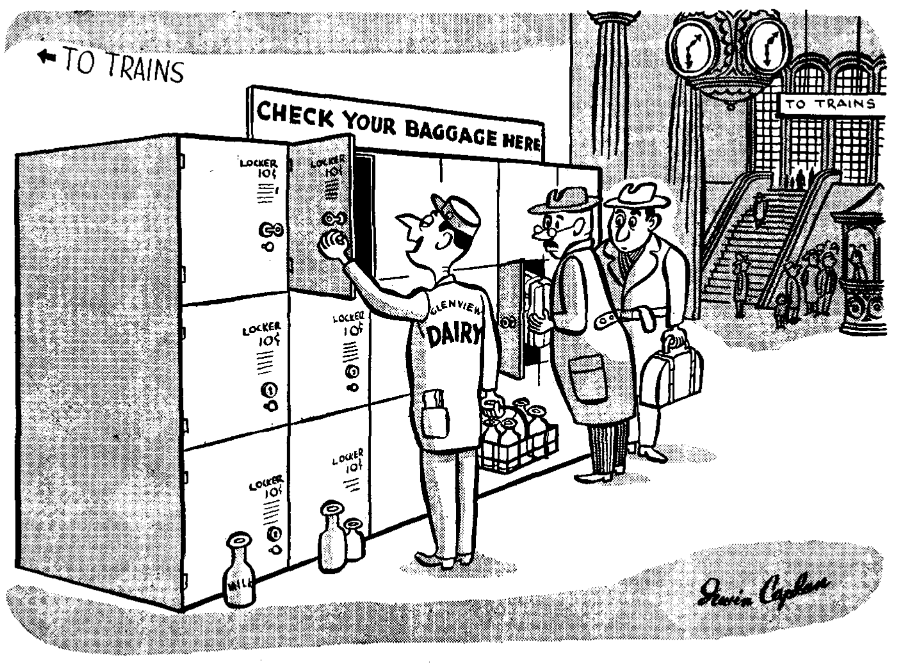
This was done on the most prodigious scale in history by the U. S. Employment Service during the war. Recruitment of workers from every other state in the Union sent a migrant production army of 800,000 to the shipyards and the plane factories of the West Coast. Metal miners were found as far away as New Jersey and Maine for copper and molybdenum works in the Rockies. Airplane workers were packed off from New York City to Wichita. Migrant farm workers came up the Mississippi Valley to work in the forges and foundries of Illinois. For the atomic-bomb project alone, U.S.E.S. gathered up 300,000 workers and sent them on their mysterious pilgrimages to Oak Ridge, Tenn., and Pasco, Wash.

War, then, has given us a know-how in organized migration. The trick is a thing called interarea recruitment, which means simply that you tap the whole country for needed workers instead of just the immediate vicinity of your business. Let's take a pointed example of how it works:

Not long ago an urgent call came out of Alaska (in U.S.E.S. Region XII) for forty-five coal miners. With that small number of workers, coal could be mined locally for use in Alaska instead of being hauled 5,000 miles by rail and ship from Ohio. U.S.E.S. studied its twelve regions and quickly filed the order with Pottsville, Pa., in Region III. There, Ray Bakey, the local manager, found his forty-five miners in the deadened anthracite fields of Schuylkill County. They had been living a ragged existence, bootlegging coal out of "dogholes," and the prospect of a good job in Alaska and free transportation was appealing. Within two weeks they were on their way.

Reconversion left the Buffalo, N. Y., area with some 50,000 single-skill workers thrown out of their jobs, and with a dire need of 4,000 to 5,000 trained foundry workers and mechanics. The anomaly showed up immediately on U.S.E.S.'s sensitive barometers, and word swiftly went out for recruitment of the workers Buffalo needed. For many an unemployed Joe in New Jersey or Ohio this meant a good job—if he was willing to pull up stakes.

Shuffling of factory labor all over the country is, of course, not an ideal situation. Workers with families usually don't want to pull up stakes. It is rather a stopgap measure



COLLIER'S "Two quarts as usual, Mrs. Macintosh?" IRWIN CAPLAN

GETTING MARRIED THIS MONTH?

Choose a lifetime gift as a wedding present for your lifetime partner: a fine Hamilton Watch. Your jeweler now has a limited supply of men's and women's models. Price: $41.25 and up, including tax. Write for booklet. Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. D-3, Lancaster, Pa.

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suited for filling the chinks in our labor structure.

But for farm work there's hardly an escape from migration. City folks think of migratory farm labor merely as a handful of Okies making their way from job to job in jalopies with steaming radiators. Actually migratory farm labor includes hundreds of thousands of persons and constituted a prime national headache until the war taught us how to keep these people moving and working with a maximum of economic satisfaction.

We have developed three major circuits to provide as nearly as possible a full year's work for the crop pickers. The Western circuit begins in Arizona in winter and follows the ripening crops into southern California, then up into the Pacific Northwest in summer, and into Idaho, Montana and Utah in the fall. The Eastern circuit starts in Florida in winter and follows the crops up the coast until late fall in the cranberry bogs of Maine. The Mississippi circuit similarly follows the sun from winter in the delta to late fall in the crisp, brown fields of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Much can be done either through the U.S.E.S. or the Department of Agriculture, or both, to keep these migrants working now that the pinch of war is over. Such migrations must be well planned and organized; labor standards must be maintained; all safeguards must be taken against the peonage which before the war was too often the lot of these migrants.

In place of the Grapes of Wrath squalor of past years, the war has taught us what living conditions ought to be for crop workers and their families. Take as a pattern the migratory labor camp at Springdale, Ark. Here, under auspices of the Farm Security Administration, the worker finds clean living quarters, a school, a clinic, showers, a sewing room, a laundry, and a recreation building—all for the token payment of $1 a month.

The south shore of Lake Superior presents still another migration problem. In the winter, when the ore boats are iced in, the shore freight lines have nothing to haul, and hundreds of railroad men are thrown out of work. The Railroad Retirement Board stepped in during the winter of 1941-42 and sent a contingent of these jobless to California, where extra winter crews were needed. Since then the board has been sending about 800 of these Lake Superior jobless to the West each winter and bringing them back in time to work the ore shipments in spring, a small but significant example of how migration can keep 'em working.

New enterprise is another way of accomplishing steady employment, and Brownsville, Texas, is a shining example of this type. Before the war, sun-baked Brownsville nestled in half-contentment on the Rio Grande—a little unhappy because its role as a food distribution center for tropical fruits, poultry and sea food out of the Gulf of Mexico gave it only about eight months work a year. The long winter was idle and deadly. But World War II came along and made Brownsville's markets hum with food trade for the big Texas training camps and airfields. There was prosperity for all, but also chill fears about what would happen when the big letdown came.

Well, the letdown hasn't come. Brownsville's Committee for Economic Development got together with the Chamber of Commerce and figured out a way to make food distribution a year-round industry. The answer: food freezing.

Today the first of four freezing plants is already functioning, processing bananas, pineapples and coconuts for shipment as far as Chicago and New York. The second, when completed, will freeze home-grown fruits and vegetables from South Texas truck farms. The third will freeze poultry, the fourth, shrimps and oysters from the Gulf. Brownsville intends to keep 'em working four seasons a year.

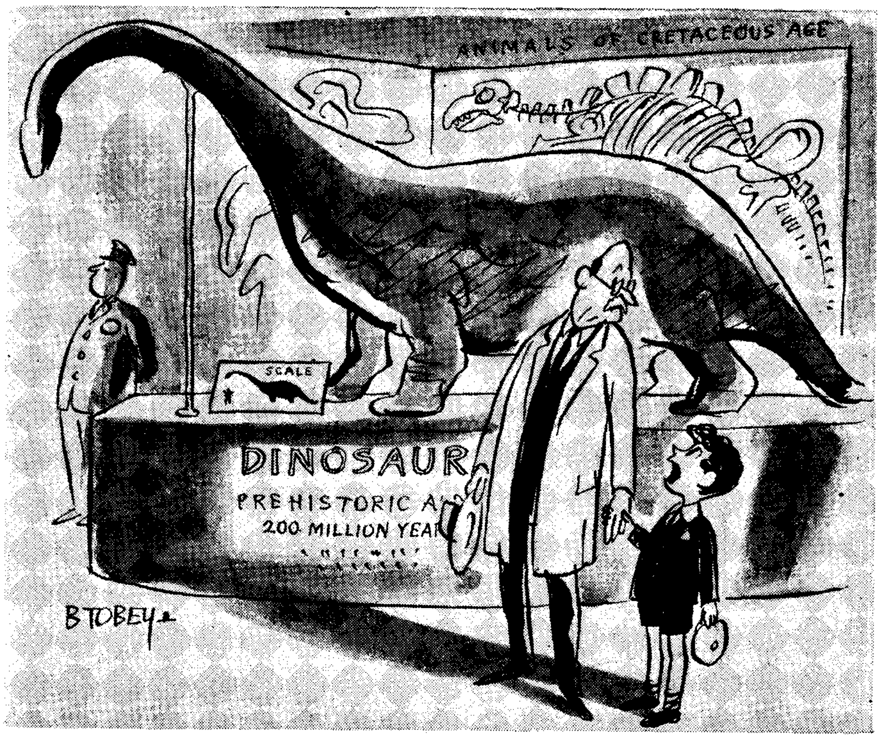
Some Causes of Unemployment

You never know what might kill off jobs in a community: use of labor-saving machinery, changing consumer habits, obsolescence of a product, exhaustion of resources. In any case, new enterprise must fill the gap. In Scranton, Pa., the cause was utter exhaustion of the anthracite mines.

In 1926 there were jobs for 40,000 in the mines. At present, even with the impetus of war and reconversion, the figure has dropped to 10,000 and is still tobogganing. Many people, over these years of emaciation, have been willing to hang the crepe on Scranton and call it a dead pigeon. Even the confidential reports of federal agencies dolefully slated Scranton for "economic liquidation." Four years ago, while other communities were booming with war work, the Scranton area had 8,000 vacant, moldering houses.

This is where Ray Gibbs came in. The local Chamber of Commerce, of which he is general secretary, set out to give Scranton a blood transfusion. Instead of moaning over the mines, the mines were forgotten, and Scranton went all out for new enterprise. The result today is a city of sixty-three new industries. Employment in nonmining industries, which stood at 17,000 in 1926, today totals 34,000—an even 100 per cent creation of new jobs.

Scranton, no longer a mining town at all, is today turning out toys, gloves, cigars, lingerie, rugs, radio parts, dresses, books, cigarette lighters, furniture, phonograph records and pajamas. The people themselves



"I guess this takes you back almost to your childhood, doesn't it, Grandpa?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

SARAKA
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FOR CONSTIPATION
SARAKA CONTAINS TWO PURE VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS: BASSORIN AND FRANGULA
NET CONTENTS: 10 OUNCES
MADE IN U. S. A.

Exercise helps keep her regular... What about you?

Does your daily work rob you of time for healthful exercise? If so, perhaps you need Saraka, to help you keep regular.

You know how *it is*... tied down all day to household chores . . . or sitting at an office desk. Then in the evening you *sit* some more . . . in the movies, at bridge, or just reading. And sitting isn't exercise.

This lack of healthful exercise can often leave you with a sluggish system. And when intestinal muscles get out of the habit of properly doing their normal work, they may become lazy.

Saraka can relieve your sluggishness the modern scientific way, with its *happy combination* of two pure vegetable ingredients... Bassorin and Cortex Frangula. They work smoothly together to help you to greater regularity.

Helps Intestinal Action

Bassorin absorbs water and forms the kind of soft, smooth BULK your system needs and often lacks.

Why BULK? It gives the intestinal muscles something to take hold of and helps the "kneading" action, so necessary to healthful elimination.

Bulk Plus Motility Does It

Then the specially prepared Cortex Frangula encourages intestinal muscles to keep waste products *in motion*. Thus, Saraka gives you BULK *plus* MOTILITY . . . the ideal laxative combination.

No Purging

With Saraka, results are so nearly natural that most people have no sensation of ever having taken a laxative.

There's no purging action. No violent irritation that whips intestinal muscles into frantic activity. No after-effect that leaves you weakened, tired and listless.

Instead, Saraka provides mild, thorough laxation that helps you to greater regularity.

Ask Your Doctor

We're confident your doctor will say you may take Saraka whenever needed. And it's pleasant to take . . . pleasant after taking. As you know, you should never take a laxative when appendicitis is indicated, for that reason we say caution: use only as directed.

If you lack time for healthful exercise and find you're constipated . . . you owe it to yourself to try Saraka. Get a package today, at any drug counter. Or, if first you'd like a sample, mail the coupon.

SARAKA, Department 456, Bloomfield, New Jersey.
Without obligation on my part please send free trial package of SARAKA.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________
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have wrought this miracle. Through the *Scranton Industrial Development Company* the city's investors have built three plants to house new industries. Through the Scranton-Lackawanna Industrial Building Company, also a civic undertaking, they hope to excavate for ten more factory buildings during 1946.

From such a program the richest man and the poorest man in Scranton both benefit. In the matter of keeping 'em working, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Management and labor, who have overslept this fact à la Rip Van Winkle, are gradually waking up to it.

An undertaking of the Committee for Economic Development in Philadelphia demonstrates how labor-management co-operation can be an effective route to stable employment. Coming out of the war years, the management people of the CED put their heads together with the labor people of the C.I.O. and A.F. of L. to form twenty industry-labor panels, one for each of Philadelphia's main industries. Each panel surveyed its industry to find out what the peacetime employment prospects would be. Result of the first survey: 100,000 jobs short.

For ten months each panel worked on the problem. What moves could be made to soak up some of the 100,000 jobless? What could management do? What could labor do? As a result of these cogitations, the second survey showed only 75,000 jobs short. Still not good enough. The panels worked for three more months, until a third survey showed 61,000 jobs short. Considering that Philadelphia supports a normal labor float of 40,000 (between jobs, unavailable for work, part-time workers, etc.), the panels figured they were not doing too badly—and they're still working on it.

Management, which occasionally battles against stable employment programs, nonetheless took the lead in first promoting them with the big three plans at Procter & Gamble, Nunn-Bush, and Hormel. In Hormel's case, labor actually went on strike against the company's annual-wage plan in 1933, demanding that it be dropped. This was okay with Jay C. Hormel.

A few months later when the slack season rolled around, the union changed its mind and requested that the plan be reinstated. This, too, was okay with Hormel.

Today the managements of hundreds of American companies are studying annual-wage plans, trying to find out how and on what basis there can be something in it for both management and labor. Not the least of such studies is being made by the Ford Motor Company.

While management has supplied the dramatic impetus behind stable employment, labor has hammered away at it in a thousand and one union contracts. It has fought for, and in many cases obtained, share-the-work plans, seniority rules, dismissal pay for lay-offs, discharge-for-cause clauses, and severance pay. A model share-the-work plan was written into the union contract at the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, providing that "in periods of slackening production, work will be so distributed, wherever possible, that all employees in a department or doing like operations shall have the opportunity to share equally in the work available."

Seek Remedy for Steel Layoffs

In the steel industry, where the down beat of layoffs pounds a persistent rhythm, labor in the days of the old Steel Workers Organizing Committee (precursor to the United Steel Workers, C.I.O.) began exploring ways of stabilizing jobs. Organizers were told to thump unceasingly for "master-planning" to avoid short-swing variations in the work force; for "fillers," or slack-season products; for storage of products during slack sales periods, or producing for stock; for price inducements to bolster sales in the dull season.

The steel worker's passion for stability finally burgeoned in the winter of 1943 into a full-blown demand for a guaranteed annual wage, covering 52 weeks of work per year. This wound up before the War Labor Board, which passed it on to the White House, which set up a commission to study "the whole question of guaranteed wage plans and the possibility of their future development."

Murray Latimer, chairman of the Railroad Retirement Board, heads this commission. "We intend," he declares, "to study the problem right down to the ground. It is time that industry, labor and government had the full facts before them."

Meanwhile the United Steel Workers keep plugging along in individual contract negotiations. In recent months they obtained from the Wildman Manufacturing Company in Pennsylvania an annual guarantee of thirty weeks' work for employees with more than five years' service. This has a unique twist, since Pennsylvania unemployment insurance provides $20 a week for twenty weeks, neatly filling out the year. It's one way, albeit undesirable, of making income stretch twelve months.

Austin, Minn., shows in bold relief what tremendous good is wrapped up in stable employment. Austin is a Hormel town. Of its population of 20,000 the Hormel packing house employs 4,000. Since the firm's annual wage went into effect, school enrollment has increased 44 per cent and the number of teachers 60 per cent. Home ownership among Hormel employees has trebled; today 56 per cent of the married workers own their homes. Seventy-three per cent of the married Hormel workers own mechanical refrigerators (compared to 39 per cent nationally for similar income groups), and 85 per cent own automobiles.

Town bankers and the building-and-loan people report they have never had to foreclose on the home of a Hormel worker. The county auditor says tax delinquency is almost unheard of. The merchants call Austin a "spending town" because workers, secure in their earnings, don't have to truss up money in a sock. They do not contribute to the hoards of fear money which, as they accumulate, form an indigestible bolus in the nation's economic belly.

An Antidote for Strikes

And experience has shown that when workers have this kind of security they tend to forget demands for higher wages. E. Wight Bakke, in a comprehensive survey for the Yale Institute of Human Relations, found that 90 per cent of wage earners prefer a lower regular wage to a high, irregular wage. They don't mind worrying about an occasional rainy day, but it's mighty tedious worrying about recurrent inundations, which brings out another point: Stable employment is a potent antidote for strikes. Take a leaf from capital's own book: The greater the risk the greater should be the profit. The workingman will buy that. Give him security, cut down his risk, and he is going to be less militant in his demands for high wages.

President Deupree, of Procter & Gamble, declares, "With steady employment, a man can plan his own life, purchase his own home. You talk about good labor relations. If your men own their homes and are settled in their community, you have gone a long way toward solving your labor-relations problem . . . I do not pretend to say that our plan (P. & G. guaranteed employment) is insurance against strikes under all conditions. But we do feel it is going to take a very intense situation to cause employees to walk out of a plant when you are making every possible effort to see that they have steady jobs."

It was no coincidence that there was no strike at Hormel, with its annual-wage plan, when the packing-house workers walked out in January. Hormel had already adjusted wages upward three months before and was reaching new production peaks while labor trouble knotted the bulk of the industry.

This Task is for Executives

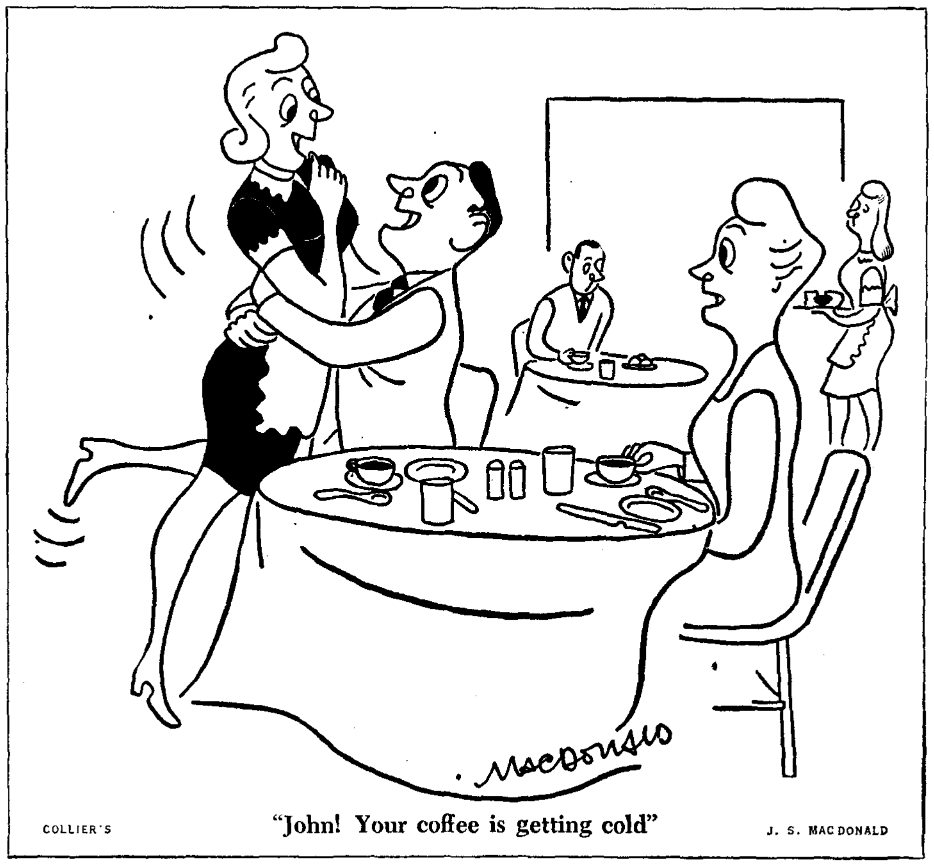
Keep 'em working is so imperative a *must* in our postwar economy as to prompt Eric Johnston, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, to declare, "I hope the job of providing steadier employment will be assigned to the president or first vice-president in every concern in the country."

The American Management Association, in an exhaustive study by Ernest Dale, exhorts employers to formulate their own plans for stable employment and to educate others. "Private enterprise is on trial," says Dale's report. "Unless it can maintain a high volume of employment, it is likely to find itself more and more circumscribed."

The notion of keeping 'em working is probably the one topic in the world on which Philip Murray and the National Association of Manufacturers find an area of agreement. The tough, quiet C.I.O. president declares, "The efforts of business executives to regularize their operations may well constitute a desirable part of our program for providing economic security and more opportunities for employment."

And staid NAM echoes, "We feel that the whole problem of stabilizing production is one of great importance. For various reasons individual companies may not be able to adopt plans guaranteeing employment. We, however, would urge all employers to give careful consideration to this and many other methods of reducing fluctuations in production which have been successfully applied by many companies."

THE END



COLLIER'S "John! Your coffee is getting cold" J. S. MACDONALD

Michael Berry

"Look what I bought A Genuine Post-War ZIPPO . . .

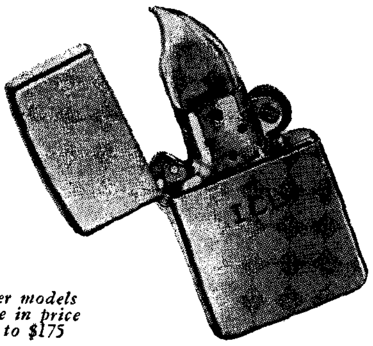
"What a dandy style—slimmer too, and so well rounded. . . . I know it'll fit snugger in my purse and pocket—and it's made from a silver-like metal that's thrilling to the touch."

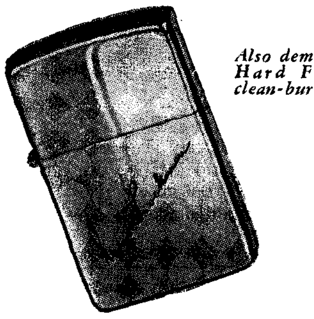
"It's out of this world! Wish I had one, but looks like more than I could afford."

"Don't be silly, darling, it does look like five dollars, but it costs $2.50 for standard model, and $3.50 with signature or initials."

Yes . . . the NEW ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER is on its way to dealers everywhere. Thanks, everybody, for being so patient. They are more beautiful than pre-war and defy imitation.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE The prices challenge the inflation market. Nothing has been spared to produce the finest in design and performance. The new ZIPPO is tops in value and long-lasting service. Backed by the same time-honored unconditional guarantee—"No one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO".





Other models range in price up to $175

Also demand ZIPPO Hard Flints and clean-burning Fluid

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FOR YOUR PROTECTION This engraving ZIPPO MFG CO BRADFORD PA ZIPPO PAT 2032695 MADE IN U.S.A. is stamped on every genuine ZIPPO

ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

Leaving '46 Behind!

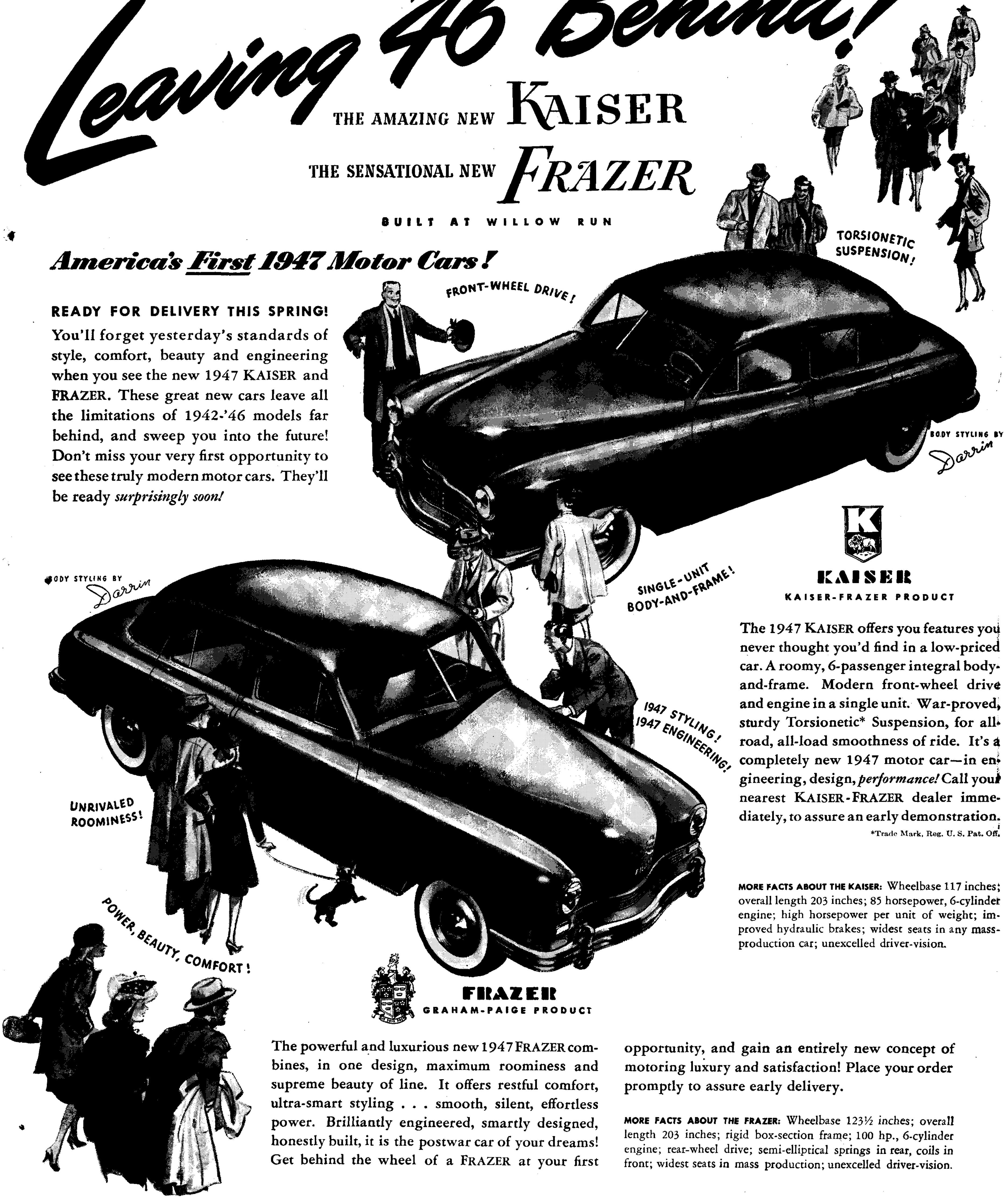
THE AMAZING NEW KAISER
THE SENSATIONAL NEW FRAZER

BUILT AT WILLOW RUN

America's First 1947 Motor Cars!

READY FOR DELIVERY THIS SPRING!

You'll forget yesterday's standards of style, comfort, beauty and engineering when you see the new 1947 KAISER and FRAZER. These great new cars leave all the limitations of 1942-'46 models far behind, and sweep you into the future! Don't miss your very first opportunity to see these truly modern motor cars. They'll be ready *surprisingly soon!*


FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE!
TORSIONETIC SUSPENSION!
BODY STYLING BY Darrin
SINGLE-UNIT BODY-AND-FRAME!
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1947 STYLING!
1947 ENGINEERING!
UNRIVALED ROOMINESS!
POWER, BEAUTY, COMFORT!

KAISER

KAISER-FRAZER PRODUCT

The 1947 KAISER offers you features you never thought you'd find in a low-priced car. A roomy, 6-passenger integral body-and-frame. Modern front-wheel drive and engine in a single unit. War-proved, sturdy Torsionetic* Suspension, for all-road, all-load smoothness of ride. It's a completely new 1947 motor car—in engineering, design, *performance!* Call your nearest KAISER-FRAZER dealer immediately, to assure an early demonstration.

*Trade Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MORE FACTS ABOUT THE KAISER: Wheelbase 117 inches; overall length 203 inches; 85 horsepower, 6-cylinder engine; high horsepower per unit of weight; improved hydraulic brakes; widest seats in any mass-production car; unexcelled driver-vision.

FRAZER

GRAHAM-PAIGE PRODUCT

The powerful and luxurious new 1947 FRAZER combines, in one design, maximum roominess and supreme beauty of line. It offers restful comfort, ultra-smart styling . . . smooth, silent, effortless power. Brilliantly engineered, smartly designed, honestly built, it is the postwar car of your dreams! Get behind the wheel of a FRAZER at your first opportunity, and gain an entirely new concept of motoring luxury and satisfaction! Place your order promptly to assure early delivery.

MORE FACTS ABOUT THE FRAZER: Wheelbase 123½ inches; overall length 203 inches; rigid box-section frame; 100 hp., 6-cylinder engine; rear-wheel drive; semi-elliptical springs in rear, coils in front; widest seats in mass production; unexcelled driver-vision.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • Willow Run, Michigan • GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION

PIN-DOWN MAN

BY ARTHUR MANN

This is a good picture of Joe Wilman, this year's champion bowler, but it's purely symbolic. He uses his head on the alleys, but not to such extremes

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY OESER-SARRA

The new bowling champion is a modest guy, so sure he'll be beaten the first time his title is at stake that he has taken only a year's leave of absence from his job with a grocery concern in the Windy City

JOE WILMAN, the nation's champion bowler, used to have foul-line trouble, and on practically every throw. A combination of youthful enthusiasm, ego and bland indifference built up terrific momentum as he slid the last several feet, crossed the all-important line and watched his educated hook smack the ball into the one-three pocket to scatter the pins with that woody crash so pleasing to every bowler's ear.

Wilman's indifference to the foul line was surpassed only by Jim Mulcahy's annoyance. Old Jim worked in Louis Petersen's Chicago alleys at 35th Street and Archer Avenue, where Wilman rolled his first game in 1920, a rousing 92. Mulcahy watched the brash kid come along fast and furiously, but had to warn him too often about foul-line violation.

"You clip it every time, son," old Jim said. "You simply must watch it. Now's the chance to train yourself. They have referees in tournaments. It's a rule—"

"Okay, Jim, okay," Wilman laughed, shushing the old fellow.

So what? He violated the foul line a teeny bit. Most everybody in the gang did, which canceled it out. A precious buck or two was at stake in these little matches, and worry over a mere foul line interfered with financial progress. When or if he ever got into a tournament—well, that bridge could be crossed when he came to it.

At the moment Joe was immersed in an impromptu sweepstakes with a few bucks in the pot. The score was close and a strike would give him all the dough. He stepped back, took his stance and started his furious run and slide. His arm went back and up, and so did he, but actually. The altitude came from one of the hardest kicks ever delivered. The ball careened wildly into the gutter. Wilman doubled the effect of the kick when he landed on the alley, stunned at both ends of his spine.

"Maybe that'll teach you to watch the foul line!" Mulcahy growled.

It was a painful and costly beginning of bowling wisdom for Joe Wilman. But he abandoned the foul-line larceny and has respected the barrier ever since. He began building an enviable record for bowling skill and consistency that even a two-year stretch in the Army couldn't spoil. He returned to tournament competition last December, less than three months after his discharge as a private first class, and won the most prized of bowling honors, the National Individual Match Game Championship in the Auditorium Servicemen's Center at Chicago.

Champion of Champions

In a 16-man field that included Ned Day, Andy Varipapa, Walter Ward, and Buddy Bomar, defending champion, Wilman was best by a wide margin in every phase of the competition—grand average, 210; total pins, 13,437; high game, 279; best four games, 948; and high in the all-important Petersen system points, 310.12, which are compiled on a combined basis of pins and victories. And old Jim Mulcahy will assure you that Wilman didn't violate the foul line once. Still working in Petersen's, he attended all of Joe's games and watched like a hawk.

"They may call you champion," he said with a cold smile and a warm handshake, "but to me you're still just a fresh kid who had the benefit of a good kick in the pants."

Down deep, of course, Jim Mulcahy was bursting with pride and joy, as are thousands of bowlers around Chicago, because Wilman, better than anyone else, personifies the 18,000,000 American Joes and Jills who struggle each week for unattainable bowling perfection. One of the happiest regular spectators was Chicago's Mayor Ed Kelly, who discarded the cloak of dignified neutrality and insisted upon sitting behind Wilman's alleys.

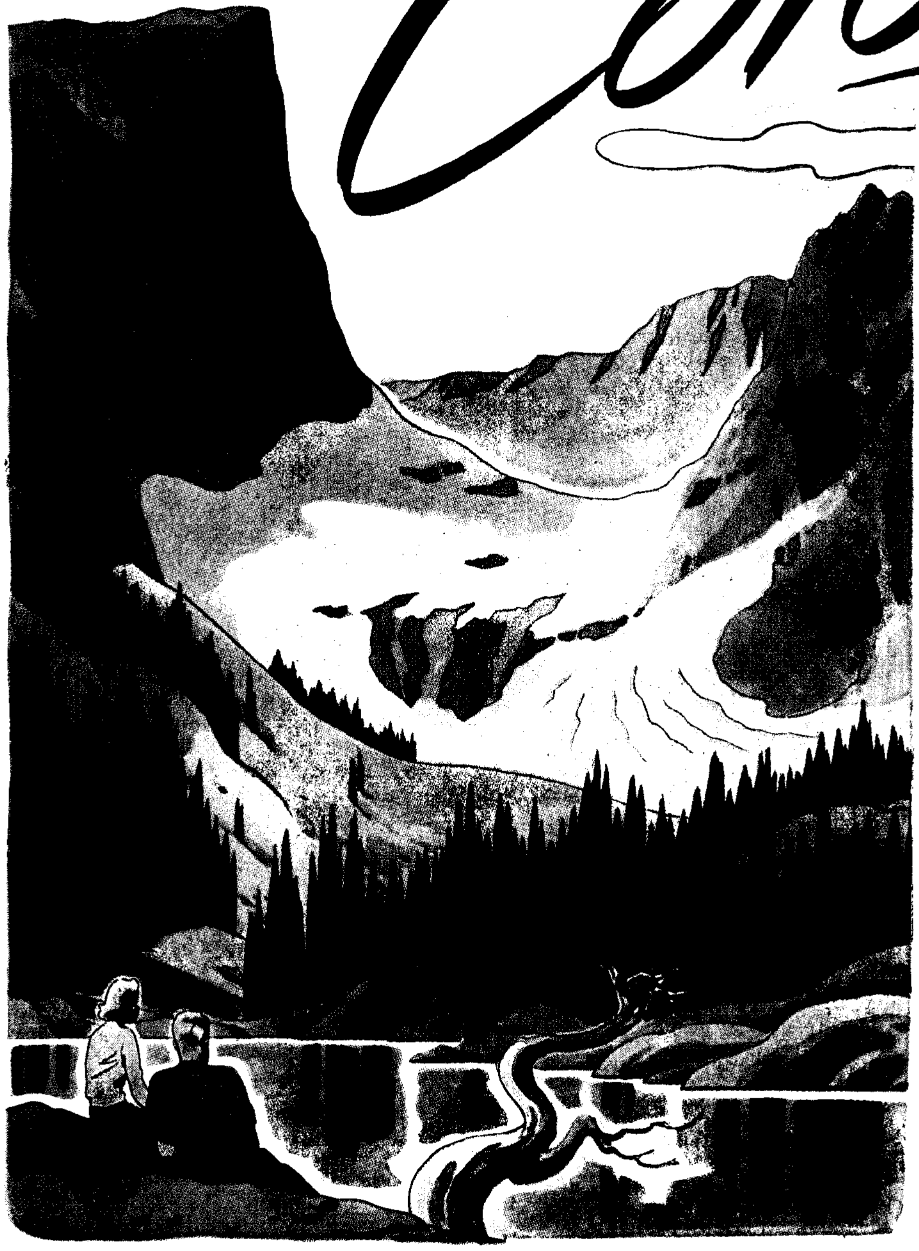
"We Brighton Park District kids stick together," Kelly declared. "Joe and I are just a couple of fugitives from old Rockwell and Fortieth."

The mayor was speaking of the days when he was a track and field tyro in McKinley Park, and little Joe was a towheaded orphan. Today Wilman is forty, bald, stocky, bespectacled, married and living in suburban Berwyn. He entered the Army at age thirty-seven with weak eyes, flat feet and a double chin. Before joining he was a wholesale grocery salesman who worked at his job all day and bowled for fun and exercise at night. The fact that he picked up a good many dollars in the course of a year's bowling was incidental, but never accidental. He has always worked at improvement, because Mulcahy's kick in the pants taught him humility.

Despite accelerating skill that eventually brought him six city titles in Chicago and a couple of state-wide championships, he never considered himself good enough to bowl for a livelihood. Seven years ago he rolled a staggering 2038 in the American Bowling

(Continued on page 87)

IT'S *Colorado* CALLING

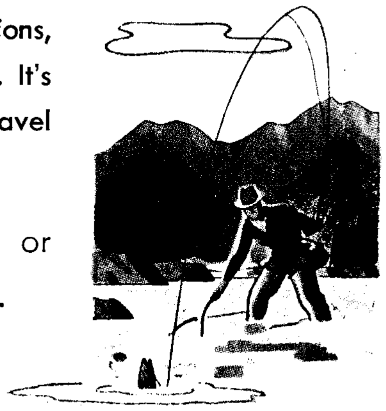


"As soon as summer arrives—and with rail travel conditions greatly improved—we'll be looking for you."

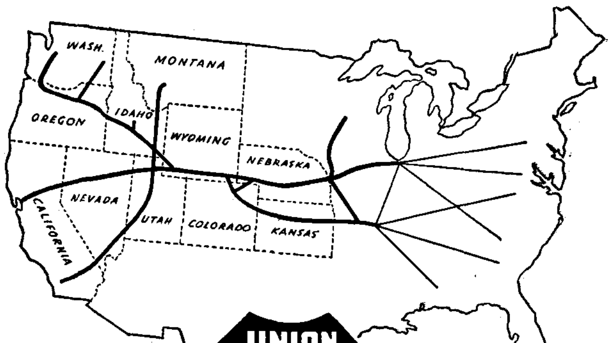
Yes, it's Colorado calling . . . the Colorado of mighty mountains and singing streams . . . invigorating sun-warmed days and restful blanket nights.

When you go, there's the swift Union Pacific Streamliner "City of Denver"—overnight, everynight, between Chicago and Denver; also fine train service from other points east and west of Denver. Your journey by rail will be the high spot of your vacation or business trip.

Remember that Union Pacific also serves California, the Pacific Northwest, and a number of famous National Parks such as Yellowstone; more western scenic regions, in fact, than any other railroad. It's the world's greatest vacation travel bargain.

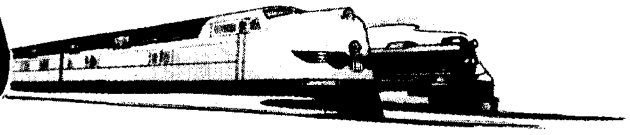


For unexcelled rail service, to or from the West, go Union Pacific.



be Specific—say "Union Pacific"

UNION PACIFIC



The Progressive

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*

Will you buy your new washer with your head in the clouds?

DEAR LADY, we wouldn't blame you for being swept off your feet by the first new washer you see. After all—unless you had an Easy when the war began—you've been putting up with make-shift washing for a long, long time! So get ready to buy a new washer. But all we ask before you jump is that you

... first see the speedy Easy Spindrier in action!

YOU'VE waited so long to get rid of washday drudgery. Why not see the washer that does your whole week's wash in less than one hour? Compare these features:

TWO JOBS AT ONCE... Both tubs work as a team to save you time. One tub washes a full load while another full load is rinsed and damp-dried.

WHITER CLOTHES FASTER... Patented Spiralator washes *all* the clothes in *all* parts of tub. Clothes don't float idly at top. No over-scrubbing at tub bottom. Bowl bottom speeds action.

FASTER DRYING! Spindrier removes up to 25% more water. Clothes dry faster indoors and out. They're lighter to handle and hang up.

NO WRINGER to break buttons or squeeze in hard-to-iron creases. Saves mending and ironing time.

WASHES EXTRA THINGS! Flexible operation allows *safe* washing of blankets, washable drapes, slip covers.

SAVES SUDS... It's a miser with soap and hot water. Some folks use same suds for more than one load.

MORAL: See the Easy Spindrier in action. See how it saves time. Compare it with all others. Then place your order. We're shipping some washers today but it's hard to keep up with demand! Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 1, N. Y.

WASHES MORE CLOTHES FASTER

EASY AMERICA'S LEADING WASHER-IRONER

Cut Me In

Continued from page 38

Matter of fact, you probably could never pass the physical examinations. Not now, you couldn't, anyway. Wait a while, Railse. Build yourself up. Get some weight back."

"I haven't got the time," the kid said.

"You're young," I told him. "Look, the G.I. Bill of Rights will send you to school."

For the first time, his face showed some emotion. His mouth twisted for a second and his words lost their flat tone. "I been to school," he rapped out. "I had enough of school."

Well, that had been a mistake on my part. I remembered the "school" Railse Bascomb had been to. I suppose there are plenty of what they call "correctional institutions" that are all right, but this wasn't one of them. It was a hard, cold place, and not a man in charge of the joint had a heart bigger than a snake's—not after that guy who was the athletic instructor, Railse's boxing coach, left to go into the Merchant Marine.

RAILSE had been at that so-called school when I first met him. He was a Silver Mitts winner in the city the school was in, and the coach, who really loved the kid, wangled it somehow for Railse to make the trip to Chicago for the championship matches. The kid was put under the charge of the sporting editor of the sponsoring paper in that town. Railse won in his class, and it was after the finals that this sports editor and the rest of us chumps broke the kid's heart.

We all thought Railse was in bed and we began ribbing this sports editor who was his guardian, in a way, about playing nursemaid to a con. We'd all had too many and this sports editor joined in and it got pretty bad. Men who have half a load on can be pretty vicious, sometimes, when they're trying to top the crack of the other guy.

Well, we found out later that Railse was listening outside the door. Seems he had come down the hall to ask his "friend," the sports writer, something and the ventilator slide was open and he heard everything. When the man who went to Murmansk told us about it, we found out that Railse started to take a powder right then and there; break his parole or whatever you call it. The sports writer he had thought was his buddy had turned out to be just another guy with a sneer. The winning fight didn't mean a thing. Well, you can imagine how the boy felt.

But then Railse thought about the boxing coach who had fought so hard to give him this trip. He thought about how the bosses back at the school would crack down on the other kids if he skipped. So he went back to the school and he kept that wide mouth of his closed like a trap for a long time. I never knew just when he told his story to the boxing coach, but I do know that when it got back to me it was like a kick in the belly.

Me, Mike Kilgore, who had gotten away with more stuff than the law in forty states allows, cracking about a kid who'd been jammed up once and was unlucky to get caught! I felt sick about it—so sick that I hopped a train and went out to that school and tried to make it up to Railse. I don't remember what I said but it must have been good enough to make him look me up when he came to New York. That was just after he got out of the school and was on his way to join the Marines. It was then I told him to come to me if I could do anything for him. . . .

"No school," Railse Bascomb was saying. "I had enough of school."

I reached for another cigarette and idiotically held out the pack toward the kid. He shook his head again.

"I didn't mean that kind of school," I managed. "I mean some technical school, where you could learn a trade. Or maybe the Marines taught you a trade, huh?"

"I handled a flame thrower," Railse said.

"Oh. Well, maybe you could go in some kind of business. You could get a loan and maybe open a little store, or something."

This wasn't getting me anywhere. I watched him start to get up again.

"Or a farm," I tossed out, weakly.

Surprisingly, that got him. That tight mouth relaxed a trifle and he sat back down in his chair.

"Yeah," he said. "A farm. That's what I want to get. That's why I want to get back in the ring, so's I can earn some money and buy a farm."

"The G.I. Bill of Rights—" I parroted.

"Look, Mister Kilgore," he said, and the words came out with a rush now. "The G.I. Bill of Rights is swell, I guess. But you know how it works. The government guarantees a couple of thousand bucks if the bank okays a loan. And you know banks better than I do. What kind of a loan are they going to give a guy with a record like mine?"

"Veterans," I said, "get a break. They wouldn't care what you were, so long as your war record is clean."

He waved a hand and I saw how thin and bony it was.

"Maybe," he said. "I don't know. But they got to dig up a lot of stuff, references and things like that. That's their business, I know. They can't go handing out dough to every gismo that comes along with a discharge paper in his hand. I ain't blaming them. But they dig up this stuff about me being in that place, and Francie's folks will find out about it."

"Francie?" I said.

There was the suggestion of a flush on the kid's yellowish face. He looked down at the too-new shoes a second and then back at me.

"Yeah, Francie," he said, as though daring me to make something out of it. "She's my girl. I met her at a USO thing and she wrote to me while I was across and she came to see me when I was in the hospital. She—she's all right."

"Sure," I said.

"She knows all about the school and everything," he went on. "I told her right away. I had to, of course. It's all right with her. But her folks—they're nice people but they—well, maybe they wouldn't like it. They're farming people, out in the Ozarks, and they're pretty strict. They came to the hospital with Francie and they met me and it was all right. But we don't want to tell them till after we're married, if we tell them at all. It might not be the right way to do it, but that's the way we're going to do it."

He looked at me, still waiting for me to make some crack. I didn't say anything.

"So there's a little place near her father's farm. It don't cost much. We don't need much to start with. The bank that owns it says they'll keep it off the market for me, for a while. And I remembered what you told me and—well, you know the fight business here, so I came up to ask you to find me a manager."

He put a hand on my arm and I could feel it tremble. Maybe it was the malaria, but I don't think so.

"I'm okay, Mister Kilgore," he said. "I got all of my mustering-out pay that I didn't put down on that whaddayacallit—option—and that will keep me until I'm ready to fight. The ring is all I know. Maybe I'm no good at that, either, but it's my only chance to get some money in time to get that farm."

I THOUGHT of that Chicago hotel room and I remembered the guy who started for Murmansk. I wished he were there now, to tell me what to do. I thought of the life this kid had led and I knew that this girl Francie was the first decent thing that had ever happened to him.

So I shrugged my shoulders. That conscience of mine had already taken quite a beating over Railse Bascomb. If what I was going to do killed the kid, I'd have a terrible load of guilt to carry the rest of my life. But if that was the way it was, that was the way it was.

I reached for the phone and dialed a number. Railse Bascomb relaxed in his chair and for a minute I thought I saw him smile.

Hymie Witzell howled into the phone, like he always does.

"This is Mike Kilgore," I told him. "I'm sending you up a boy named Railse Bascomb. I want you to take him on. He's just out of the service and you'll have to bring him along slow."

"Mike!" Hymie screamed. "What do I

want with another boy? Already I got—"

"Sure," I said. "I'll write that piece about Ross and Burke tomorrow."

There was a brief silence at the other end of the wire.

"Okay," Hymie said, after a while. "Okay, Mike."

I gave Railse Bascomb a scrap of paper with Hymie's address on it, shook hands with him and watched him make his straight-shouldered way toward the elevators. He looked like the rear view of a malarial David in a cheap blue suit going out to meet Goliath.

I groaned. That double-talk to Hymie about Ross and Burke had told the pudgy little manager that this was a Triple-A priority deal—or else. Don't ask me why Hymie would do anything for me when I mentioned Ross and Burke. I'll swear before any grand jury that I don't know.

But it always works and I had used those words to send Railse Bascomb out to tie on the gloves again, and probably to wind up back in the hospital. Or worse.

"Shut up," I told nobody in particular. "I couldn't play it any other way, could I?"

THAT was two days before I had to go West for the Series, and I was so busy packing and cleaning up odds and ends in my spare time that it wasn't until just before I left for the station that I called Hymie.

"Mike," he said, as soon as he heard my voice, "this kid, this Bascomb, Railse—what a name!—he was pretty good once, hah?"

"Pretty good."

"Well"—and Hymie's voice rose—"he ain't no good now. He's been sick, Mike. He ain't got no business in a gym, even, and in the ring—oi! What you want him to do, kill himself? A nice kid, too, not like some of the bums I got. You oughta be ashamed of yourself, Mike."

"Bring him along slow," I said, without any conviction. "Fatten him up on steaks and milk. I'll handle the check."

"Steaks he wants this boy to have," Hymie wailed. "You don't know nothing whatsoever about feeding, do you? Milk, okay, and eggs and wegetables, plenty. But no heavy steaks on that boy's stomach yet for a while."

"You do what you can," I said, wearily.

"Listen, Mike," Hymie squeaked. "Irregardless of what you said over the phone that I don't know what you're talking about half the time, I tried to make him quit this ideer of being a fighter. I talked to him like a—a father."

"How'd you make out?" But I knew.

"I didn't. He just tells me that if I shouldn't handle him he'll get somebody else. So what can I do?"

"I know how it is," I said, heavily. "Well, I've got to make a train. Do the best you can. See you when I get back."

"Mike!" Hymie screamed. "Mike, you shouldn't—"

I hung up and went down to hail a cab for the station. I sure as hell was paying for that one night in a Chicago hotel room. . . .

Railse was in the ring at Hymie's gym, shadowboxing, when I walked in, the day I got back to town. The Series had gone to four and two, so it was more than a week since I'd seen the kid.

I stayed back near the wall and watched the boy work. He looked even thinner in his ring clothes than he had when he was in the office. But somehow, despite his thinness, he didn't look exactly frail. He moved around the ring with a kind of easy grace, and that lean body wasn't just skin and bones. There were muscles under that yellowish skin; muscles that moved with a ripple that indicated latent power.

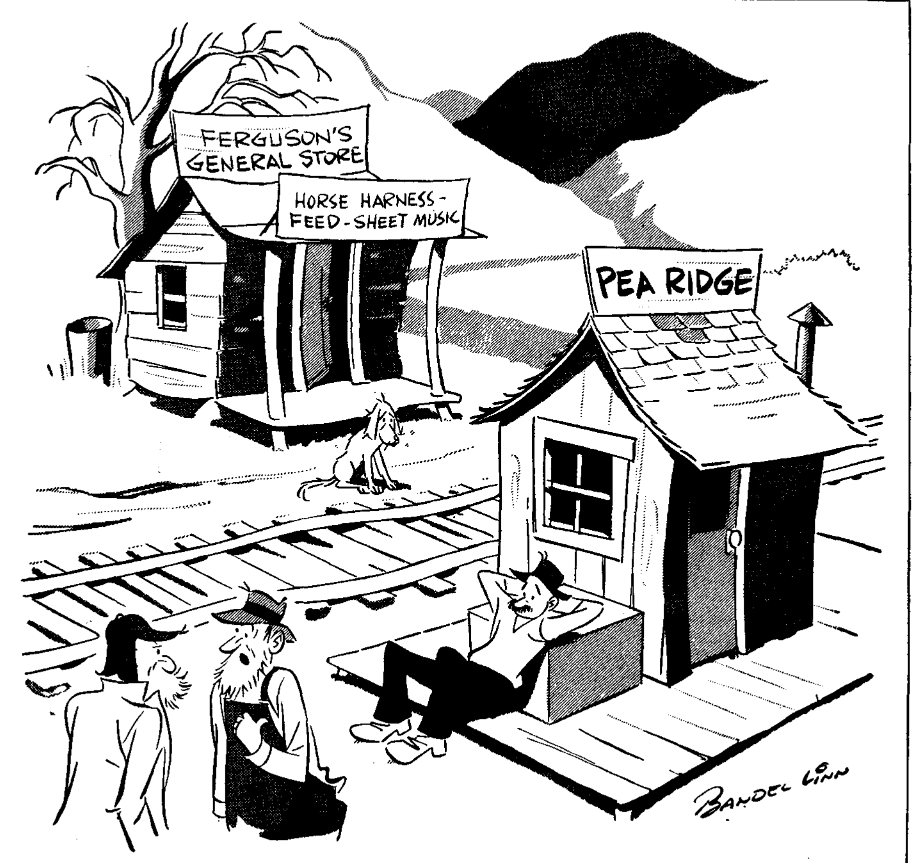
But it was the kid's face that held my attention. Except for that one brief interval when I had phoned Hymie, Railse's face had been stiff, hard. Now, as he whipped out at the air and moved around the ring, I saw that the tightness had gone entirely. In its place was a relaxed look that can best be described as—well, contented. I've seen other boys scowl and make faces or grin fixedly while they worked. It might have been natural with them yet their grimaces always struck me as phony. But the look on Railse's face was genuine enough. It was as though the kid had dreamed of coming back to the ring for a long time and, now that he was back, everything was going to be all right. Or maybe he was thinking of the girl Francie and how his fists were going to earn them a farm. I don't know, but anyway the boy's face made a deep impression on me.

Suddenly, Hymie was standing beside me, gnawing on a cigar. "So what do you think?" he asked me.

"You know more than I do," I said. "What do you think?"

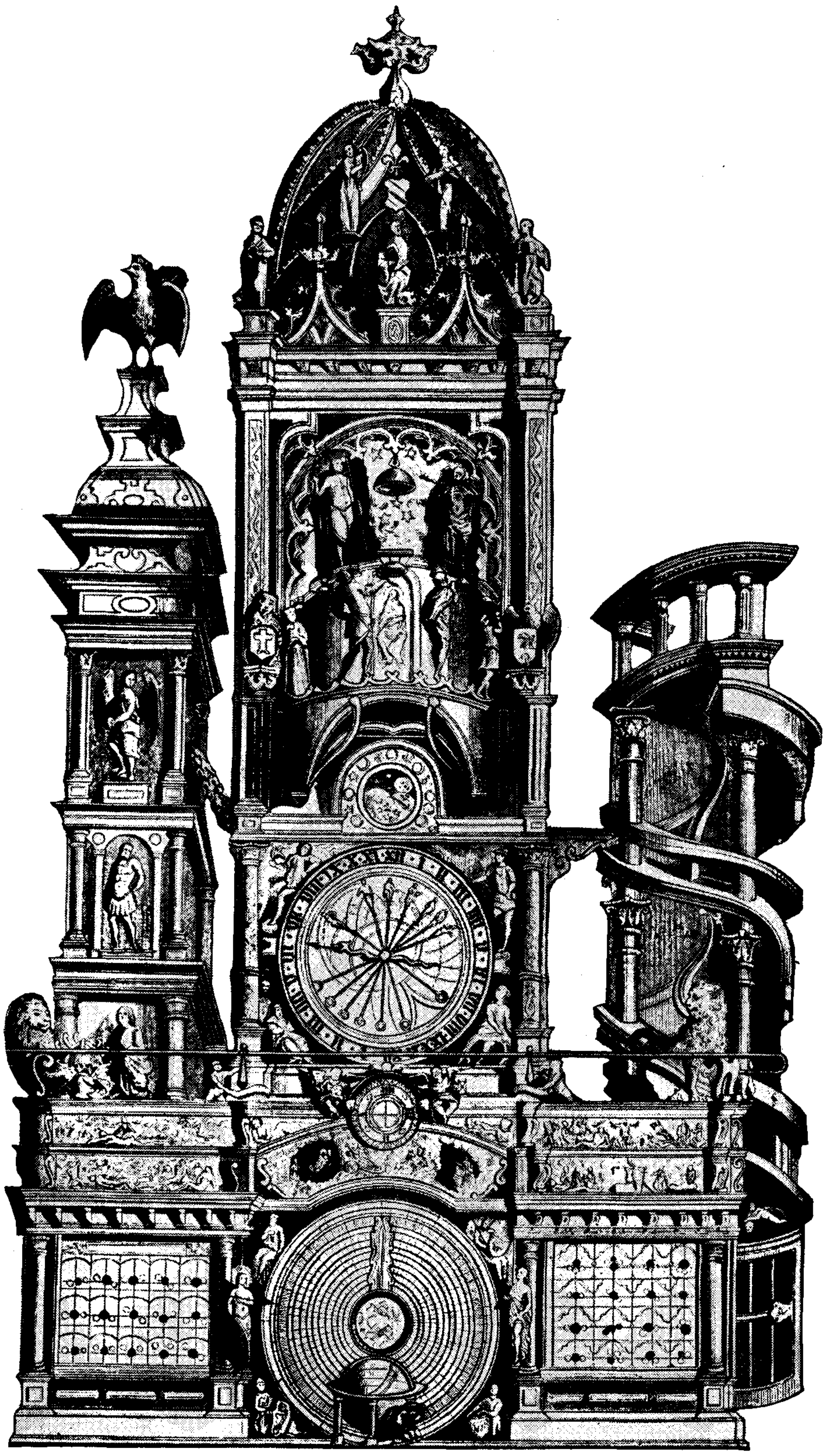
Hymie grunted. "I think he shouldn't oughta be here at all," he said, savagely. "I think you oughta have your head examined for sending him here in the first place. He should be sitting on the beach at Miami, maybe, or on a front porch in the Catskills. But he shouldn't oughta be at the Regal Gym. No, never."

There wasn't anything I could say. I



"Old Elrod has been pinin' away ever since the United Nations Organization turned us down as a permanent home"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN



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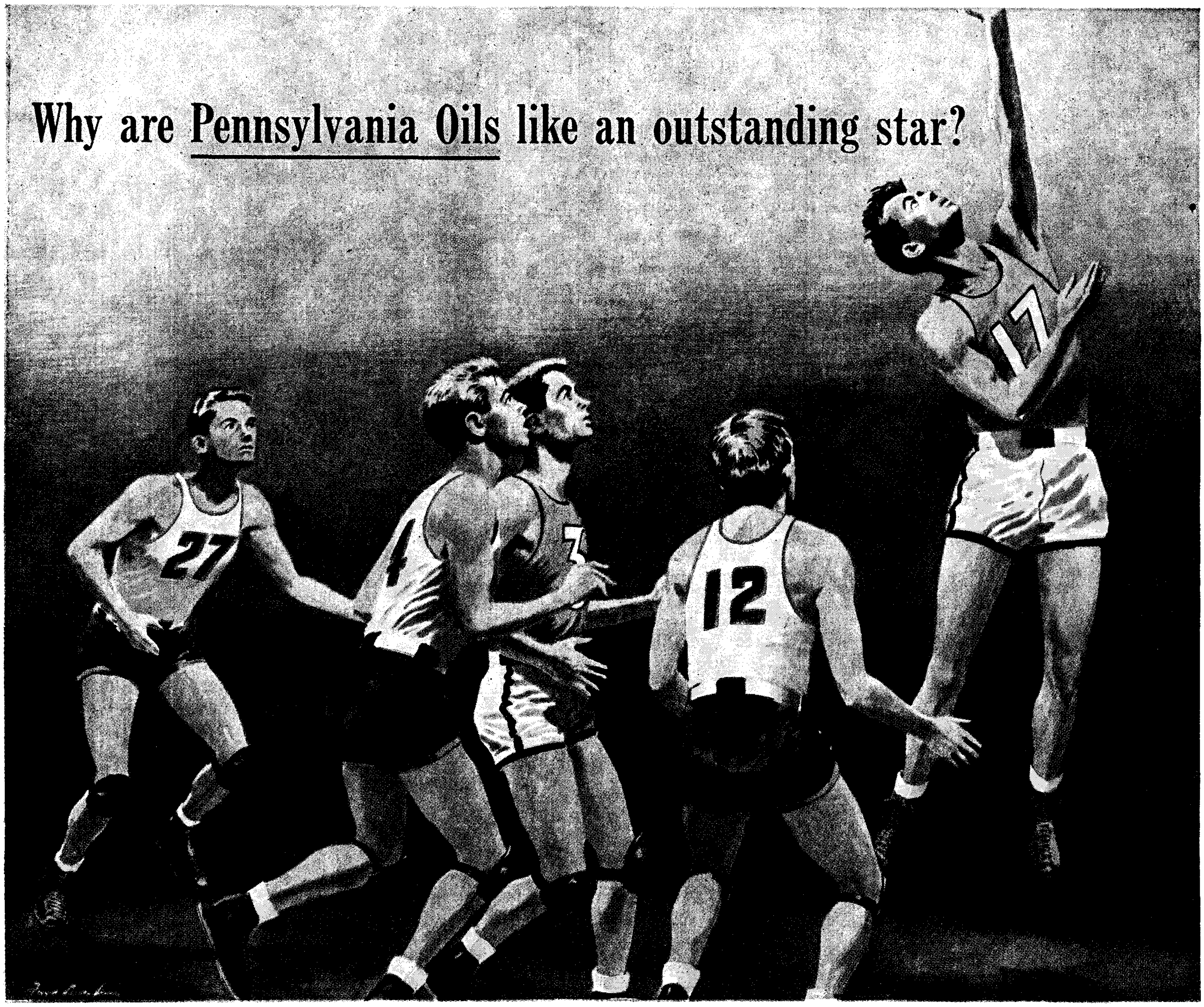

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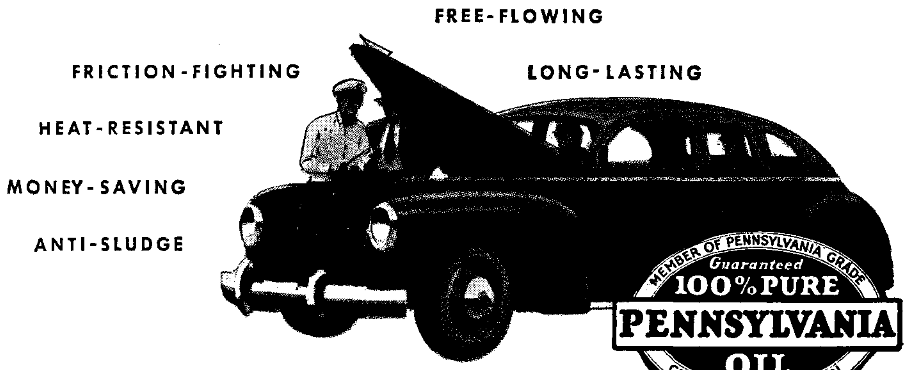

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couldn't make Hymie understand why I had sent Railse to him. Not when I couldn't understand the reason myself.

"But he is a good boy," Hymie was saying, softly. "He is a fine boy. We been talking together. Lots. He was a Marine, like my boy Bernie was."

"Yeah," I said, "I know."

"About his age, too," Hymie said. "A little younger, maybe. Bernie, he would be—" He broke off, blinked and puffed hard at the cigar that had gone out an hour ago. "So the kid wants to fight!" Hymie said, explosively. "To him it is the most important thing he knows he should get a fight and earn some money and buy a farm. So he will, if I gotta get in the ring with him myself."

He turned to glare at me. "And as far as you picking up the check, the answer is no," he said, his voice accusing. "And don't say no more about Ross or Burke either. This, Hymie Witzell finances himself, Mister Mike Kilgore!"

With that, he marched off, the baggy seat of his pants waggling righteously.

LATER, I went up to the ring and talked to Railse. I was right about the change in his face. He actually smiled when he saw me.

"How's it going?" I asked him.

"Pretty good, I guess," he told me. "Mister Witzell, he—he treats me fine."

"He's a good trainer," I said. "You do what he tells you and you'll be all right."

He nodded, and a bead of sweat rolled down one lean cheek.

"How do you feel?" I asked. "I mean, the malaria—"

"I got a smear the other day. Hymie—Mister Witzell—made me. It was okay. I feel swell."

"And how's that girl, what's her name?"

"Francie?" He almost grinned. "She's fine. She writes to me every day."

"She know you're going back in the ring?" I asked him.

The grin faded. He shook his head. "I told her I had a job," he admitted. "Maybe it wasn't the right thing to do but I—I thought I'd tell her after my fight, after I got back"—he grinned again—"home."

He was watching me, daring me to criticize what he had done. I thought to myself: You poor kid, won't you ever get the idea that you could have left all that hardness, that suspicion, back there on that Pacific island?

"You know the best way to work it, Railse?" I said. "You just do what Hymie says, put on some weight, and it won't be long before you'll be able to have that fight and get back to Francie."

"Sure," he said. "It won't be long. It can't be. That option ain't going to last forever."

I watched him work the bag a while, noticing for the first time the scars in the small of his back. Then I left the gym. Maybe it was the sharp fall weather or maybe it was remembering the smile on the kid's face; anyway, I found myself whistling when I got to the bottom of the rickety stairs and stepped out into the sunshine. . . .

The kid had said it wouldn't be long and it wasn't long, not long enough, before I got a call from Hymie. Ed, our top columnist, came down with pneumonia and they threw his work at me, on top of everything else, so I couldn't get up to Hymie's place to see how Railse was getting along, as I should. I was stuck for an idea for the column when Hymie's scream came over the phone. "You see tonight's card at the Arena?" he demanded. "So maybe you ain't interested, hah?"

"Not too much," I admitted. "Why should I be?"

"So maybe that second four-rounder don't mean a thing?" he asked. "Maybe Mister Mike Kilgore is such a big shot now he don't look at nothing but Garden main bouts now?"

I glanced at the Arena card on the desk beside me. The second four-rounder was to be between a Red Cotton and a Joey Barnard, at 145. Neither name meant a thing to me.

"What's this all about, Hymie?" I asked. "I don't know those boys. One of them belong to your string?"

I could hear him snort at the other end of the line. "So maybe you think Railse should fight under his own name, maybe, so his fine buddy friends like knew him at that school will recognize him? So he shouldn't fight under the name of Joey Barnard, hah?"

"Hymie!" I almost yelled. "You aren't going to stick that kid in the ring tonight! You said yourself—"

"I said! I said! So maybe if you weren't too big shot to come around once in a while you'd know that this girl, this Francie, writes my boy that the farm they got an option on it's going to be sold unless they get something up on the line next week. So he needs the money right away he should take up the option with. So how is he going to get the money without he gets in the ring, and right away?"

"He'll get killed," I protested. "He's in no condition—"

Hymie's voice dropped suddenly.

"I know. I know," he said. "Honest, Mike, I tried. I pleaded with him. I offered him the money myself; even if I ain't got a quarter, maybe I can borrow it somewhere. But you know that boy, Mike. He asked me to put him in and I couldn't say no, not the way he asked me. I don't think he expects to win, honest. He knows what he can do and what he can't do. He says the loser's share will be enough, so long as he really earns it."

"The loser's end at the Arena?" I asked. "For a four-rounder? Are you nuts? He couldn't put a down payment on an ant hill with what the loser's end of a four-rounder up there pays."

Hymie's voice was almost a whisper. "Mike," he said, "that's why I called you. And besides, Railse—Joey—I gotta remember to call him Joey—told me to be sure you was at the ringside tonight. I called you because I was afraid you'd make some crack in front of Joey."

"What's the gag?" I asked.

"It ain't no gag, Mike. Not really. You know that kid never fought a professional fight before. He don't know nothing about purses. And he believes everything I tell him, that kid. Not like some bums— Well, you see, I—well, Bernie—the kid he needs the money and I—I never could really do anything for my boy, my Bernie, before he went away so—well, I kind of told him the loser's share was a little higher, maybe, than it is. . . ."

His voice dribbled off.

I pictured Hymie Witzell with his rumpled suit and the cigar that was always a long time out and the sagging pants. Big-hearted Hymie, Dan Parker called him, because his reputation was exactly the opposite. Hymie the hard-boiled. Hymie the chiseler, the guy that played the angles, the percentage man. Hymie, who lost his kid, Bernie, at Tarawa and now had found Railse Bascomb.

I cleared my throat. "I get it, Hymie," I said. "I get it. And I want in."

"I told you—" he began. There was a pause. "All right, Mister Mike Kilgore," he said. "You're cut in. I guess you got a stake in this kid, too."

"Ross and Burke," I said.

"Yah, you!" Hymie snorted. "I should know what you're talking about!" Suddenly, he chuckled. "This is one for the wise guys to know about. A guy wants a slice of my fighter's purse—and it's in reverse!"

I SUPPOSE this should wind up with Railse Bascomb winning by a knockout and going on to the Garden. It doesn't and I'm glad it doesn't. And so is Hymie.

I got up to the Arena early, when the first stragglers were heading for the best bleacher seats. I found Railse and Hymie in one of the cubicles they call dressing rooms at the Arena. Railse was sitting on the rubbing table, with his long legs dangling over the side, while Hymie fussed around him, bandaging his hands. The kid's face lighted up when he saw me.

"I'm glad you could come," he told me. "I was afraid you'd be too busy."

I shook my head, without saying anything. Hymie finished with the bandages and looked at me, scowling.

"So Mister Mike Kilgore finally gets around to see his boy," he said. "Maybe Railse—Joey—should be champeen before you give him a look?"

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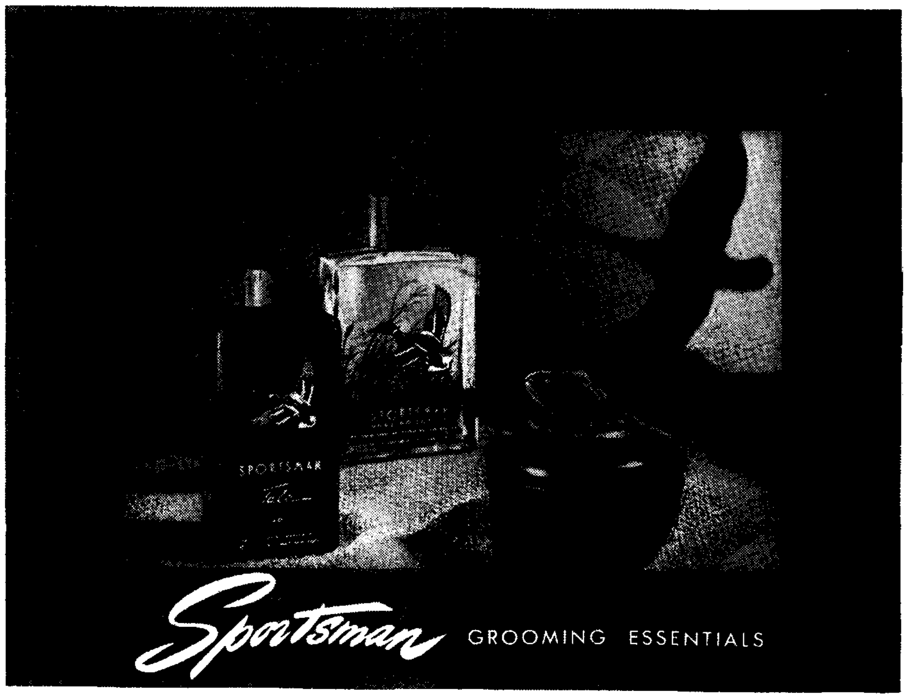

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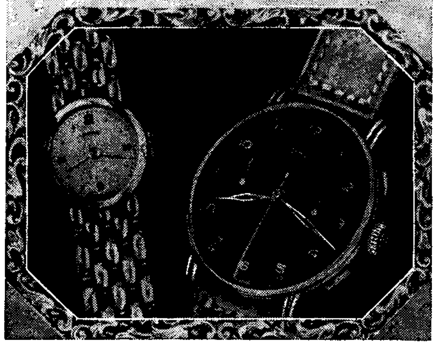

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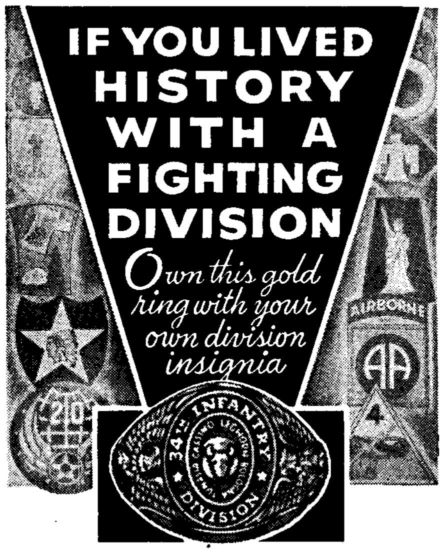
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"Aw, Mister Witzell," Railse said. "He's been busy."

"Hah! Busy!" Hymie jeered. "Eating dinners with promoters picking up the checks he is busy."

"How do you feel, Railse?" I asked.

"Fine," the boy said. "This time next week I'll be—"

He broke off and looked at Hymie and me. "I don't want you to think I'm running out on you two," he said. "After all the work you've put in on me, maybe I should stick around and earn some of it back for Mister Witzell."

"Hah!" snorted Hymie. "Me, I will be glad to get you off my hands, you—you Marine!"

Railse looked at me and grinned. "Maybe if I win this one," he said. "I could come back—later—after I get the farm started."

"Forget it," I told him. "You get your farm and get settled with Francie and everything will be okay."

He hesitated and then stuck out his bandaged hand. "I want to thank you," he told me. "You got this chance for me. You went to a lot of trouble for me, when you didn't owe me a thing. It—it was all right."

I shook hands with the kid. I hadn't owed him a thing, eh?

"I've got to go up to the ringside now," I said. "Good luck, Railse. Don't—don't let him hurt you. And give my best to Francie."

THE kid gave me a smile and a wave when he climbed in through the ropes, with Hymie spreading them for him. The other boy, Cotton, was thick and short, with a white skin and a thatch of carrot-colored hair. While the announcer was introducing them, the clatter of the Arena kept on at full blast, with the hawkers yelling about cold beer and pop and somebody in back of me arguing with an usher about his seat. It was just another four-rounder on a cheap card. It didn't mean a thing.

I watched Hymie as he led Railse out to the center of the ring. He had his hand on the boy's shoulder and he was stroking the robe carefully as he listened to the referee. I knew he wasn't hearing a thing. Perhaps he was thinking of his boy, Bernie, and how he was going to lose Railse, as soon as the fight was over. Or maybe, like me, he was praying that Railse wouldn't get hurt. . . .

The bell rang and they came out and the fight was on. I've seen a good many bouts but I never sat through one before when I leaned forward with my hands clenched and sweaty, muttering over and over, "Don't let him hurt you, kid! Don't let him hurt you!" Usually, that's why we're there, all of us, to see somebody get hurt. But this was my boy, and Hymie's, out there, without a single chance to win anything but that little farm for Francie and him.

He got through the first round in good shape. Cotton caught up with him in the second and jarred him pretty badly with some belly blows. But in the third Railse came back and got some yells from the customers with some stiff lefts that put Cotton up against the ropes. I found myself screaming and Hymie was beating the apron of the ring across the way. But Red got himself out of trouble, and the fourth round found him climbing all over Railse, bulling him around the ring, trying to set him up for a finisner.

There never was a longer round. I could see Railse's knees bending and when he tried to fight back, his punches were missing by a cross-town block. The clock stood still for an hour and then reluctantly ticked its way to the bell.

Railse was bleeding a little from a cut on one cheek, but he walked to his corner all right. I watched Hymie throw the robe over his shoulder and keep his arm there until the referee picked up the slips and pointed toward Cotton.

There were a few cheers, a few boos. Railse crossed the ring and shook hands with the other boy, turned and gave me a goodby wave of his mitt before Hymie corralled him and led him out of the ring.

I leaned back in my seat and wiped the sweat off my forehead with the back of my hand. I lit a cigarette and found my hand trembling.

Well, the books were balanced. Now there never had been any Chicago hotel room. I had cut myself in on a clear conscience. I felt good. The cigarette tasted fine.

Somebody I knew slipped into the seat next to me and unlatched a portable typewriter. "Hello, Mike," he said. "What're you doing here at an Arena preliminary?"

"Boy I knew," I muttered. "Thought I'd catch his bout."

"Win?"

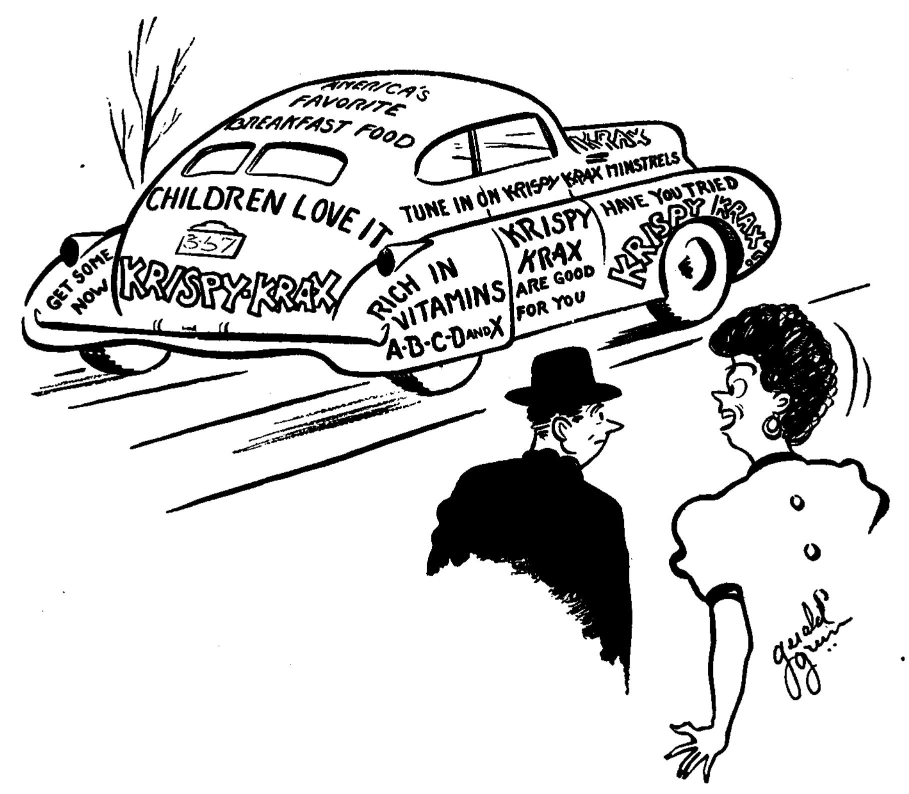
I thought that over. But I couldn't tell this guy the whole story, starting back at the school and going on through Chicago and Kwajalein and Francie and the hospital and Hymie and the option on the farm and my cut in the purse. I pulled hard at my splendid cigarette.

"Naw," I said. "Never had a chance."

He looked at me curiously. "You don't look very broken up about it," he said.

I smiled from the pit of my stomach. I didn't have to try to explain, because just then somebody hammered the bell for the next bout.

THE END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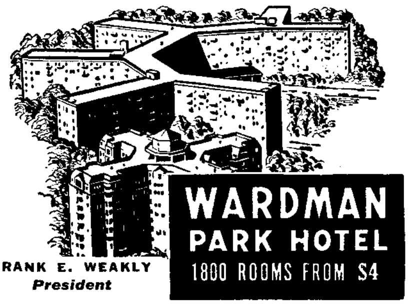

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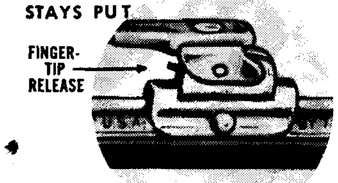

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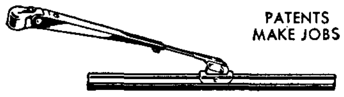

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Dangerous Lady

Continued from page 24

Scott spoke steadily. He said, "There have been."

"Scott!" Barbara's voice was sharp with warning. She knew what he was about to tell, and she was afraid. "You'd better think it over first."

"That's all I've been doing. Bernie's on our side, and that's why it's important for him to understand what our side is." He was calm enough—outwardly, at least. "Gail is mixed up in something that none of us can understand. If she had any part in your father's death, Barbara, that's her lookout. I don't mean to sound heartless or tough. I told her what I'm telling you now. What I mean is, I'd do anything for Gail. A lot more than you realize. But I wouldn't protect any person who was mixed up in Mr. Mathews' death."

Bernie Williams wasn't talking. He slouched back in his porch chair, waiting, listening.

SCOTT told him briefly about Gail Barrie's visit to the office, and of her demand that her entire fortune be converted into cash and deposited in the bank so that it would be subject to withdrawal by check. Bernie's eyes closed as he listened. His big, broad face was expressionless.

When Scott had told it all, Bernie looked up and said, "Thanks, Scott. That might help. It's like I told you at the beginning of all this trouble: I'm a friend and I'm a cop. But I don't play 'em against each other."

"I'm not asking you to."

"I know, kid, I know." He did some more thinking. "Maybe we have part of the answer. Suppose Miss Barrie got messed up with Kinkaid before she ever fell for you, Scott. Suppose she was fixing to buy her way out. Then suppose she got sore at you and decided to hell with it. How do you like that theory?"

Scott shook his head. "I wouldn't buy it," he said.

"Why not?"

"Plenty of reasons. First, I can't imagine her getting mixed up that deeply with Kinkaid or any other man. Second, Kinkaid wouldn't make his pitch for a million dollars on the strength of that. He'd try for a reasonable amount. Third, an intelligent, well-bred girl doesn't rush into marriage with a man like that just because she's mad at somebody else." He turned to Barbara. "Which one of us is right?"

She said, "You are, Scott. Bernie's ideas would sound better if we didn't know that Gail is a different sort of person from the one he has in mind."

"Is she?" Bernie's voice was flat.

"Of course."

"Try again, Barbara. You never even saw her until about two and a half months ago. She's sweet, she's pretty, you like her. But you don't know a thing about her. You don't know what kind of a life she led in Cuba . . ."

"I do," said Scott. "Paul Innes—manager of the Country Club—lived down there with the Barries for a year. I started thinking the way you're thinking, Bernie, right after Doris was killed. I had a talk with Paul. I asked him all about Gail's life in Cuba. Everything he said makes her out a nice, normal girl."

Bernie spoke again. "Forget the sweet, wholesome angles, you two. There's something else here, and you know it. Two people have been killed. So far we haven't got a lick of evidence that would stand up in any court. The two of them getting married ain't any crime, either. If she gives all her dough to her husband when she reaches twenty-one, nobody can do a thing about it. But adding everything up, you can't make me believe that everything is clear and pretty. And you don't believe it, either."

"You're right," said Scott. "But all the common sense in the world doesn't change the way I feel."

"Look, kid—you're in love with her. So your instinct doesn't mean a thing."

"Mine does." Barbara was leaning forward. "You can guess how I felt about my father, Bernie. Whoever killed him—no matter who . . . But that doesn't make it Gail. I think she knows something—yes. But I'm sure there's an answer to this whole mess that would put her in the clear. I realize she's being foolish—"

"Lady, you said it!"

Bernie said he had to be going. He declined Barbara's invitation to have dinner with them. He promised to keep in touch with them. He waved goodbye from the curb and drove off.

Scott and Barbara went for a walk after dinner. They walked along beautiful, curving roads lined with handsome homes and fragrant with summer blooms. They walked silently, and after a while they were holding hands. It was a gesture of friendship and of mutual understanding. It was Barbara's way of telling Scott that she sympathized and Scott's way of saying thanks.

Shortly after nine, pink-cheeked Lieutenant Homer appeared. Scott sat with them a while, then said good night and went home.

He hated being alone. It was all right to tell yourself that you could control your thoughts, but you couldn't.

He undressed and flung himself on the bed. He lay there tense, staring up at the ceiling, begging for sleep and knowing that it wouldn't come. He started being sorry for himself and snapped out of that by getting up, lighting a cigarette and standing at the window. Then he went back to bed and slept fitfully.

He was awakened by the clamor of his telephone. It sounded too shrill, too loud, against the background of early morning silence.

As he reached for the telephone, he glanced at the mantel clock. Five minutes before six. He was wide awake when he said hello. Then he was sitting up on the edge of the bed, every muscle taut.

Gail!

She said, "You heard about . . . about . . ."

Her voice was unsteady, frightened. He said, "Yes, Gail. Yes, I heard."

"Scott! I need you. Can you come down here right away?"

"Of course. But what . . . ?"

"I can't tell you now. I'm in suite 1001. It would be better if no one saw you come up."

He said, "Right away," and she said, "Thanks, Scott. For God's sake—hurry!"

He jumped into his clothes. He whipped his car out of the garage and tooled it downtown at top speed. The city was silent and peaceful in the dull light of early morning.

THE lobby of the Cherokee Hotel was a dozen steps higher than the street. He went down a few steps to the lower level where the barbershop and lunchroom were located. He took an elevator there. He got off at eight. He walked up to the tenth floor.

At the touch of his fingers on the panel of 1001, the door opened. Gail must have been waiting for him. He walked inside. She closed the door and stood with her back against it.

She looked lovely and she looked terrible. She was wearing a housecoat and slippers. She was on the verge of a crack-up. He took a tight grip on himself.

This was a sitting room: the average, unimaginative sitting room of the average first-class hotel. There was a door on either side. Each led to a bedroom. Even under stress of what was happening, Scott wondered about that. It didn't look very much like a honeymoon.

He said, "What's wrong, Gail?"

She pressed her hand against her lips. He'd seen her do that before, when things were bad. She gestured toward the bedroom on the left.

"In there, Scott . . . Tony . . . He's been murdered."

Scott Henderson looked around. What he saw was just another hotel sitting room: sofa and two club chairs covered with cretonne which matched the summer drapes; two straight chairs, two end tables shoved against the couch, a table hard against the opposite wall beneath a mirror with a fancy frame.

There were two doors, both open. One gave access to a room at the right and the other opened into a room at the left.

Scott and Gail stood looking at each other. Her gray eyes were wide and there were

Why Older People Sometimes become "Cranky"

NO ONE LIKES A "SOURPUSS"!...When I think of how cranky I was for a while, it's no wonder nobody wanted me around. I finally traced my "upsets" to a nasty-tasting, powerful laxative I'd been taking. The stuff caused me so much trouble that I was forced to the conclusion that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO STRONG!

NO ONE WELCOMES A "COMPLAINER"! I guess I made a pest of myself, grumbling so much about that next laxative I tried. It was supposed to be good for folks my age, but it certainly didn't work for *me!* It finally dawned on me that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO MILD!

A CHEERFUL PERSON IS ALWAYS POPULAR! I found *that* out when I discovered Ex-Lax. Its good chocolate taste won me over right away. And Ex-Lax gave me effective relief—in such a *gentle* way—that I began to feel like my old self again! Not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX IS THE HAPPY MEDIUM!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

As a precaution use only as directed.

EX-LAX
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE
10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

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"RADIATOR" PIPE

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At leading dealers

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SWEET-SMOKING

THE SHAVE IS BETTER When THE LATHER STAYS WETTER

Yes, the WETTER the lather the BETTER the shave. A quick-drying lather will dry out on your face—give you a shave that stings and burns. What you want is a rich creamy EXTRA MOIST lather... the lather you get with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream...a lather that STAYS MOIST and keeps your beard soft and wet the whole shave through.

Get Lifebuoy for CLEANER, SMOOTHER shaves—even with cold water or a used blade.

Try Lifebuoy's
Stay-Moist
Lather

dark shadows in them. She wasn't crying, but he could tell that she wanted to cry. Her face was haggard. She looked lonely and forlorn, and a great wave of pity and tenderness welled up in him. For this moment he forgot his own misery; he forgot the emptiness she had created in his life by marrying another man. He forgot everything except that she needed him desperately.

After a while she stopped trembling. He said, "Good going. You've got a grip on yourself. Keep it."

Her gray eyes were clearer now. She said, "I won't crack up on you, Scott."

"Fine. That's fine. Sit steady while I look around."

Scott went through the door at the right. Twin beds. Only one had been used. Gail's room. He knew that from the clothes on the chair, the things on the French dresser, the shoes on the floor in front of an easy chair. Everything was as one might expect to find it, except that it didn't spell honeymoon.

He walked into the living room and across it. He approached the other bedroom door, which was open. He saw Gail's hand go to her lips, hold there for an instant, and then drop. It was as though she knew what he was going to see and was sorry for him.

He saw it. A man's bedroom. Again, twin beds. Only one of them had been slept in. Only one of them had been died in.

The body of Tony Kinkaid was on the bed. Everything was in order. Just as neat as an average man would have his room if he didn't expect to be murdered. No sign of a struggle. The bedclothes were no more disarranged than they would have been any night by any man. No furniture overturned. Nothing smashed. "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ." That was it. And what was next? "If I should die before I wake . . ."

He experienced a depressing moment of futility. He had so wanted to help before it was too late, and she hadn't let him. She had entered into this incredible marriage for reasons which she wouldn't tell him, and now tragedy had struck again. This time more terribly than before.

HE SHRANK from the ordeal which lay ahead. Questions. Endless questions. Questions that would probe and probe and probe. Questions that Gail must answer. He wondered whether she fully understood what she was in for. He returned to the sitting room, pulled up a straight chair and sat in front of her. He took one of her cold hands in his. He said gently, "Listen, Gail, the police will have to be notified. They're going to do a lot of questioning. Do you mind if I ask you a few things first?"

Her voice was tight. She said, "You can ask me anything, Scott."

"Did you . . ." He choked over the words. She looked at him steadily and shook her head. She said, "No, Scott. I didn't kill him."

"When did it happen?"

"I don't know."

"Explain that, honey."

"I woke up just a little while before I called you. It was like coming out of a nightmare. You know—when you first wake up and don't know whether you've dreamed something or whether it has happened. I was frightened."

"Of what?"

"I don't know. Maybe something happened while I was asleep. What I mean is, maybe I heard something and didn't know I heard it. I lay there trembling. I didn't know why I was trembling. I tried to make myself believe it was all nonsense. But I knew it wasn't. I got up and went into the living room. Everything was just as you see it. Tony's door was still shut. I was afraid to go in. Then I had to go in. That same fear kept driving me to do something I didn't want to do. I opened the door. I saw . . . I saw what you just saw.

"I came back in here," she went on. "I felt sick and frightened and alone. I didn't know what to do. I called you. It was a rotten, selfish thing to do. I was sorry afterward, and I called again to tell you not to come. I didn't get any answer, so I knew you'd left." She unclasped her hands and spread them, palms up, in her lap. "That's all."

He turned it over in his mind. He wished Chris Peterson could have heard her story—just that way, before she'd had time to rehearse. It might have convinced him of something. No matter how crazy it was, it had the ring of truth. Or maybe Scott just wanted desperately to believe her. Maybe she'd already had all the time she needed. Maybe she had planned just that effect.

"I'm no expert on these things," said Scott. "Did you find a gun?"

"No. I didn't find anything."

His voice tightened. "This is important, Gail. Have you got a gun? Here? With you?"

"No."

"They'll look for one. If there's one here, they'll find it. If the person who killed him threw the gun out of the window, they'll know it pretty quick. This is a tough spot. No matter what you tell anybody else, you've got to tell me the truth."

"I'm telling the truth."

Henderson continued gently. "The cops are going to ask about the three rooms, Gail. It doesn't seem to fit in with yesterday's marriage."

She flushed. "I told Tony it had to be that way."

"You mean . . . ?"

She didn't evade. "You're asking me whether Tony and I were together last night. As husband and wife. The answer is that we were not."

SOMETHING did a somersault inside Scott. It was just another fantastic element in a fantastic pattern, but it could be the truth. That was the trouble with everything she was telling him or had told him in the past. It could all be truth. It could all be a lie.

He said, "You mean you and Tony agreed when you married that you were not going to be his wife?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you marry him?"

Instinctively her right hand started for her lips in the little gesture he had come to recognize as marking a moment of uncertainty and stress. But it never got there. She said, "You won't understand this, Scott—and I can't explain. But I had to marry him."

He was angry and embarrassed. He said, "Then there must have been something between you, something you've never told me."

She nodded and said, "Yes."

"What was it?"

"I can't tell you."

He said, "You've got to tell me. Get that, Gail—you've *got* to! Me or the police. Maybe you think you can stall them, but you can't. They'll drag it out of you. They're smart. They're a lot smarter than you think. Because Peterson's grammar isn't polished, it's easy to think he doesn't know what the score is. But he does, honey. So you've got to tell me what the setup is. Then we can decide what's best to do."

She said earnestly, "Look, Scott. I know what I'm doing. I know why I'm doing it. I know I'm in danger. None of that matters. I still can't tell you why I married Tony."

"But he's dead, Gail. He's been murdered. You were afraid of him. Maybe that's why you married him. But you can't be afraid of a dead man."

She started to say something. Then changed her mind. He wanted to shake the stubbornness out of her. He tried a different angle:

"Did our little scene the other day, at my office, have anything to do with your marriage?"

"No."

"I thought you might have been sore."

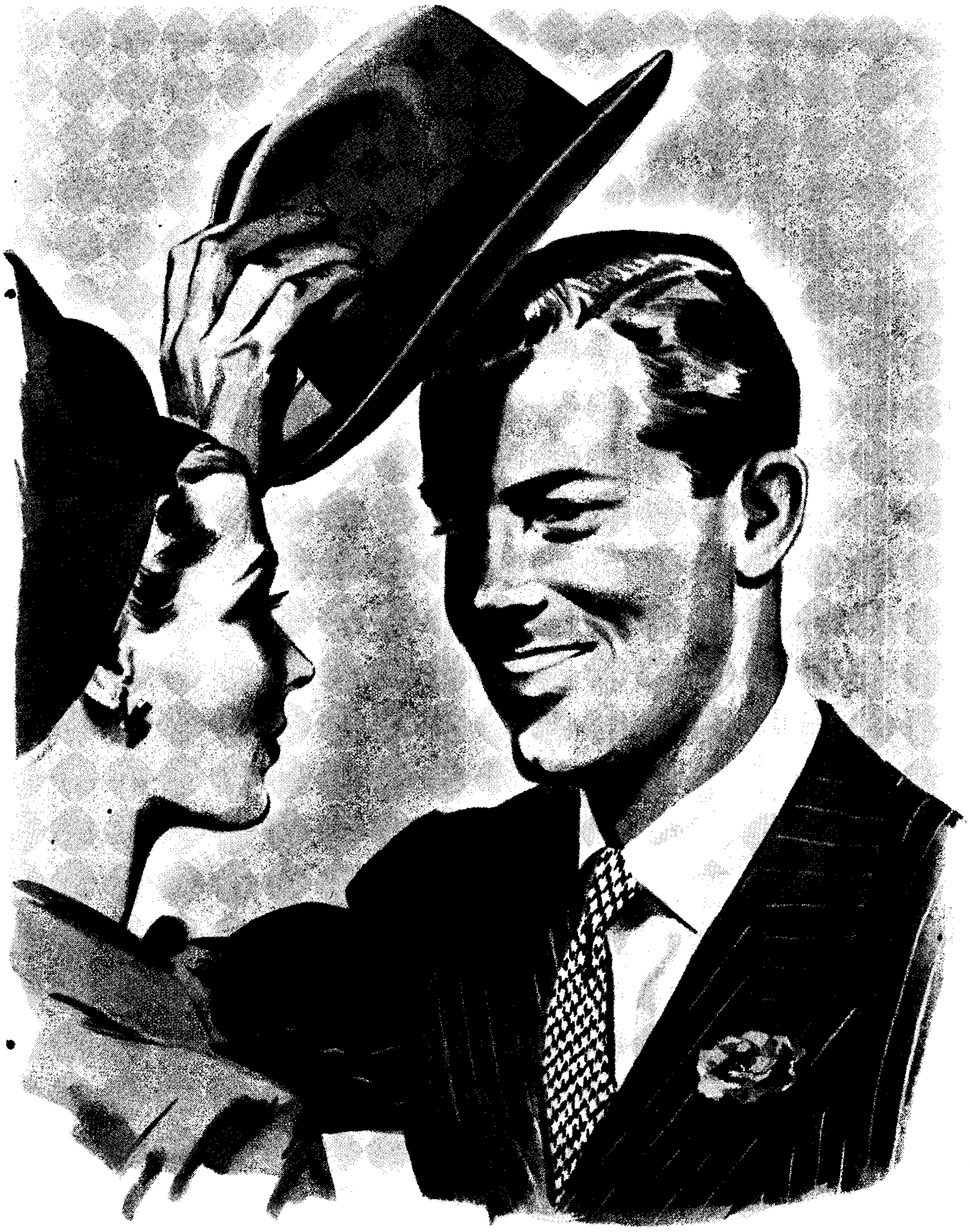
She shook her head. "Can't you understand, Scott, that I couldn't be angry at anything you do? Can't you understand that, after all this tragedy, I wasn't concerned about trivial things like having my feelings hurt? No, dear. Believe me, it wasn't anything like that."

He said thoughtfully, "I don't get it, Gail. You've only known Kinkaid for a couple of months."

She reached out and touched his arm. "That's not so, Scott. I met him in Cuba two years ago."

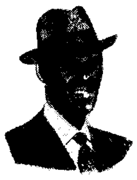
"Oh!" He let that sink in. "Then meeting him in Cherokee . . . ?"

"That was accidental. I didn't even remember him until he reminded me. I'd been visit-

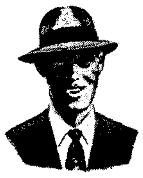


Chivalry still lives in the gracious raising of your hat to a lady. This small, almost effortless gesture, means so much. ■ To her, it is a symbol of your respect and good breeding. To you, it is a way of saying hello with an extra measure of grace, self-assurance and flair. ■ Next time you raise your hat to a lady, be sure it is worthy of your magnificent gesture. Be sure it's the right hat . . . the right shade, the right shape, the right style, for you. ■ You can be sure you're getting the right hat when you consult a *Recognized Hatter*—wherever this plaque is featured.

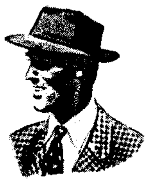
the magnificent gesture . . .



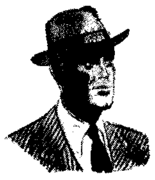
Right
Pick up your blue business suit with a gray off-the-face hat.



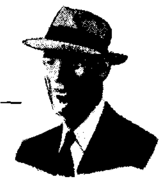
Right
Snap up a brown or tan business suit with a brown snap-brim hat.



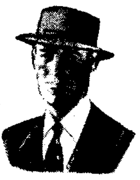
Right
Match your sport jacket with a sport or casual hat.



Wrong
With a tweed suit—never wear a gray off-the-face hat.



Wrong
A brown snap-brim is wrong with a dark-blue suit.



Wrong
Business suits don't mix with sport hats.

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Hat Research Foundation
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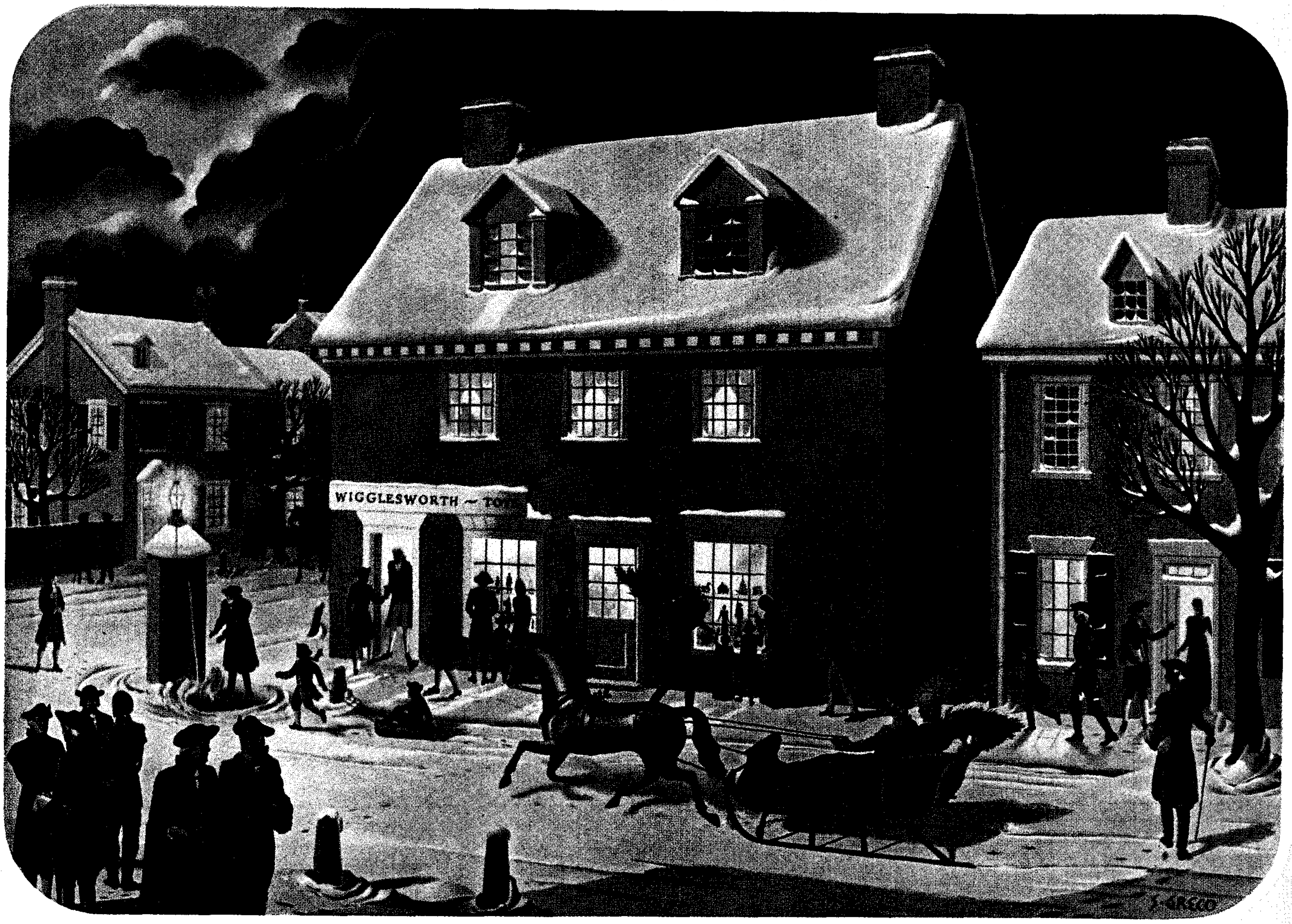
HATTER

This Plaque Identifies a Recognized Hatter

The store that displays it is staffed with experts trained to fit you with the right shape, the right shade, and the right style hat for your personality.

wear a hat . . . it gives you poise



W. WIGGLESWORTH'S "MOST FAMED TOYSHOP," SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILADELPHIA—FROM AN OLD PRINT*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"*Billy — was the envy, as his shop was the wonder, of all in the city . . . from his magazine Chrisknickle and Belsnickle were supposed to provide themselves for Christmas Eve.*"

—WATSON'S MSS ANNALS

Traditions which touch the heart live long. Therefore, it is natural that Philadelphia should cherish memories of the solid hospitality set by its Colonial era. A time-honored way of life represented today by Philadelphia Blend, "the heritage whisky". . . Friendly, rich, yet mild of manner. Truly, a "special occasion" whisky, yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend . . . regularly and often.

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*From a Series of Historic Prints Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894 ing in Havana with Dad and Margaret Allen for a couple of weeks. I met Tony at the Jockey Club. We ran into him again at the Casino Nacional a couple of nights later. We danced a couple of times. He didn't register very strongly. I forgot him until we met shortly after I came back here to Cherokee."

"And yet there was enough between you. . . . Can't you see how screwy it sounds? How do you think the police will react to a story like that?"

"I don't know. But it's the truth and that's what I'm going to tell them."

HE WAS studying her, weighing everything he knew against all the things he didn't know. He said sharply, "You can't play it this way, Gail. You haven't the faintest idea what you're letting yourself in for."

She said, "It's the way I've got to do it."

"Damn it!" he exploded. "You've got to understand that you're wrong. Nothing could justify what has happened. Look at it straight, Gail. Doris is dead. You were there. There was that bruise on your arm. You were alone in the house the night Mr. Mathews got back from Washington. Kinkaid drove him home. Even before that, you'd been running around with Kinkaid. You came to me with that fantastic request to convert your inheritance into cash. Why, Gail—why? And then this marriage. This phony honeymoon. Kinkaid killed. No witnesses. Nobody here but you. Oh, yes, I know there are such things as skeleton keys. Somebody could have come in here and killed him and gotten away easily enough. But why? You've got to give me some kind of reason—*any* kind of reason."

She put out her hand. It was a tiny gesture, a pleading gesture. She said unsteadily, "Please stop, Scott. It won't do any good. And now I've dragged you into it. I wish I hadn't."

"But I *am* in it, Gail. Don't forget that somebody tried to kill me that night on The Ridge. I'm trying to help. And you can take my word for it that by refusing to trust me you're making your greatest mistake."

"I'm not!" The sharpness, the suddenness, of her protest startled him. "I know I'm not making a mistake, Scott. I warned you to keep out of this. Maybe I even married Tony to force you out . . ." She bit her lip and looked away, as though she had said too much.

He said, "That still doesn't make sense." He reached for a cigarette and lighted it, selecting his next words carefully. "Was it Tony who tried to kill me that night on The Ridge?"

She started to answer. Stopped. Thought. Then she said, "Maybe it was."

Scott shook his head. "Not too good," he said. "You were slow on that one."

"What do you mean?"

"If you had thought it was Tony, you'd have said so—fast. No harm could be done. No, you don't think it was Kinkaid—but you want me to think it was, because then I might take it for granted that all of the unanswerable things have been answered." His voice took on an edge. "Good God, can't you realize what you're doing?"

"Yes. And the worst thing I've done was to lose my head a little while ago. I'm sorry I called you."

He said, "You're still afraid, aren't you?"

Her eyes gave him the answer.

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of something happening to you, Scott. More afraid than ever."

He made a gesture which included the next room where the body of Tony Kinkaid lay. "Hasn't this changed things? Can't you tell me now who or what you're afraid of?"

"No. I'm sorry. . . ."

He uttered a single profane word. It was an outlet for his exasperation, and he didn't follow it with an apology. He knew that he wouldn't get anywhere by continued questioning. He knew that there was an ordeal to be faced. He said, "Sooner or later we'll have to call the police. Shall I do it now?"

"No!" She spoke vehemently. "You get out. I'll call them. I don't want them to find you here."

"That's no good," he said. "Even if I wanted to leave, I wouldn't dare. Somebody might have seen me. The elevator boy might remember. But even if I knew that part of it was all right, I'd stick around anyway."

He went to the telephone and called Bernie Williams' home. Bernie answered promptly, his voice bright and cheerful.

Scott spoke softly. He said, "Play this cute, Bernie. It's important. Don't say anything at your end. I'm in suite 1001 at the Cherokee Hotel." He heard Bernie splutter at the other end of the line. "I want you to come here right away. I'd suggest that you bring Peterson with you."

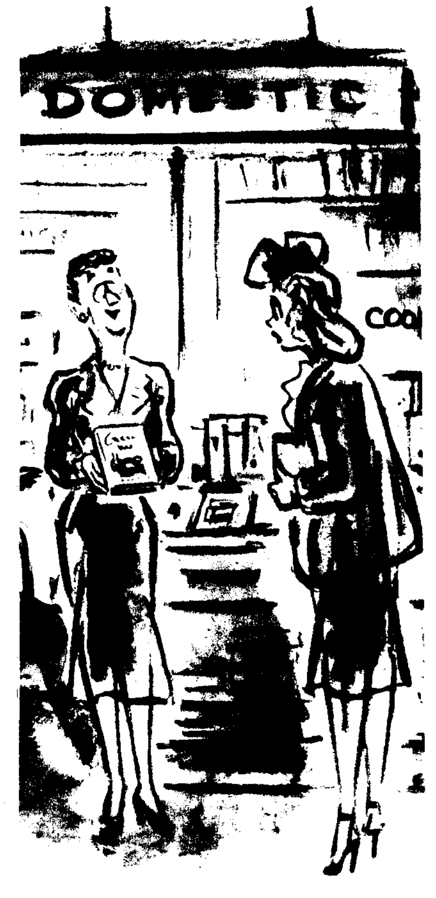
He hung up. He moved away from the telephone and sat on the arm of Gail's chair. He said, "This is going to take a lot of courage, honey."

She didn't say anything. She reached up and put her hand in his and let it stay there.

They looked through the window at the brilliant sunshine. But their thoughts were in the next room where Tony Kinkaid lay dead.

Bernie Williams followed Chris Peterson into the room. He closed the door and stood with his back against it. Scott saw worry and apprehension in his face. But Bernie didn't say anything. He left that to Peterson.

The wiry little sergeant advanced a few steps into the room, his keen eyes observing everything. If he felt any surprise, he didn't show it. "All right," he snapped, "what's it about?"



"For a bride-to-be. Contains the latest recipes and a complete list of local restaurants"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

Scott gave him the highlights in a few words. He fancied that there was a gleam of triumph in Chris' eyes, and this was confirmed by the fact that Bernie Williams began to look more and more miserable.

Peterson went into Kinkaid's bedroom. He stayed there quite a while. Then he went into Gail's room.

WHEN he rejoined the others, it was not to talk immediately. He searched the room with devastating thoroughness. That done, he said, "You two better relax. This is gonna take a long time."

Peterson stood in front of Scott and Gail. He wasn't excited. He looked cold as ice and incalculably shrewd. He said to Henderson, "You keep turning up in the wrong places, don't you?"

Scott didn't answer.

Chris' next question was an accusation. He said, "Where's the gun?"

"I haven't seen any gun."

"Did Mrs. Kinkaid get rid of it before you got here?"

Scott flushed. But he controlled himself. There was no sense in playing into Peterson's hands.

Chris turned his hard eyes on Gail. "Let's have your story," he ordered. "And it better be good."

She told it, just as she had told Scott. And, listening for the second time, Scott knew that the story wasn't good. It wasn't good at all.

Chris said, "Cozy little honeymoon, huh? How come?"

She waited for him to make the question clearer.

"You marry this collar ad," he went on coldly. "Quick—like that. You take a three-room suite. It's all fixed up so it looks like you were in yonder and he was where he is now. Is that the way it was?"

"Yes." Her voice was so low that Scott could scarcely hear it.

"Why?"

"That's the way we both wanted it."

"I'm still asking why?"

She looked at him, but didn't elaborate on what she had said.

"I'm supposed to believe that—"

Gail flushed. Scott half rose from his chair, but Chris waved him down.

"You keep your lip buttoned, Henderson. You're in this up to your belt. What went on here, I don't know; but whatever it was, you loused it up good. She finds the body—she says. She thinks things over and then phones you. You come down and have a nice long talk with her. Maybe there was a gun, and maybe you took it out somewhere and got rid of it. You don't call the police until you get good and ready. I'm just drawing a picture so you'll know you're in a hell of a mess."

Gail said, "It was my fault."

"I don't care whose fault it was. I'm figuring what I'm up against. The pair of you had time to cook up a neat story. You been playing it smart. What you've got is so screwy nobody would figure you'd made it up."

Gail said steadily, "We didn't make it up."

"Why did you marry him?"

No answer.

"What'd he have on you?"

Her body stiffened, then relaxed with a visible effort. She said, "Nothing."

"I must look like an awful dope," said Peterson bitterly. "Just a poor dumb cop whose gotta believe everything he hears. That's why they made me a sergeant—so I wouldn't cause trouble to a dame who always happens to be around when people get bumped off." He made a gesture of disgust. "Just so you'll understand, Mrs. Kinkaid . . ." He emphasized the name unpleasantly, and Gail winced. "Just so you'll understand what's going on, lemme say that I don't believe none of this. Not a word."

THERE was a knock on the door. Bernie opened it and admitted a swarm of men from headquarters. Some were in uniform, some not. Two of the men were detailed to search for the gun, to interview the elevator boys who had been on duty from the time Gail and Tony had registered until this moment, to talk to the clerks who had been behind the desk, to the manager and assistant manager. The assistant coroner was directed to get busy and arrange for a post-mortem.

Peterson picked up with Gail where he had left off.

"Too many things against you, Mrs. Kinkaid. A lot too many. Having a raft of dough ain't gonna help you none, either. Not in this town. I'm advising you to come clean. I'll forget all the lies you told me if you'll dish out just one thing I can believe."

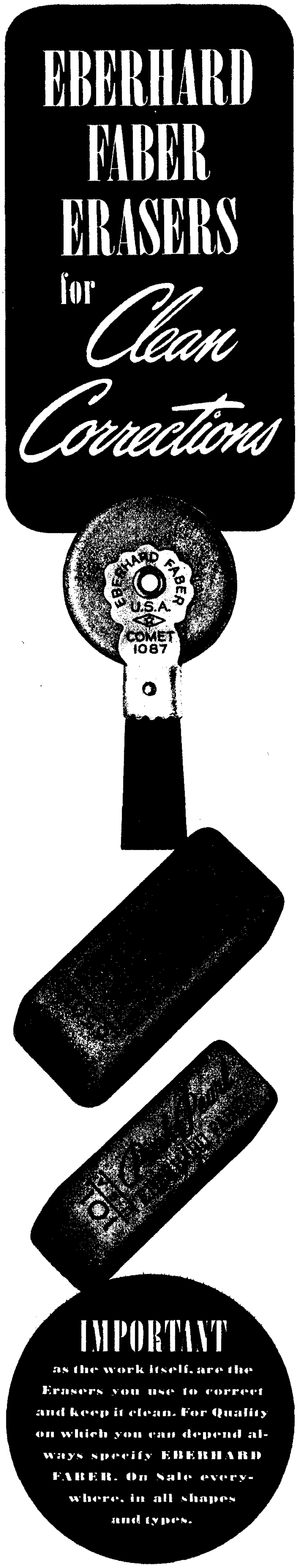
She said, "I've told the truth."

"Sure. Sure, it's the truth, until we prove otherwise. Why did you go in his room early this morning?"

She repeated that part of the story: the waking up as though from a bad dream; the feeling that part of it was real, that something had happened. Peterson bestowed upon her a dry, mirthless smile. "You gotta do better, Mrs. Kinkaid. You gotta do a heap better than that."

"That's how it happened."

"Okay. I'll make like I believe you. Why did you telephone Henderson instead of the police?"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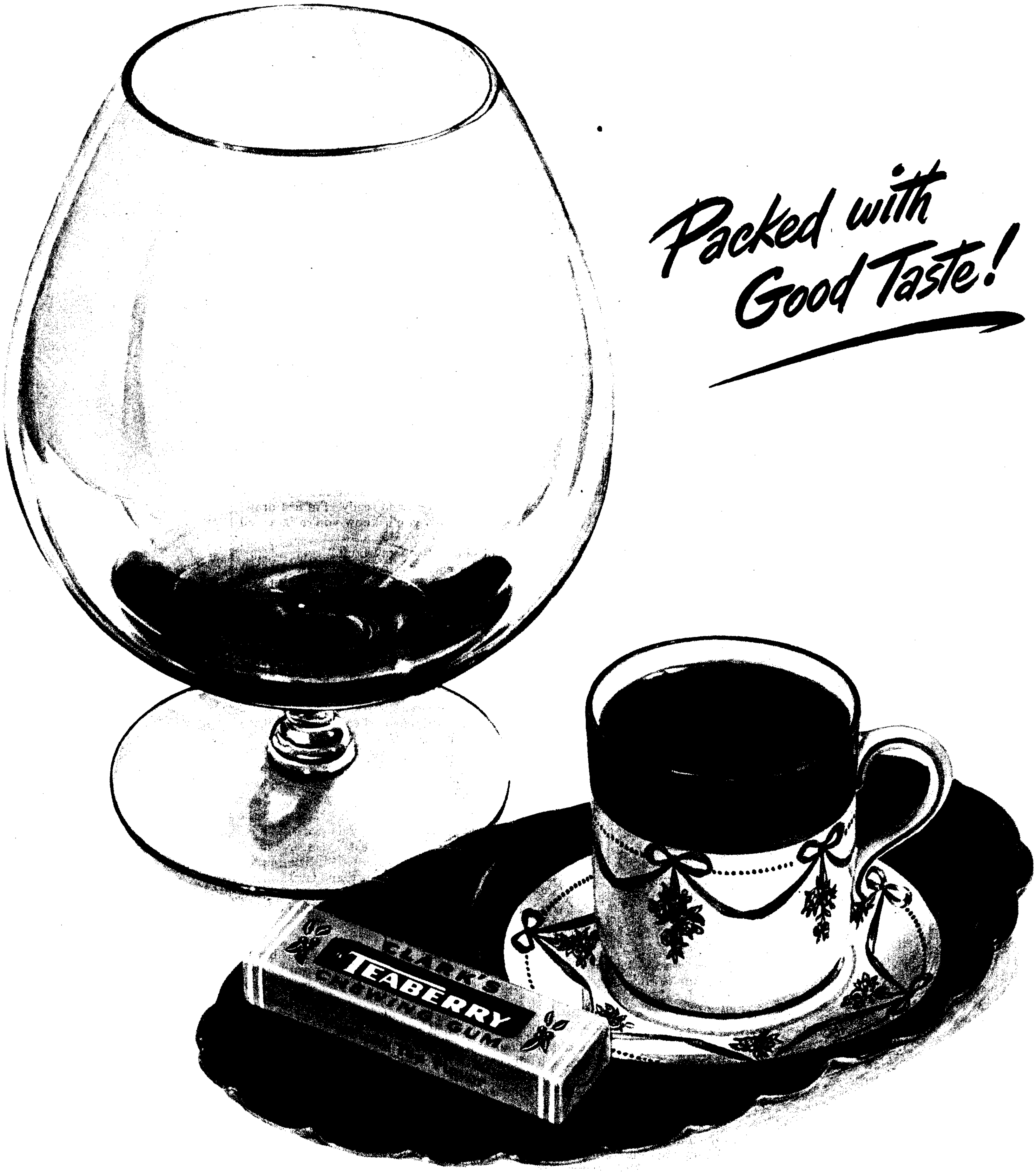
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CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

Carry It with You Always

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"He's a friend," Gail explained.

"So I've heard," Peterson said dryly. "I've heard you and him was even closer than that. How about it?"

"He's also the trustee of my estate."

"That still ain't enough. Let's quit kidding. I got it straight that you and Henderson were falling for each other. Did he know in advance you was gonna marry Kinkaid?"

"No."

"You just thought it'd be a cute little surprise, huh?"

Scott said quietly, "Do you have to act tough, Peterson?"

"Me? Sure. Police regulations. Detective in charge of a murder investigation has gotta be tough. So you just keep your shirt on, sonny. If you don't like the way I'm handlin' things, go find yourself another murder."

Chris gave a sharp, brittle laugh. "You really love stickin' your neck out, don't you, Henderson? Big shot! Got friends in high places, huh? Brother, you're gonna need 'em. Lemme see . . ."

He started checking things on his fingers. "You drove the former Miss Barrie to the spot where Doris Treadway was killed. Of course, you didn't have nothing to do with it. You don't know a thing.

"Mathews gets back to Cherokee unexpectedly and chases all around town looking for you. But you ain't there. You're somewhere else. Maybe waiting for him to get home. Him cashing in doesn't hurt you none, you know. I read his will. Pretty soft for Scotty Henderson.

"Your girl marries a good-looking grifter. Yeah, I know all about him. High class and beautiful, but a grifter just the same. You wouldn't be liking that, would you, Big Shot. You'd maybe decide to do something about it. You'd maybe come to the hotel and plug the guy. Then you and her could cook up this silly story. Maybe it didn't happen that way, but it could have."

Scott said, "You're trying to sell yourself a bill of goods, aren't you, Peterson? I suppose I went out that night and shot my own car full of holes."

"You could have. I ain't throwin' out that possibility, either. I got so much to go on, I don't know where to begin. But I know where to end, all right. And that's in the death house."

"Why not make an arrest?" inquired Scott wearily.

Peterson turned toward Bernie. "Now he's teaching me my business," he said unhappily. "It ain't enough he should obstruct justice, he's gotta instruct me how to be a cop. Look, you!" He was back to Scott again. "You don't need to worry that somebody ain't gonna sweat. You or her. Maybe both."

"Except that you haven't got anything to go on. No evidence that isn't circumstantial. You're not scaring me, Peterson. Not a bit. As a matter of fact, I'd also like to find out who did these killings."

"Oh, yeah? Suppose it come up Mrs. Kinkaid?"

"I'd still like to know." Scott's voice was level. "I'd like to help. You're making that rather difficult."

"Sweet of you. On behalf of the department, I thank you." Peterson took off his hat and tossed it across the room. It hit the couch and bounced off. He said, "Lemme explain something. A murder is committed. It's my job to find out who done it. I ain't interested in building up a case against anybody innocent. If your nose is clean, it's clean. That puts you on my side. If it ain't, you're playing on the other team. Right now I figure you in. Mrs. Kinkaid is definitely in. She knows things she ain't telling."

"Are you arresting either of us?"

"Nope. I couldn't make it stick."

"If you think we did it . . ."

"Look, sonny, don't go kidding yourself. You and the lady couldn't get away, even if you wanted. Not these days when we got science on our side. Radio and all that stuff."

He looked down at the toes of his shoes. Scott noticed that he had tiny feet, amazingly small for a man.

"It's this way," said Peterson reasonably. "I'm looking for the gimmick. I think all three of these murders are tied up. But what ties 'em, I don't know."

Scott said, "Gail's story could be true, you know."

"Yeah. Or you wouldn't have cooked it up. Real bright folks, I'd say. Skeleton keys that would fit any door in this hotel are a dime a dozen. I looked already. I know there are three entrances into the hall from this suite: one from this room and one from each bedroom. It could of happened just like she said. But you tell me this: why would anybody in Cherokee except you or Mrs. Kinkaid want to kill that guy?"

Scott said earnestly, "I haven't the faintest idea." He was surprised at the way he said it. It was so true that his words carried the ring of truth.

Peterson didn't miss it. Peterson didn't miss anything much. He said softly, "Maybe you told me something, sonny. Maybe you did . . ."

He strolled into the other room, and they heard him talking with the technical boys. From his post at the door, Bernie looked appealingly at his friend. He said, "He's confused, Scott. But Chris doesn't stay confused long."

"That's all right with me."

"What's more," Bernie went on, "he's got his teeth into something. Miss Barrie hasn't come clean. We all know that. If I was you, I'd try to get her to change her mind."

IF HE TELEPHONES

Go out with the boys or your secretary
But don't presume that I'm so unwary
To fall for that old "in conference" routine.
Look, dear, I'm not being snide or mean
But dinner has waited for over an hour
And it plus my temper are turning sour.
Mamma once told me that all you men
Are just little boys at heart. Since when
Does this automatically prove to you churls
That us wives are perpetual little girls?

"Sitting up with a sick friend" and such mock tales
Just increase my solo sundown cocktails.
I learned to like poker in unwed youth
And I'm under thirty, so try the truth
Next time you phone. I'll understand,
And wish you luck and a winning hand.
Or if it's that "big new client" number,
Break down and admit you're doing the rumba.
I'll neither condemn you nor wish her ill.
On second thought, like hell I will.

—PHYLLIS WRIGHT

Time dragged. Peterson sat and looked at them and walked around and sat down and looked at them some more. Then the telephone rang in Gail's bedroom. Peterson answered it. They couldn't tell from his end of the conversation what was going on, except that he liked it.

He rejoined them in the sitting room.

"At least," he said, "we ain't standing still. That was headquarters. They just finished testing the bullet that was dug out of Kinkaid's body." He bowed to Gail. "It seems that your late husband was killed with the same gun that was used on Fletcher Mathews."

NEVER, in all the history of Cherokee, had there been so much food for gossip. Speculation ranged from the wildest impossibility to the simplest probability.

The three local newspapers made the most of what they had, and they had plenty. But Scott Henderson knew they didn't have it all. Neither did the police. Nor did he, for that matter. Only Gail Barrie knew the answer, and she wasn't talking.

All through the first few days after Tony Kinkaid's death, Gail remained at home. There were innumerable official details which could not be avoided, but these were made as simple as possible.

Barbara's loyalty to Gail remained steadfast. She was stubborn in her refusal to believe that Gail had anything to do with any of the three murders. Scott was content to let that ride. It was pleasant to talk to someone who didn't continually fire unanswerable questions at him.

Thus far Chris Peterson had made no arrests. Without playing false to his duties as a member of the Cherokee police force, Bernie Williams kept Scott posted.

Sax Bailey, owner and operator of the semidisreputable Valley View Lodge, was grilled. He said he knew nothing about the affair except what he read in the papers. Yes, Fern Meredith was a friend of his; yes, he was off the deep end about her; yes, he was glad that Kinkaid wasn't underfoot any more. He made no pretense of being sorry, but he argued reasonably that if he hadn't done anything about the situation while Tony was single, he certainly wouldn't start to mess it up once Kinkaid had got himself married.

FERN MEREDITH yielded no better results. She wasn't too fond of Sax Bailey, but she couldn't figure why Sax would have wanted to kill Tony on his wedding night, or any night after his marriage, for that matter. As for herself: Nuts! She had no alibi; she was sore as a goat, but she didn't do it. "Another thing," she argued: "Supposing Gail Barrie's story is true. At five o'clock in the morning a man might have gone up in the elevator and never been noticed. He could have walked up the fire stairs. But me!" She laughed. "What chance would I have of getting up there and away again without being spotted?"

Peterson said he was satisfied. He wasn't—not entirely—but if he'd been forced to make a decision, he'd have checked Fern out.

The elevator boys on duty between one and seven in the morning didn't remember anybody who looked as though he was about to commit a murder or had committed one. They'd each taken the normal number of passengers up and down. One guy more or less didn't mean a thing. They didn't even remember Scott Henderson.

On the Tuesday following Kinkaid's death, Scott got a telephone call from Fern Meredith. He left his work and went to her apartment. He stared at her as she closed the door behind him. Her face was drawn. It was hard. There was a cold, bitter light in her blue eyes. She said, "Maybe you want to hear what I got to say; maybe you don't."

"I think I do."

"Okay. I'm asking a question. Do you want to know who killed Tony, or are you covering for somebody?"

He said, "I want to find out."

"Suppose it turned out to be Gail Barrie?"

"I'd still want to know."

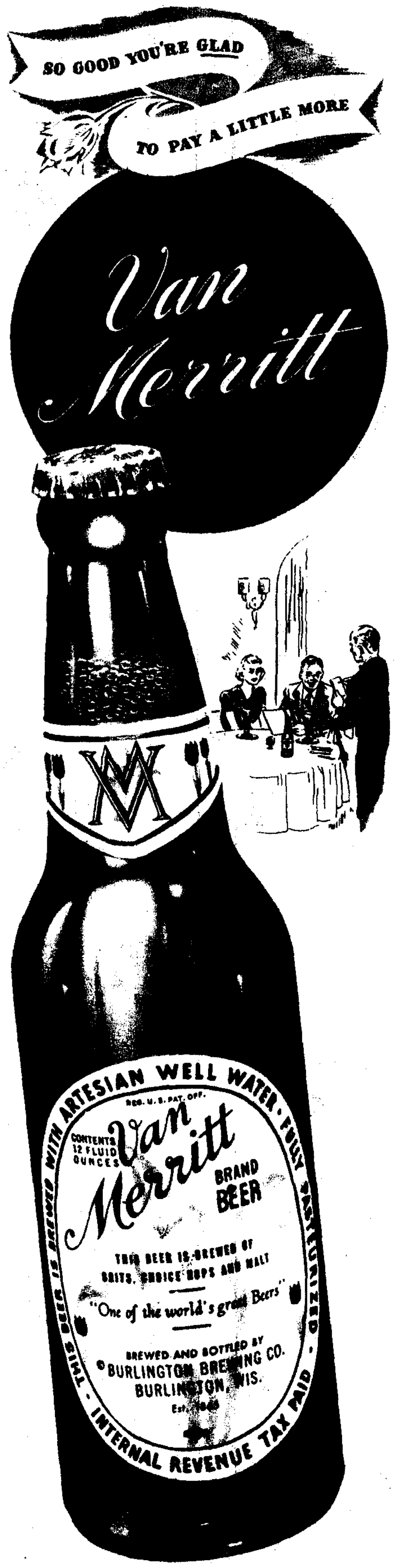
He was afraid. Afraid that she had discovered something which had escaped him, something which might tie Gail up too tight.

Fern said, "I got nothing to go on. Just intuition—whatever that means. I can't figure Gail in it."

Scott exhaled. Until that instant, he didn't know he had been holding his breath.

"If I did," she went on, "I'd talk so fast it'd make your hair curl. The thing I want most in this world is to find the person who killed Tony. I don't check Gail in because she doesn't fit. Tony was making a play for her. A million bucks would look good to any man. You know something the cops don't: I wasn't jealous. He liked to play around with me. He had no conscience and no scruples. He wasn't afraid of Billy Be-damned. I was nuts about him, so it's a cinch for me to figure another dame feeling the same way. Even a classy one like Barrie. I'll admit I don't understand the two bedrooms for a honeymoon. The more I think of that, the queerer it strikes me. I think once you get the answer to that, you've maybe got the answer to everything."

Scott watched her though a haze of cigarette smoke. Even with the ravages of grief showing on her face, she had a tough kind of beauty. What was more, she was shrewd. Hard and uncultured—but smart. She said, "Somebody killed Tony. Maybe Gail Barrie, maybe somebody else. I'm keeping after it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until I know. I sent for you to find out if we were on the same team."

Scott said simply, "We are."

"Good. Now I'll ask you another question. How do you figure it?"

"I don't."

"You think it was Gail?"

"No."

"Why?"

"No logical reason. No reason anybody would credit. The same sort of reason you have: I just don't see it that way."

She nodded. "You said it. We can reach out and touch the answer. Only we don't know which way to reach."

He said, "You and Tony were pretty close. He must have told you a good deal about himself. Did he ever mention—"

"Enemies? Hell, yes. But not the killing kind. There was lots of mugs hated his guts. But Tony played everything smart. He liked it that way. He'd tackle anything that had to be tackled, but he never led with his chin. Get it?"

"Yes."

"Maybe you can tell me this. Dames always went wall-eyed about him. I did. Gail Barrie *did*. What I'm wondering is: Was there somebody else? Perhaps some babe in the Country Club set. Maybe somebody who would blow her top when she found out he'd up and married another girl?"

Henderson nodded. "I hadn't thought of that angle. It's possible. But I don't know of any such affair."

She hesitated before speaking. Then: "You won't fly off the handle if I snap one at you?"

"No."

"How about Miss Mathews?"

"Barbara?" He leaned back in his chair and smiled. "That's the silliest idea I ever heard. Good Lord! She's only a kid."

"Just a year or so younger than Gail Barrie."

"And she's got half a dozen boy friends."

"Maybe you got something right there. A half dozen means she hasn't got any. If there was one—an exclusive one—see what I mean?"

"Yes. But Barbara didn't even like Tony. She kidded about how handsome he was and how he loved himself. She couldn't see why Gail wasted time on him."

FERN MEREDITH was gazing at Scott with an odd intentness. She said gently, "Think back over what you've just been saying, Mr. Henderson. Maybe you'll see it could point two ways."

"It's ridiculous! You've let your imagination run away with you."

"Try again. And I ain't taking it the easy way, either. I'm even checking out Gail until I know different. But there's one thing I can't check out. Tony is dead. Somebody killed him. They didn't do it for money because the poor lug didn't have any. So what have you got left? Answer me that." She laughed harshly. "You got love, that's what you got. It could be Gail Barrie's kind of love. She could have been sore because he married her and then gave her the brush-off. Maybe the guy didn't tell her the real score until he was married to her."

"But you said you didn't think that."

"I still don't. I'm thinking of the other kind of love. The love that's been kicked in the teeth. I know how a woman could feel. If I hadn't known just where I stood with Tony, if I hadn't seen this coming and been rooting for it, if I'd been suddenly slapped down by his marriage—hell! I could have shot him myself. Don't kid yourself, mister. When a dame's overboard about a man, she's like any other woman. That's old stuff."

They stood up. She said, "I had my nerve asking you to come over. I know you're busy. But you're the one guy I know can be trusted. I wanted to find out if we were looking for the same thing."

"You've found out."

"Yeah. And you're playing it that way, even if Gail Barrie gets hurt?"

"No matter who gets hurt."

She followed him to the door. She held out her hand—rather timidly—and he took it. She smiled—the first real smile he'd seen since he came in.

"I wonder what it'd be like," she said, "to be tied up with a regular guy like you. Somebody who might worry about you once in a while, who might be gentle . . ." She tore her hand away from his. "I'm a dope," she snapped. "I always was a dope."

He went out. The door closed behind him, gently. He walked to his office. He got there a little after three o'clock. The girl at the switchboard looked at him peculiarly and said, "Mrs. Kinkaid is in your office, Mr. Henderson."

"Mrs. Kinkaid!" The name didn't fit, somehow. And he was aware that all of his employees studiously refrained from looking at him. He went inside and closed the door.

GAIL got up and held out her hand. She was smiling, but her gray eyes looked worried. Gail and Scott chatted inconsequentially for a moment. Then he asked what was on her mind.

She told him. She told him in a tense voice that demanded no interruption. She said:

"This is something I don't want to argue about, Scott. It isn't an impulse. I know what I'm doing and why I'm doing it."

She went on: "I need twenty-five thousand dollars, Scott. I've got to have it. Right away. Today if possible. Tomorrow at the latest. I haven't anything like that amount in the bank. But you can lend it to me. You can advance it against what I'll be getting soon from the estate."

"For heaven's sake stop primping and let's get on with the massacre!"

COLLIER'S GIF HISER

He was saying nothing, thinking hard.

"I want it in reasonably small bills. Nothing over fifty dollars. I want your word of honor that the money will not be marked."

He said, "Suppose I refuse?"

Her eyes darkened. "You'd be making a mistake, Scott. This is the most important thing I've ever asked you. You've got to do it!"

He met her gaze levelly. Then, to her obvious surprise, he nodded. He said, "Okay, Gail. I'll get it for you. But not today. The banks are closed. Will tomorrow morning be all right?"

"Yes." Then her eyes filled with tears. She had won her point with unexpected ease. She said, "Thank you, Scott, thank you. You don't know how much you've helped. You haven't any idea how important this is."

He walked around the desk and patted her on the shoulder. He led her through the office and stood in the corridor until the elevator arrived.

Then he went back to his desk. He knew just exactly what he intended to do.

He asked his switchboard operator for a line. He dialed the number of police headquarters. He asked for Bernie Williams.

A half minute later Bernie's heavy, lazy voice came to him. They exchanged hellos, and Scott said, "Busy?"

"Nope."

"Can you come over to my office right away?"

"Important?"

"Yes."

"Okay, kid. Look out the window and the guy you see comin' around the corner is me."

Scott Henderson put down the telephone and stared thoughtfully at the blank wall. "Maybe," he said to himself, "maybe this is it."

Scott Henderson talked and Bernie Williams listened. Only the tiny trace of a frown gave any hint of the intentness with which he was listening.

Not once did he interrupt. When Scott finished talking, he hitched himself upright, shook his head and said, "Well, whaddaya know."

It wasn't a question. It was merely an indication that he was properly impressed.

Scott said, "How do you figure it, Bernie?"

"It's easy, kid. You got exactly two guesses. One's got to be right."

"I'm listening."

"First, things have gotten too tough, and she's taking a powder."

Scott thought that one over, then shook his head. "I'll probably like the other one better."

"Me, too. I'd say that somebody had turned on the heat and she was fixing to pay 'em off."

"Who, and why?"

"If I knew that, kid, I'd be a sergeant myself." Bernie lighted the cigar with meticulous care. "What're you fixin' to do, Scott?"

"I'm just about to ask your help."

"You got it already."

"I thought I'd give her the money, just exactly as she asked for it. If it fits in with your plans, I'd give it to her at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. You could pick her up when she left here with the package. Follow her, and see what she does."

BERNIE was thoughtful. He said, "If she tried to get out of town, Scott, I'd be bound to stop her. That wouldn't help her situation any."

Scott said, "That's all right with me."

"She could maybe get hurt. I don't mean hurt, really—but surprised and shocked. That sort of thing. If she figured you had spilled, she wouldn't be too happy."

"I'll take the chance. But frankly, I don't see it that way. I think she's planning to give the money to somebody. I haven't the faintest idea why. But if you could see her deliver the package, then let her get clear, then pick up the person she gives it to, it might give us the answer to a lot of questions."

"It still wouldn't make her position too healthy."

Scott spoke earnestly. "Listen, Bernie," he said. "I'm in love with Gail. I've never been in love before. What this might lead to could hit me hard. But Fletcher Mathews' death hit me hard, too."

"You're afraid she's right in the middle of it, aren't you?"

"I know she is. But dammit, Bernie, I can't believe that she had anything to do with any of these murders."

"Don't bank on that too strong, kid. I think you're right. I dope it out the same way you do. But it could be worse than you think. You gotta remember that if people conspire to commit any sort of felony and that if one of the conspirators, in the commission of that felony, commits a greater crime—murder, we'll say—both or all the conspirators are principals in the crime." Bernie inhaled deeply, blew out a cloud of fragrant smoke and grinned across at his friend. "Whew! Imagine all them ten-dollar phrases from me, the prize dope in high school. I reckon the only thing I ever studied was police stuff. I like being a cop. That's how come I can spout all them fancy things."

Scott was smiling. "You did have me walking on my heels for a minute, Bernie. And thanks. I know what you're driving at. It's a risk that's got to be taken."

"Swell! So you hand the package of money to Gail. I follow her. I see her give it to someone. We'll say she goes off and leaves him—if it is a him. I let her go. I tail this lug, and when he gets to some place where she couldn't know, I pick him up. That it?"

"Yes."

"Then what?"

"What would you suggest?"

"You'd like to talk to him, wouldn't you? Real private?"

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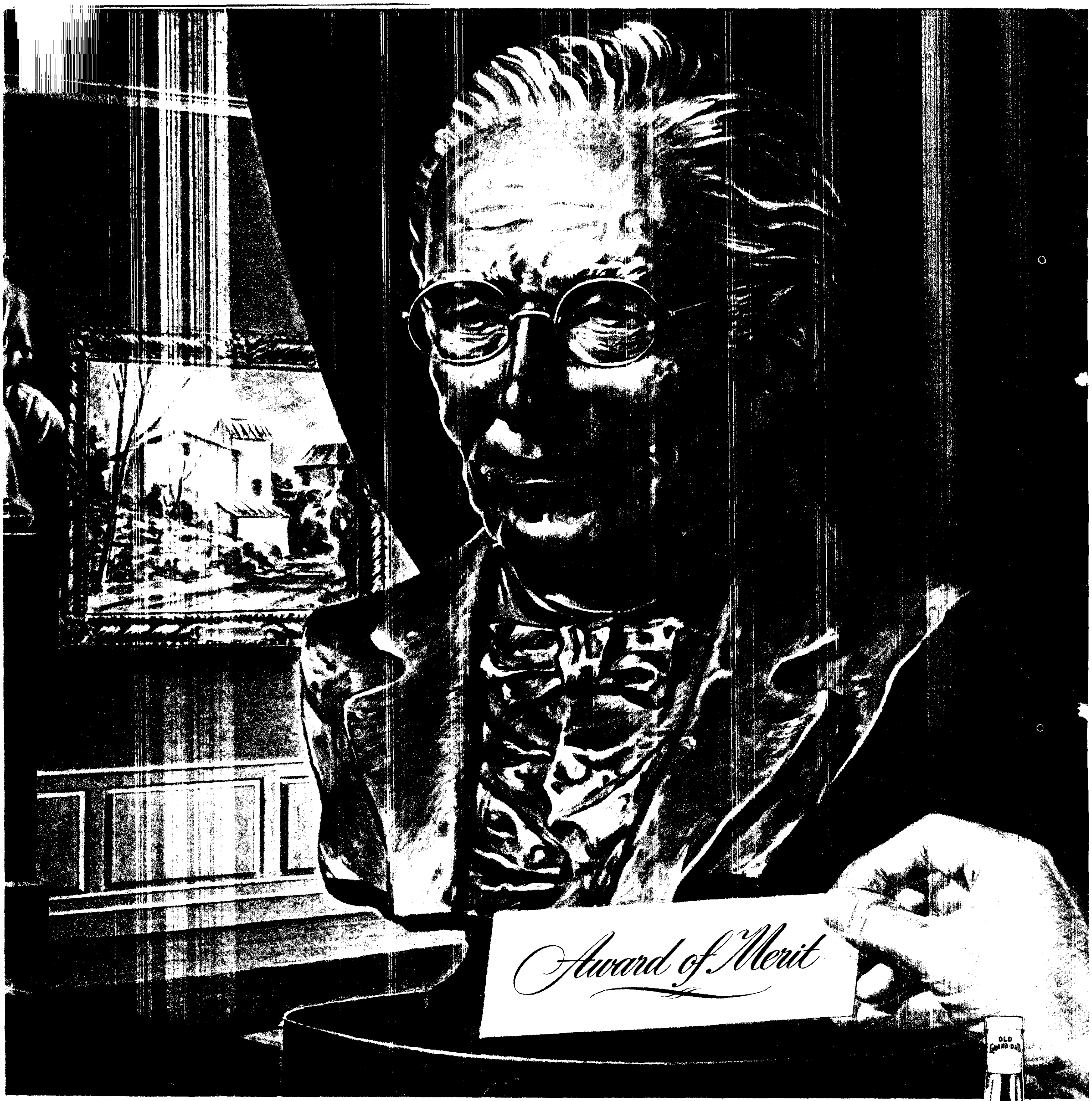
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"I certainly would. I'd also like you to be there. Can it be done?"

"Sure. I can slap him in the can without making an entry on the blotter. Under the laws of this state, he can be held for three days. If we need him any longer than that, you'll have to start throwing your weight around."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, under the law, we either got to charge a guy with something or let him go. But when a felony's been committed, there's all kinds of ways to get around that. You got influence with the chief and the D. A. If we got this figured right, and if we needed to hold him out longer than three days, you'd have to fix it up."

"Peterson?"

"Yeah. The guy ain't sociable. He ain't too happy about you and me being friends. He wants this case to stay right in his own pocket. If he found out I was pulling a fast one, he'd carry his howl right up to the chief."

"I get it," Henderson said. "But I think I can handle things. If I can't, then David Gardel can."

"We all set, then?"

"Yes."

"I'll be outside the bank tomorrow morning long before eleven. If anything slips, you lemme know." Bernie hoisted himself from the chair. "Anything else?"

"How about having dinner with me?"

"Chop suey?"

"Right."

"You're on."

It was a nice dinner—not because Scott was too passionate about chop suey but because this seemed like old times, as though they were kids again. Bernie helped Scott to forget things he wanted to forget and to remember things that were pleasant. They talked football mostly. They didn't discuss murder.

THE following morning Scott telephoned Gail. She asked whether he'd got the money. Her voice sounded eager. Too eager. He told her the bank was fixing it up, and that if she'd meet him there at a few minutes before eleven, he'd turn it over to her.

She was in his office by ten-thirty. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, her color too high. She looked excited, rather than afraid. He tried to act as though he had nothing up his sleeve. He asked again what it was all about, knowing that she wouldn't tell him, and not caring.

They left the bank together. Scott glanced across the street and saw the big shoulders of Bernie Williams blotting out half the window of a jewelry store. Scott didn't look too hard. He didn't want Gail to suspect that he had an iron in the fire.

"How'd you get downtown?" he asked.

"In Barbara's car. I'm parked on State."

He walked to the car with her. She slipped under the wheel and he handed her the package of money. She put it on the seat beside her. And then, to give Bernie plenty of time, Scott kept her talking for a while.

She had a forced, brittle gaiety this morning. But she was obviously impatient. She was the one who ended the conversation. She pulled away from the curb and headed east toward an area of sprawling, middle-class suburbs. Scott watched her go. He felt excited and apprehensive. Nothing he could do about it now. The chips were down.

Before Gail had gone two blocks, Bernie Williams' car passed the spot where Scott was standing. Bernie didn't look in Scott's direction. He was intent on keeping Gail's car in sight without being seen. He was sticking close because traffic was heavy. Later, he'd widen the distance between them. Even if she looked into the rearview mirror, she wouldn't suspect that she was being tailed.

Scott went back to his office. The more he thought about the setup, the more convinced he became that the gimmick which thus far had eluded all of them was about to be brought to light. He didn't know where that would put Gail Barrie; he didn't know what effect the discovery would have on him. He was doing this because he had to—because he wanted to. But that didn't keep him from being afraid.

He told himself that love was a funny thing. He could consider all the angles with complete detachment. He could even figure the unpleasant possibility that Gail was criminally involved. He knew he'd follow through on what he had started. But he also knew that he was deeply in love with Gail Barrie and was going to stay that way.

The noon hour struck and the office help started streaming out. Scott didn't leave. He sat at his desk, thumbing through papers aimlessly. The door was open and he could see the big electric clock on the opposite wall. The hands didn't seem to move. He was becoming magnificently jittery.

The phone rang and he lunged for it. He said hello and Bernie's voice answered: "Scott?"

"Yes."

"How's about meeting me at the hot-dog stand on Maple in ten minutes?"

"Make it five."

"Five it is."

THE stand was a hole-in-the-wall. It was crowded. The odor was violent but appetizing. Bernie ordered two, all the way, and pressed one into Scott's hand. He said, "Chew on it, kid. It'll make things look good."

They sidled into a corner and talked in whispers.

"Any luck?" asked Scott.

"And how!"

"She gave the money to someone?"

"Yeah. A man."

"Who?"

"Nobody you know. Or me, either. I got him in the cooler now, incognito."

Scott smiled in spite of himself. "Incommunicado?"

"I'm always gettin' 'em mixed up."

"Tell me about it."

"She drove out through Woodhaven. Turned right at 58th Street. Went beyond the houses. Just vacant lots there. A few trees and a lot of weeds. She pulled over and parked. After about ten minutes a little guy came strollin' along. Funny little duck. He went up to the car; they talked for two-three minutes. She handed him the package of money. She asked him something—maybe could she drop him somewhere—I wouldn't know for sure. He shook his head. She made a U-turn and started back in the general direction of where I was. I got behind a tree. She zipped by me without ever lookin'.

"I gave her plenty of time. Then I got into my jeep and tooled along after this guy. He couldn't have gone far, I figured. I was right. I pulled up alongside and said, 'Hey, mister.' At first I thought he was going to run for it. Then he changed his mind.

"I got out and flashed my badge. He looked kinda unhappy. He asked what it was all about. I said he'd find out soon enough. I told him to climb in, and he climbed. I frisked him to make sure he wasn't rodded. No gun on him. No blackjack. No brass knucks. We drove into town.

"He tried to talk his way out. No luck. He asked if he was being arrested for anything. I said no—what would we want to arrest him for? He didn't have no good answer to that one. I said I just wanted to talk to him a while, private like. With that he clammed up. Not another peep out of him all the way in. I got him past the desk sergeant. Doyle. Him and me are good friends. He ain't talking. Maybe because I also winked and mentioned that this would be okay with the chief and the D. A. I shoved my little partridge into a nice, clean cell. I went through him. Nothing on him that meant anything. Less than twenty dollars cash, not counting the package of money Gail had given him. No identification cards. I said if he'd play nice, there wouldn't be any trouble. He thought that one over and finally gave me a name and address. I suppose he figured I could find out easy enough so he might as well make like he was playing ball. He's registered at the Grainger—and what a jernt that is. He says his name is Ollie Drucker. That mean anything to you?"

"No."

"I thought not. This guy is small, but he looks tough. Real tough. It ain't the first time he's been picked up by police. You can tell that by the way they act."

Scott said, "What do we do next?"

I'm Beginning to See the Light!

RESTAURANT
OUTSIDE LOOKING IN--THAT'S ME! AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING ME UP TO YOUR SISTER!
I GAVE HER THE WORKS, LARRY! BUT SHE GOES FOR GUYS WITH NO BAD BREATH! MEANING--YOU OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST, PAL!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH--HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES--STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS--REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
SURE IS A BLAZE AROUND THIS HOUSE--SINCE LARRY SAW THE LIGHT!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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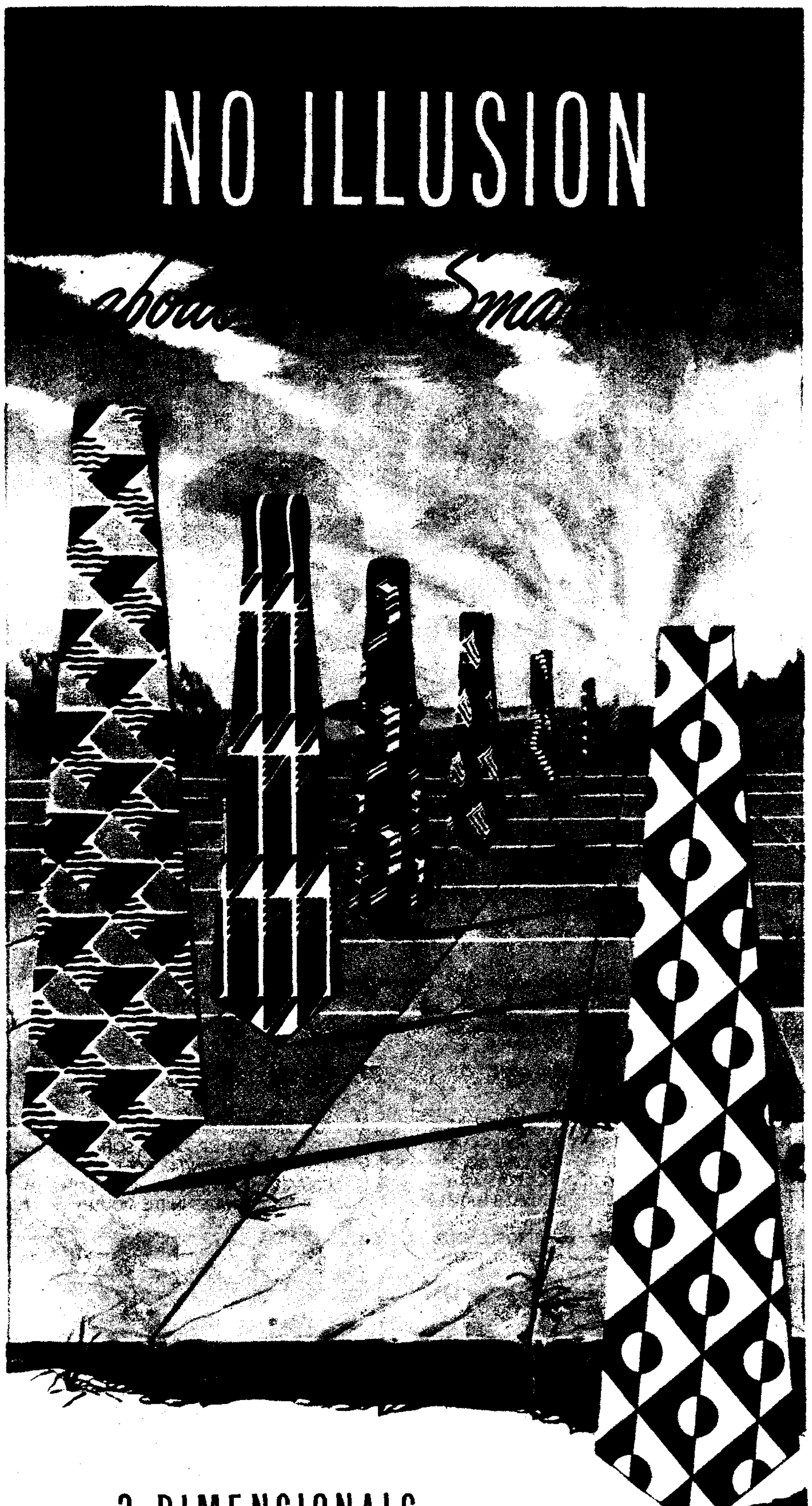

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"We can case his room at the Grainger. Or we can talk to him."

Scott drew a deep breath.

"Okay," he said, "let's look at his room first."

The Grainger was the second oldest hotel in Cherokee; and it hadn't been the best even when it was new. Now it was dingy, furtive, down-at-the-heel. It was built of red brick and was six stories high. It had a gloomy lobby, a set of ancient chairs, and a young, hard-eyed clerk, who had seen so many things that nothing could surprise him.

He took a look at Bernie Williams' badge and didn't turn a hair. He glanced at his registry cards and said, "Three-seventeen." He tossed a big brass ring with a pass key on it across the counter. He asked, "Want a bellboy?"

"No, thanks. How long has Drucker been here?"

"August first, the books say."

"Owe anything?"

"Nobody owes anything here. If they don't pay, they get pitched out."

BERNIE and Scott waited for the elevator. The operator was as old and rickety as the hotel. He was chewing tobacco, and seemed to have no interest in anything whatsoever. He let them off at the third floor, languidly closed his door, and dropped from sight.

Bernie said, "You get it, Scott? This Drucker checked in August first. That was three days before Doris was killed."

Henderson nodded. The very thought of Gail Barrie knowing anyone who would live here was incongruous. He said, "I've never been in this hotel before. It's quite a dump."

They entered Room 317. It was a big room. All the rooms in the Grainger were big. But when you had said that, you'd said it all. The plaster was cracked and dirty. There was a big, white-enameled double bed which showed black scars where the enamel had chipped off. There was an old dresser of the type which was called a bureau in its day, a wardrobe, a closet, a large but unkempt bathroom, a straight chair, and another chair which was supposed to be easy but wasn't. The bed looked as though it had been made that morning, but meanwhile had been slept on. The closet door was open. There was a suitcase on the floor. Inside the closet a single suit was hanging. Bernie didn't waste time. He started searching the room.

The search didn't take long, nor did it yield anything to get excited about. The room contained the sparse and threadbare possessions of a man who had been pretty close to the financial rocks; a minimum of everything, and most of that cheap and shoddy. "Just one thing interestin'," said Bernie. "The name of the store where that suit was bought has been snipped out. You usually find it inside the coat, by the pocket. Some laundry marks have been cut out. Looks like Brother Drucker was kind of cautious about bein' checked."

He finished with the closet, the bathroom, the suitcase. On the dresser he found a pencil stub, a brush and comb—both slightly the worse for wear—a comic supplement from last Sunday's local paper, a Racing Form and two magazines. He opened the drawers and discovered a minimum of undershirts and shorts, a half dozen neckties, two suits of clean pajamas and seven assorted shirts. He probed through the clothing and came up with a little notebook in his hand. He said, "Maybe we got something here."

Scott wasn't optimistic. If Mr. Ollie Drucker had left a notebook in his dresser drawer, the chances were that it wasn't important.

Bernie thumbed through it. He said, "Hell! Nothin'. Mostly telephone numbers. Broads, I reckon. You wouldn't think it of the little guy. Garages. Stores. Looks like he musta traveled a lot. There's telephone exchanges from all over the country."

He handed the book to Scott. Scott studied it. He said, "Doesn't look very interesting, does it?"

"Naah! Nothin' to it."

Scott turned several pages. He said, "I wonder who F. O. is?"

"Whaddaya mean, F. O.?"

"Drucker apparently has the habit of writing out telephone exchanges in full. In front of three of these numbers are the initials F. O. Look! Here's one number repeated—F.O. 4779. Could be a lead."

Bernie shrugged. "Not much to go on, Scott."

Henderson seated himself at the dresser. He took a fountain pen from his pocket and a sheet of paper from the drawer. He said, "Mind if I copy down what's in this book?"

"Go ahead, kid. But it ain't gonna get you nowhere."

Scott worked carefully, checking back with each page. He finished finally and looked down at his handiwork. It wasn't very impressive.

Walnut 3715 (Myrtle)
Agnes (call 8:30)—Ellinder 2146
Repairing blowout—$3.50 (Tip 25¢)
F.O. 4779
Mable—10—Vista Club
Yancey & Co.
Lv. 10:38. Arr. N. Y. 8:30 (See Joe at Wallie's)
Clover 1245
41732
F.O. 4779
River 4231 (got a friend)
Jake owes $3.75
F.O. 1295

Bernie took Scott's list, read that far and said, "Nuts! It'd take the whole department a year to check everything you got down there. Unless that F. O. business really means something." He scratched his head. "I'd like to know why he put down 4779 twice."

"That's what I'm wondering." Scott folded the paper and slipped it into the inside pocket of his coat. He put the notebook back among the shirts in the drawer. He said, "We may as well mosey along to the jail, don't you think?"

THE City Hall was Cherokee's pride. It was an impressive white building ten stories high. The city jail occupied the three top floors. That meant that the prisoners could enjoy the view but didn't have much chance of getting to it.

Bernie chatted with Doyle, who was still on the desk, then conducted Scott to the office of the jailer and said he wanted to talk privately with Ollie Drucker. The man grinned and said, "There ain't no such person here, Bernie. But you can see him."

He unlocked the door and led the two young men down a forbidding but immaculately clean corridor. He inserted a key in a barred door and let them into a cubicle which looked more like a room than a cell. The jailer said, "We keep this special for nice folks. Mister Drucker is nice folks. He don't bother nobody. Maybe that's on account he ain't here, really." He laughed loudly at his own joke.

Bernie said, "You slay me, Pete."

Pete rolled off, still chortling. Scott whispered to Bernie, "What did you do with the package of money?"

"In the safe downstairs."

Ollie Drucker was sitting on his cot. Scott looked him over curiously. He was a small, wiry man about forty years old. Ollie was partly bald. He was wearing a gray suit that was sadly in need of pressing, and a gray shirt open at the throat. He had cold gray eyes, but Scott got the impression that those eyes were not without fear.

The little man tried to appear uninterested. He sat staring at them, and only the fact that his fingers were interlaced so tightly that the knuckles showed white gave any indication that he was under a strain.

Bernie waved at his friend. He said, "Go ahead, kid. See if you can make him sing."

Scott tried to talk like an average man on an average social visit. He said, "Why did Miss Barrie give you that package, Drucker?"

Drucker didn't say anything.

"Where did you meet Miss Barrie?"

He could see Ollie's brain working. The man was badly frightened, and trying not to show it. At length he said, "I don't know nobody by that name."

"Who do you know in Cherokee?"

"Few guys at a poolroom."

"You've been here since the first of August, haven't you?"

"I forget."

"What have you been doing all that time?"

Speaking of Men

I know what makes an Adam
Bring out the Eve in me...
It's not his looks, his pocketbook,
It's not his family tree.
It's his clean-cut manly appearance
That plays the biggest part...
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Makes a tom-tom of my heart!

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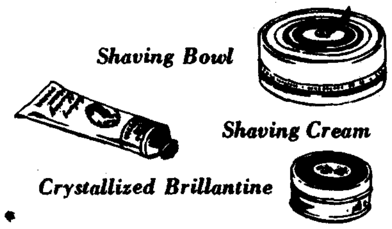

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PINAUD

"Looking for a job."

"What kind of job?"

"Anything. They say they don't want no old men now. I ain't old. I'm forty-three."

"Who's been giving you the money to live on since August first?"

"I had some when I got here. It's run out now."

"Do you know what was in that package Miss Barrie gave you?"

"Nobody gave me no package."

"But you had a package when Detective Williams picked you up."

"Yeah, sure. I found it in a vacant lot."

"Suppose I told you that we know you're lying. Williams saw Miss Barrie give you that package."

"I'm telling you," said the little man with desperate earnestness, "nobody gave me no package."

Bernie snapped, "Wise guy, huh?"

Ollie looked up at him. He said, "That's the truth. Honest."

"Do you know what was in the package?" persisted Scott.

"I told you—"

"There was $25,000 in that bundle. Small bills. Not marked. That money belonged to Miss Barrie. She had a right to do anything with it she wanted to do. If she gave it to you—and we know she did—it's yours. We'll give it back to you."

There was the faintest sort of glitter in Ollie's eyes. He said, "Then why don't you leave me be?"

"So far as we know, you're in the clear. But we need to know two more things. First, what is the connection between you and Miss Barrie? Second, why did she voluntarily give you $25,000?"

OLLIE was fighting against temptation and fear. He said, "I don't know anybody named Barrie. Nobody gave me no $25,000."

Henderson sighed. He wasn't getting anywhere. "You're just not talking, is that it?"

"I can't talk when I don't know nothin'."

"I'll try something else. Did you ever hear of a man named Anthony Kinkaid?"

Ollie's eyelids drooped. He seemed to be badly scared. "I read about him in the papers," he said. "Somebody killed him."

"Was it you?"

Ollie made a gesture of weariness. He said, "Look, supposin' I did kill the guy—which I didn't—would I say so?"

"I suppose not. But you knew him, didn't you?"

"Never heard of him until I read about it in the papers."

Scott's voice tightened. "Did you ever hear of a man named Fletcher Mathews?"

"Same way as I heard about Kinkaid."

"Or about a girl named Doris Treadway?"

Ollie said, "What goes on here? Three people that got bumped off. Why should I know any more about them than anybody else?"

"I've got an idea. Miss Treadway was a friend of Miss Barrie's. Mr. Mathews was her trustee and guardian. She had become Kinkaid's wife a few hours before he was murdered."

"Kinda makes her look like the patsy, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Except for you. You were in town when those murders were committed. A little while ago, Miss Barrie—or Mrs. Kinkaid, whichever way you want to think of her—gave you a package containing a lot of money. That puts you right in the middle. If you'll come clean, I know that the police will meet you halfway."

"They will like hell. Guys like me are sirloin steak for cops. So I ain't changing what I already said. I found a bundle in a vacant lot. I got no idea what was in it."

"You're lying."

"Prove it."

"That's easy enough. Miss Barrie could identify you and—"

Drucker said, "If she was mixed up in this, and if she was willing to talk, you wouldn't be here askin' me questions."

Scott looked helplessly at Bernie. He'd gone as far as he could go. Bernie said, "How's it feel to have three murder raps hangin' over you?"

There was a whine in Drucker's voice when he said, "You can't get anywhere that way. It ain't no crime for a guy to find something, is it?"

"Maybe. What were you planning to do with it?"

"I'd have opened the package, and if it had money in it, I'd have turned it in to the cops."

"Well! Are you a card! You find twenty-five thousand smackers an' you're gonna give it to the police."

"Yeah. Like any honest citizen is supposed to do."

Bernie said, "We've sent your fingerprints to the F.B.I. for checking."

Ollie shook his head. "I got no criminal record."

Bernie gathered from the way he said it that Drucker was telling the truth. He said, "No dividends, Scott. Why should we waste any more time?"

"Just a minute." Drucker got up from the cot. "You got no right to keep me here. Not without a charge you ain't."

"You ain't here," Bernie said calmly. "The blotter says you ain't."

"How about habeas corpus?"

"It's swell. I like mine with chocolate sauce."

"You gotta charge me with something."

"So what? If that time comes, we'll make it vagrancy. Or suspicion of murder. Or nothing. It's in your lap. When you make up your mind to do a little talking, ask the jailer to send for Detective Williams. That's me."

Standing at the elevators, Bernie said, "The runt is full of pay dirt, Scott, but he ain't distributin' any of it. He's scared stiff, and sometimes it's hard to make a scared guy talk. I'll work on him a little. Nothing rough. Just persuasive. But I wouldn't be hopeful, if I was you. My advice is you see the chief and the D. A. or get your lawyers on the job. That's so if Chris Peterson finds out what we're doing, he can't mess it up."

Scott nodded. He said, "If we had one thing to break him down with . . ."

"He was lying about Gail Barrie and the money. But the dope you handed him was straight. It was her dough. If she wanted to slip it to a small-time grifter, that was her business. He knows it, and he's playing cute."

"He's afraid of something."

"Uh-huh. And that's where we came in. We knew that before we began."

Scott started back for the office. Halfway there, he changed his mind. He drove to Brookside and pulled up in front of the Mathews home. Leander was putting fresh covers on the veranda chairs. Yes, he said, Miss Gail was home, an' he sho would be happy to leave her know that Mistuh Scott was callin'.

Scott knew exactly what he was going to do. He realized that Gail mustn't suspect that her contact with Ollie Drucker had been observed.

In spite of all she'd been through recently, she made his heart jump. She was prettier than he remembered her. And sweeter. And more desirable. No matter what happened, that was the way she affected him.

They seated themselves side by side. He said, "I want to ask you something, honey."

He could see that she was instantly on guard. She said, "Yes?"

"I want you to think carefully. Do you know anybody whose initials are F. O.?"

She shook her head. "Not that I can remember, Scott."

He felt that she was telling the truth. He was disappointed. "Think carefully," he urged. "Don't those initials mean anything to you?"

"F. O." She was turning it over in her mind. Then she looked up and frowned. "FO means something," she said, "but not as initials."

"As what, then?"

She looked at him closely for a minute.

She said, "Could FO stand for a telephone exchange?"

"It could. It probably does. But where?"

She turned away from him. She looked afraid—as though she were debating whether to answer him or not.

"Where is it, Gail?" he said.

She took a deep breath.

"Havana. Havana, Cuba."

(To be concluded next week)

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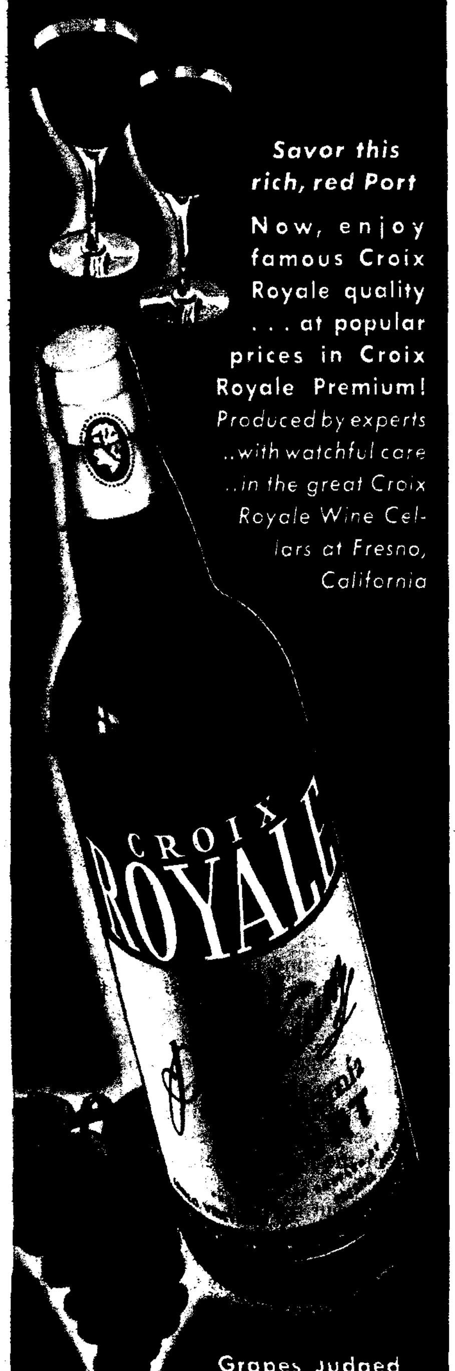

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Cameo Vineyards Co., Fresno, California

Christmas Deferred

BY HARNETT T. KANE

Members of the colony enjoy refreshments on the porch of church, after the distribution of the presents. In Catholic Louisiana, they are Protestants

Their Christmas may be late, but it's much the same kind as yours. Christmas trees? Of course they have them

ON a balmy spring day of light breezes and heavy green foliage that pokes through the windows, Christmas comes for some people in Louisiana. Christmas several months late is better than no Christmas at all. So, for a quarter of a century, it has seemed to a band of residents along narrow, curving Bayou de Large, in the watery marsh region of the deep South. The date is variable. Some years it is in March; some years it is as late as April or May.

While others near them work in gardens and perspire under a near-tropical sun, a group of men, women and children stand around a shining tree; over the blooming countryside—where flourish palmettos, mangroves and vines as thick as a man's head—float the notes of Silent Night, Holy Night. And as you listen, you realize, if you have not already sensed it, that these are not the usual voices or the usual citizens of southern Louisiana.

Throughout most of the marsh and bayou area, when you speak of residents, you mean French, or French-Spanish, with a vivacity and a pungent, chuckling Gallicism peculiarly their own. Here, however, the faces and voices and manner are sharply Anglo-Saxon. Cheeks are pink rather than olive. Hair is blond rather than black or brunette, and the eyes are bland and blue rather than the snapping, luminous jet of the true Louisiana Frenchman. Their meeting place is a little Episcopal church—something of a novelty on the usual small bayou. This place of belated Christmas is the scene of Louisiana's "lost colony," an odd, little-known settlement that remains a mystery to those around it, to those who have tried to find out more about it—and, also, to itself.

On December 25th, these people are far from home, making a feverish living over the mushy "floating prairies." They are muskrat trappers, running their twisted lines among the small, moundlike dens, utilizing every hour of daylight. Their quarters are tightly packed houseboats or one-room huts like matchboxes on stilts. The season lasts only a short time. With energy and luck, a man can support his family for the next six months with what he earns during these 90-odd days. He would feel guilty taking time out to make the long trip back and forth, thinking of all those fine skins being trapped by somebody else. So December 25th is like any other harried day.

The season ends; some time is spent in getting home, clearing and cleaning the house along Bayou de Large, and handling the final auction of the pelts. Only then, worries behind them, faces gleaming, clothes newly ironed and brushed, do the families of Bayou de Large gather to celebrate the joyous season of the Nativity.

A bell rings, and the children troop in toward the front of the church, about their Christmas tree. It is not the holiday tree that most Americans know. The fir is a stranger to southern Louisiana, and these bayou people call upon their own resources—a wax myrtle or any other tree that grows along the water edge. The decorations, besides the usual colored trinkets, are popcorn and handfuls of gray, trailing Spanish moss. Unorthodox though it may all seem, the children laugh and call shrilly to their parents and friends, and point to their jackknives, trains, baseballs and candies as do other youngsters on any Christmas Day. Papas smile and mammas watch with moistly sentimental eyes.

The locale lies far down in Terrebonne Parish. The nearest center of any size is Houma, about twenty miles away, but long isolated from it by water. It is a thriving town of shrimp and oyster dealing, liquid traffic lines, sugar-cane operations—above all, of a teeming French life spreading outward in all directions. Everywhere about the colony are the French. The Anglo-Saxons of Bayou de Large nod in greeting as they pass up and down while they go to and from work. But they remain to themselves, an alien splinter in the French body of the bayou country.

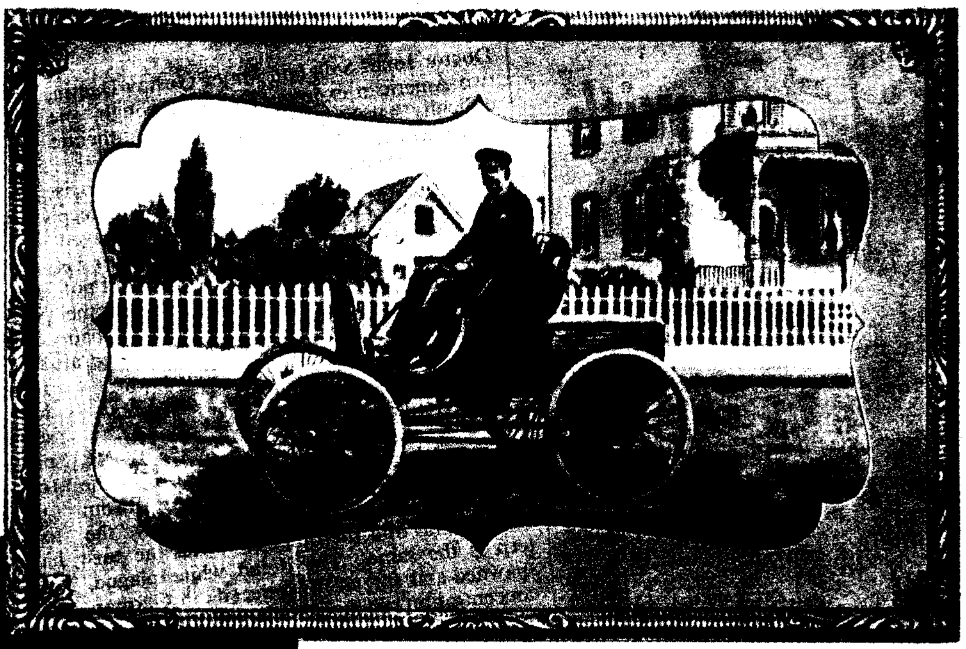
A simple folk without records, the colonists do not know where their ancestors came from, or why they picked this place. They understand only that they are "not like the people around here." There is a quality in their voices that might be English or merely Old Southern. Some believe that their ancestors were a party of British subjects, shipwrecked long ago on the coast and forced to stay until it had become like a new home. A few of the elders remember vaguely being

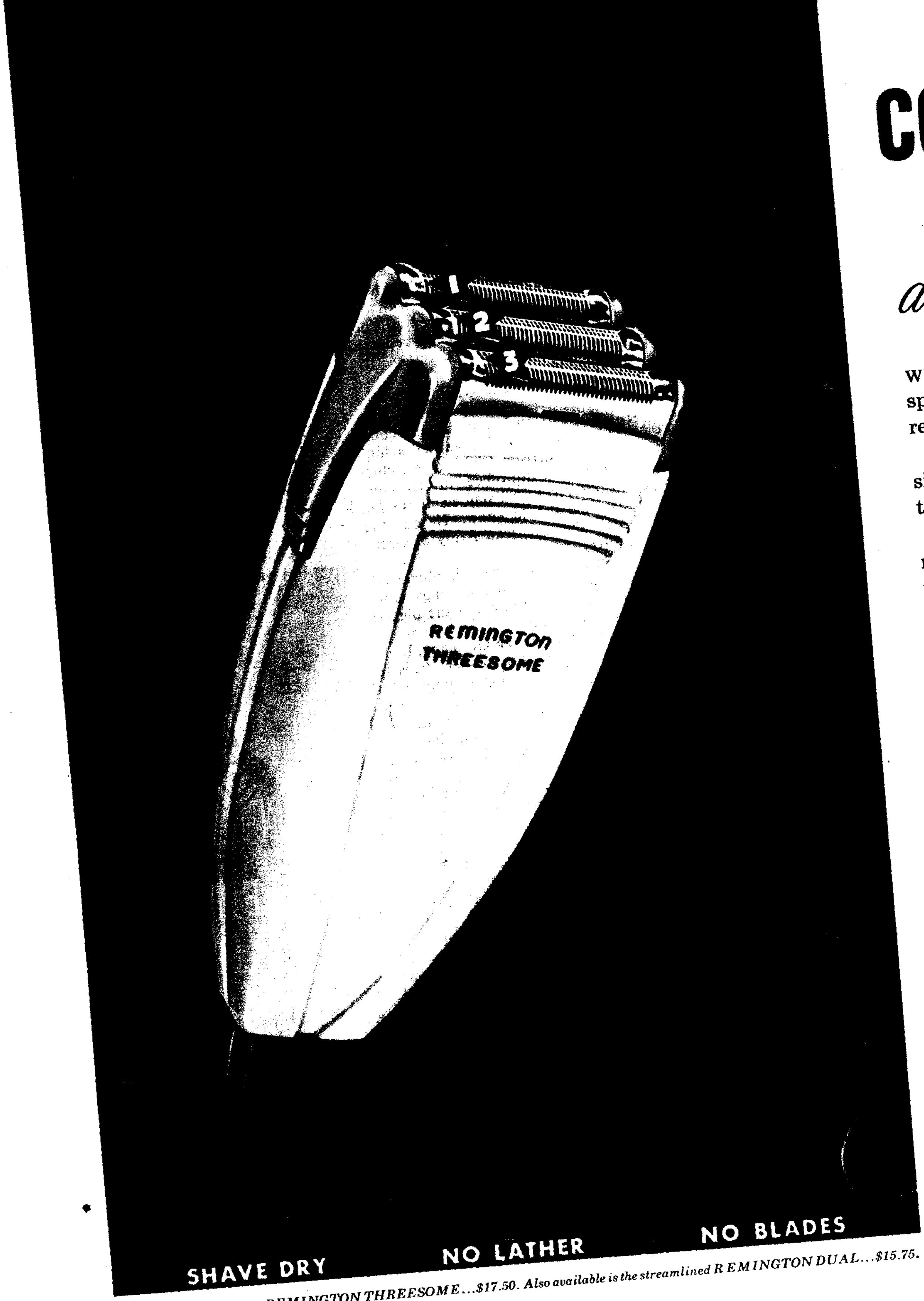
(Continued on page 84)

Like their English ancestors, the De Harts take tea every afternoon at four, except when they're too busy

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

Years ago Remington Rand stopped making single-head shavers— just as automobile manufacturers gave up the single-cylinder car—





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Disease—Shadow Over Europe

Continued from page 14

Doctor Jonas Salk and Major Gustav Damin, two American experts. Happily enough, one difficulty has been to get sufficient authentic influenza specimens to work on.

The epidemic menace of other diseases is being licked. There are scattered but deep spots of infection, particularly in the ravaged lands of the east, but if these areas can be kept isolated and confined, pandemics will not sweep Europe. Typhus, which flooded the Balkans and Russia after the last war, is bad now in Poland, but is no longer considered a major problem to the whole Continent.

Menace of the White Plague

By far the biggest danger to health in the Eastern Hemisphere is tuberculosis. From Greece to Italy, Yugoslavia, Germany, the Netherlands and the other countries the pattern is the same. The dread white plague, spawned and spread for a decade in German concentration camps, is increasing and it threatens to do more lasting damage than any other one disease.

Gonorrhea and syphilis, the old camp followers of battle, have spread at shocking rates everywhere.

Malnutrition has hit every country in varying degrees and may have a devastating effect on national birth rates and the populations, but no competent authority is willing to predict to what extent.

Millions of people are suffering from scabies, the itch caused by a filth-loving mite which bores under the outer surface of the skin. It thrives in the general breakdown of sanitation, the severe shortage of soap and the mass movements of refugees who have gone for weeks, sometimes months, without being able to change clothes or bathe. Uncomfortable in its mildest form, scabies is a morale-sapper and a growing source of secondary infection.

Considered fairly typical of other parts of Europe are the eight most prevalent communicable diseases in the American-occupied zone of Germany: pulmonary tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria, gonorrhea, syphilis, dysentery, typhus and scarlet fever. Holland has had an especially difficult time with typhoid. The type of diphtheria in northern Europe attacks adults with particular viciousness.

Medicines, surgical supplies, doctors, nurses and hospital beds are all precious articles in which serious shortages exist in every corner of the Continent. In all of Poland today it is estimated there are only 6,000 doctors (the prewar total was 13,000).

Hysteria and misinformation frequently have caused authorities almost as much trouble as supply shortages.

One morning an excited captain burst into the offices of Colonel Frank Howley, deputy military governor of the U.S. sector of Berlin, and reported that Berliners were dying by the dozens of "acorn poisoning." Howley, an unruffled Philadelphian who had been the chief American Military Government officer in Paris, was able to point out that the French had ground up acorns for ersatz coffee without ill effects except for a bad taste in the mouth.

The Milkmen of the Red Army

The scarcity of milk has been a serious problem in Europe. Lacking refrigeration, the Red army had to round up its own herds of cattle as it went along. At one time it was reported to be milking some 8,000 cows in the back yards and byways of Berlin, turning over the surplus to civilians after troop needs were met. Later this was augmented by truckloads of powdered whole milk from the United States. At first, housewives took one look at the stuff and threw it away. They thought it was ersatz and they were fed up with ersatz. Extensive space in the newspapers was required to tell them what it was and how to use it.

In Germany now, the public-health branch of United States Military Government pinpoints and pursues the outbreak of disease with all the care that a weather bureau would use to plot the course of a storm. Machinery has been set up through which the occupying powers can exchange information on health conditions in their respective zones. This data is in turn exchanged with the health ministries of other nations and UNRRA. Contact may soon be made with a branch of the United Nations Organization as it takes over from the health office of the old League of Nations, which is still functioning. The service is spotty. Blanks are repeatedly drawn from the Russian zone and points east, due to lack of organization. The information service is improving. Emergencies are reported by telephone and telegraph and are followed by written reports.

The other day a German soldier came back to Berlin from the wars. It had been a long, hard trek from the Russian prison camp in the east where he was demobilized and he was anxious to get home. He knew the city well, scarred and battered as it was, so he slipped off the train before it drew into the *Anhalter* station in the American sector, and found his way on foot to his house. He didn't want to risk delays in the station, in the queues in the dusting center where travelers had to be sprayed with DDT powder to kill typhus.

He must have wished a hundred times since that he hadn't been so hasty. Hardly a week later he was down with typhus and had spread the fever to his whole family. His German doctor bundled them all off to the isolation ward of a hospital, and city health authorities, acting on strict *Kommandatura* orders, sprinkled DDT on everybody in the neighborhood who had had immediate contact with the family. There the infection stopped and not a single additional case has been reported from this source.

A Marked Contrast with 1918

Thirty years ago such an incident could have caused a panic. "We've learned a lot," Major General Morrison Clay Stayer, chief American Public Health officer in Germany, is likely to observe to his staff in discussing the contrast. He should know. He had the same job with the American Army of Occupation in 1918.

General Stayer, a gray-haired, blue-eyed, slow-spoken doctor, has fought bugs from Panama to Palermo and now has the biggest assignment of his career.

Stayer is constantly roving Germany, looking for trouble. He makes frequent trips to neighboring countries to compare notes with their health authorities. He likes to pick out a Berlin apartment house or an air-raid bunker where refugees are being handled, and conduct physical examinations of the inhabitants at random. It helps him get a cross section of the condition of the people. He is not too alarmed about the fact that Germans have lost weight. "Many of them were too fat before," he will tell you. "When I ask those people if they don't feel better now, they admit they do."

He is keenly concerned, however, about the civilian diet, particularly for children. He has organized nutrition teams which move through the American zone, weighing people on street corners by the hundreds. Their weights are checked against their ration-card categories to see if they are getting enough to eat. Similar work is being done in Austria. In Berlin, it was noted that datable Fräuleins tended to have a better weight record than the average. The answer? Chocolate bars from G.I. admirers.

Criticism of the Allied food policy in Germany has ranged from the charge that the enemy is being fattened at the expense of the victims of Nazism to the allegation that mass starvation is rampant in the ex-Reich. The latter charge is utter nonsense. The British and Americans are preparing to import some 3,000,000 tons of food into western Germany and Berlin in 1946 to maintain a subsistence level in the civilian diet. Most doctors look at human beings clinically, and if there's something wrong with them, the physician's

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impulse is to fix it, no matter what the patient's politics. Stayer often defends this point of view by arguing that you can't convince people of the advantages of democracy if they are sick in bed.

It is generally conceded that the Germans, fattened by the loot accumulated during six years of war, are not having it so tough now as many of the countries they once occupied. But the Potsdam protocol gives them a long future of austerity and sacrifice to face, with priority in recovery going to liberated nations.

It often has been difficult to get the Germans to be considerate even of one another. Early in the winter, several hundred German children were evacuated from Vienna. They were bundled onto a freight train heading for the British zone of Germany, but somebody, perhaps an Allied official, had failed to make proper preparations. By the time the train reached Munich, one of the children had died and several others were seriously ill. An American Army doctor heard about it and ordered the local German health officer down to the train to care for them.

The German refused to do anything for the refugees because, he said, they were not Bavarian children and, besides, Munich's hospital beds were full. Then, as if eloquently oblivious of the precedent Germany had set, he remarked bitterly that it was criminal for the Austrians to treat German children so badly. A sergeant whom the American major had sent with the health officer took charge and got the boys and girls off the train and into bed.

World-Wide War on Typhus

One of the biggest medical triumphs of this war has been the curbing of typhus, in which Americans share much credit. The typhus commission, created by President Roosevelt in December, 1942, will wind up its affairs in June after having sent teams of experts to battle the disease in most parts of the world. The commission helped extinguish the Naples epidemic in 1944. When typhus got loose among Yugoslav Partisans, Brigadier General Leon A. Fox talked Marshal Tito into allowing the commission to shuttle vaccine, DDT, jeeps and other supplies by plane from Bari, Italy, to Yugoslavia.

Dusting stations have been established all over Europe. Refugees entering the American zone of Germany get no meals at transient centers unless their ration cards bear a stamp showing they have been deloused. According to an UNRRA January health bulletin, "the typhus situation west of the Elbe-Adriatic line remains well under control," while to the east "conditions are obviously much less favorable but even there the situation today bears little resemblance to that which obtained at a comparable period after 1918." In Poland, Rumania and Croatia, where new cases once multiplied by the thousand each week, they are now numbered in the low hundreds. Bessarabia and Bucovina suffered heavily last year, but Slovakia, one of the black spots of previous epidemics, has been less of a problem than expected.

Eastern areas have long been a typhus stronghold and it is harder to get supplies to them than to the west. In places like Danzig, for instance, control is understood to be made more difficult by the streams of refugees, mostly dispossessed Germans heading west.

The Red Army delouses soldiers and civilians in steam baths, a process just as effective as DDT dusting but more complicated. In Berlin, municipal vermin-killing squads were taught by illustrated lectures how to pump insecticide through the sleeves, skirts and pants legs of refugees. Between last August and January, a million and a half persons were dusted in the capital, and by February, new cases had dropped to an average of thirty-five a week, most of them refugee-borne. (In March, 1944, there were 365 cases of typhus in Berlin.)

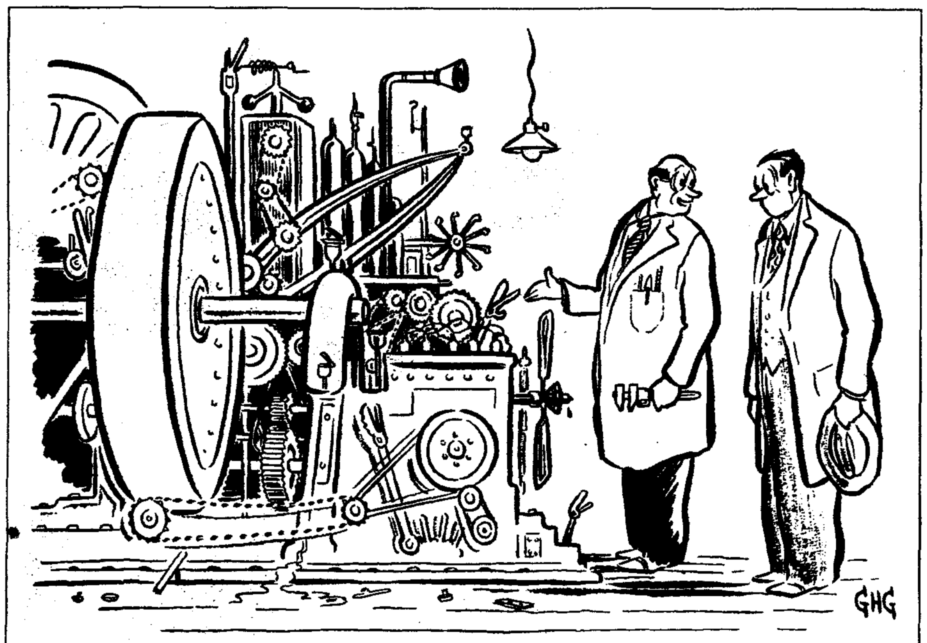
A New Ersatz Window Glass

Berlin is still considered the biggest metropolitan public-health problem in Europe. It is a Saratoga Springs now, however, compared with what it was last year. In July, there were only 9,300 hospital beds in the city. Now there are more than 42,000. With glass unavailable, many hospitals and houses have been weatherproofed by using in the window frames, hundreds of thousands of exposed X-ray plates discovered in a national social security office.

Encouraged by the antityphoid drive, the Berlin *Kommandatura* decided to tackle diphtheria in the same way, and now German staffs are busy vaccinating some 600,000 children between the ages of one and fifteen.

The results may stimulate other cities to pay more attention to systematic immunization. It is too soon to say what other benefits in new techniques or new drugs may possibly emerge from Europe's struggle to get well. Most authorities say medicine under the Nazis deteriorated. Occupied countries had no chance to experiment in public health, it was all they could do to keep alive.

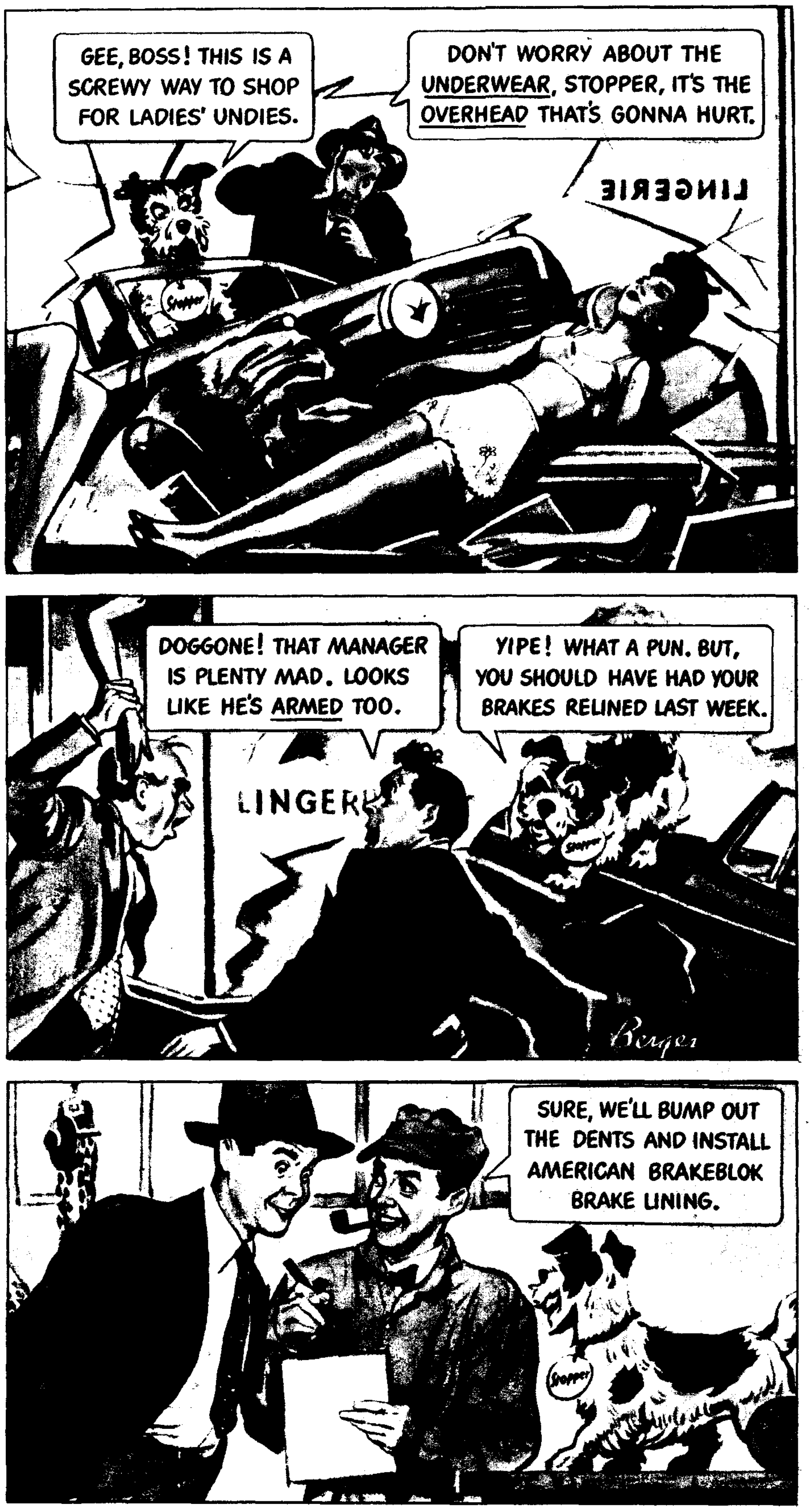
DDT and penicillin have already proved to be two of the greatest boons of the war. Penicillin is now being imported into the American zone to treat Germans for gonorrhea. Alarmed at the fact that the VD rate in Berlin has been as high as 330 cases for every 1,000 American soldiers, General Stayer wants to try a mass cure in Germany. He hopes to get equipment from the United States for a penicillin plant in the United States zone. Incidentally, the Red Army, whose VD cures include the old-fashioned turpentine treatment, is showing increased interest in penicillin. The Germans are beginning to manufacture small quantities themselves (a vial of penicillin, enough to treat a case of gonorrhea, has brought fantastic prices on the black market in Germany



"It's a machine to aid employment. It's geared to break down every hour, and it takes seventy men to fix it"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

If you can't stop – don't start


GEE, BOSS! THIS IS A SCREWY WAY TO SHOP FOR LADIES' UNDIES.
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LINGERIE
DOGGONE! THAT MANAGER IS PLENTY MAD. LOOKS LIKE HE'S ARMED TOO.
YIPE! WHAT A PUN. BUT, YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD YOUR BRAKES RELINED LAST WEEK.
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and Italy). Recently a conscientious Army doctor in Berlin reluctantly refused $10,000 in Allied marks and a gold watch for one vial. Authorities insist there is little if any leakage of government stocks, although some G.I.s reportedly have reaped more than ample spending money simply by selling supplies mailed from the corner drugstore at home.

What Europe needs most today is some magic drug to cure tuberculosis. Doctors are hopefully watching American experiments with a preparation called streptomycin, which might prove a partial answer but it is still in the laboratory stage.

T.B. Will Continue Its Ravages

The Germans cannot say in truth that they never employed germ warfare. The delayed-action spread of tuberculosis will probably do more damage to Europe than could have been done by any horror bombload of bacilli. It is impossible to gather accurate statistics at this stage but there is every indication that tuberculosis will be the most serious health problem in every nation in Europe for the next ten years.

In the worst concentration camps, tuberculosis became virtually as prevalent as the common cold. In the bedlam of liberation, active cases spread the germs outside. They traveled rapidly and free of charge with the great migrations of displaced persons across Europe. Hitler despoiled his own people. The pressure for manpower in war industry was so great that Germans with "open" cases were forced into factories. Thousands of dormant infections burst into active ones under wartime strains. In the thirties Germany's tuberculosis rate was approximately 48 cases per 100,000 population. It began to rise when the war started. In the United States section of Berlin today the figure is roughly 200 per 100,000 population. The disease is worse in Berlin than in other parts of Germany.

In the liberated countries the picture is darker still. According to Prague statistics, an examination of 170,000 apprentices between the ages of fourteen and eighteen in various Czech trade schools revealed that 40,000 have active tuberculosis. Deaths from tuberculosis in Czechoslovakia in 1938 numbered 7,000. In 1940, the last year for which complete statistics are available, there were 13,000 deaths out of a total of 139,000 cases reported. The best estimate of the total number of cases in the country today is 250,000.

Look at Poland. Last year the reported deaths from tuberculosis were 485 per 100,000 population, more than trebling the prewar rate.

In Yugoslavia, according to Colonel Boris Bozovitch, Chief of Medical Instruction in the Defense Ministry, you can count the number of X-ray machines on the fingers of your two hands, and tuberculosis is the most urgent health problem. When the war ended, tuberculosis deaths in Greece were estimated at 20,000 a year. The incidence in urban areas is nearly twelve times that which prevails in the United States, according to UNRRA figures.

To routine difficulties there—lack of clinics, beds, doctors—is added another: The Greek people regard tuberculosis as a stigma on the whole family, as if it were something picked up from a streetwalker, and scores of cases are never reported.

The Scars of Occupation

The increase of tuberculosis among French children has alarmed physicians. In some parts of Holland, before the war Europe's healthiest country, the disease has quadrupled. Although conditions in France and Belgium compare favorably with other countries, scars of the occupation can be plainly seen. In the Seine sector of Paris, for instance, the infant mortality rate has more than doubled in less than ten years. Deaths rose from 47 per 1,000 live births in February, 1937, to 107 in February, 1945. In 1944, deaths of Paris children exceeded births by a large margin. The population of France has been decreasing since 1935. Tuberculosis is a nation-wide problem.

Strangely enough, the tuberculosis menace in Belgium is ebbing. According to official statistics, 5,744 Belgians died of the disease in 1938 compared with 6,743 in 1944. But while there were 22,744 cases reported in Belgium in 1944, there were only 15,988 new ones reported during 1945.

Belgian infant mortality figures rose from 73.5 per 1,000 live births in 1939 to 95.2 in 1945, and the average weight of children is below the prewar norm. But public health as a whole has improved greatly in the past year. One of Belgium's worst problems today is venereal disease. The number of cases doubled between 1944 and 1945.

The nation had a bad outbreak of poliomyelitis last year when an epidemic edged over the border from Holland. There were 863 cases reported in 1945 compared with a median of 63. By December, however, the situation was under control and only nineteen new cases were reported.

An epidemic of mild influenza brushed across Belgium two months ago but abated before any serious complications developed.

The ill wind of total war blew a little assistance to health authorities. There had been some fear of the plague, which is commonly spread by fleas from infected rats. Europe's rat population has fallen sharply. The rodents died in bombings or of starvation.

So here is Europe, still quivering from combat fatigue, ailing and miserable. The experts are trying to calculate the Continent's chances of getting a real blush back in its cheeks by 1950. Their interim conclusions are not optimistic, although there are conflicting opinions. A British authority, who under British Military Government rules must remain anonymous, states that "the rising generation in Europe is absolutely bound to be subnormal in health." He sees the population curve dipping for instance, in Berlin, where infant mortality still is between four and five times above normal, the general death rate exceeds the birth rate, and population is dropping at a per-annum rate of between 30 and 40 per 1,000 population. Infant mortality in Poland today is estimated to be at least 230 per 1,000 live births, more than double what it was in 1938. More complete figures probably would show it to be even higher.

"When you confront civilized people with an uncertain future," the British doctor continues, "with insecurity and unemployment, the majority of them are going to breed less."

People Who Live in a Daze

Rickets may stunt the growth of Europe's children, but experts say they have no revealing figures yet. Malnutrition already is showing itself in other forms. People seem to have lost their reflexes. Not long ago an American was inspecting a factory on the Rhine. As he was driving slowly through the grounds, a workman walked right into the side of his car, backed away and angled off in another direction as if he had registered nothing. Doctors explain this sleepwalking behavior, common all over Europe, as stemming partly from a vitamin deficiency, partly from a sort of daze induced by air raids and not yet shaken off, and partly due to the fact that nobody is accustomed to the volume of motor traffic the Allies are operating.

Has the war made Europe more neurotic? Professor Guerg Zutt, a leading German psychiatrist who is now running a neurological hospital in the British sector of Berlin, does not think so.

"There is a problem, of course," he will say. "For the old people of Europe there is the danger of despair and suicide. It is important for them to find relatives, to get some touch with a reality they once knew. For the young people there is the danger of losing their moral countenance. It is important for them to have work. But as a whole, the war with all its terrific repercussions of fear and suffering has not increased mental diseases or upsets to the nervous system."

And what does all this prove? Dr. Zutt will smile with the knowledge of a man who knows something of other men's minds and reply, "The outstanding resilience of the human system and its adaptability to unbelievable adversity."

THE END

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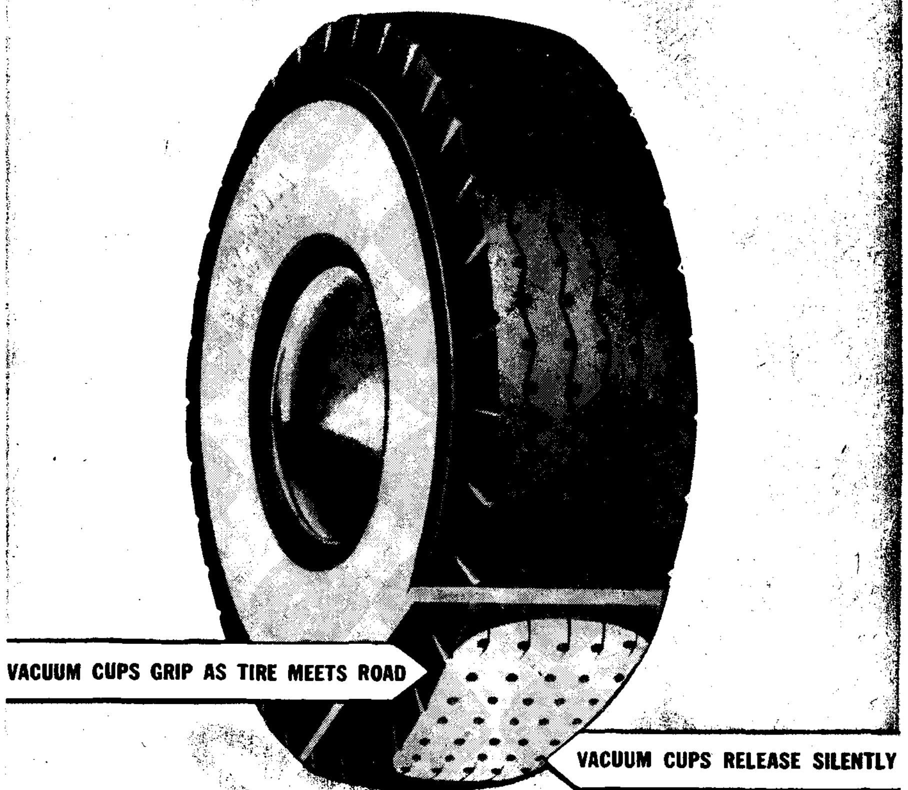
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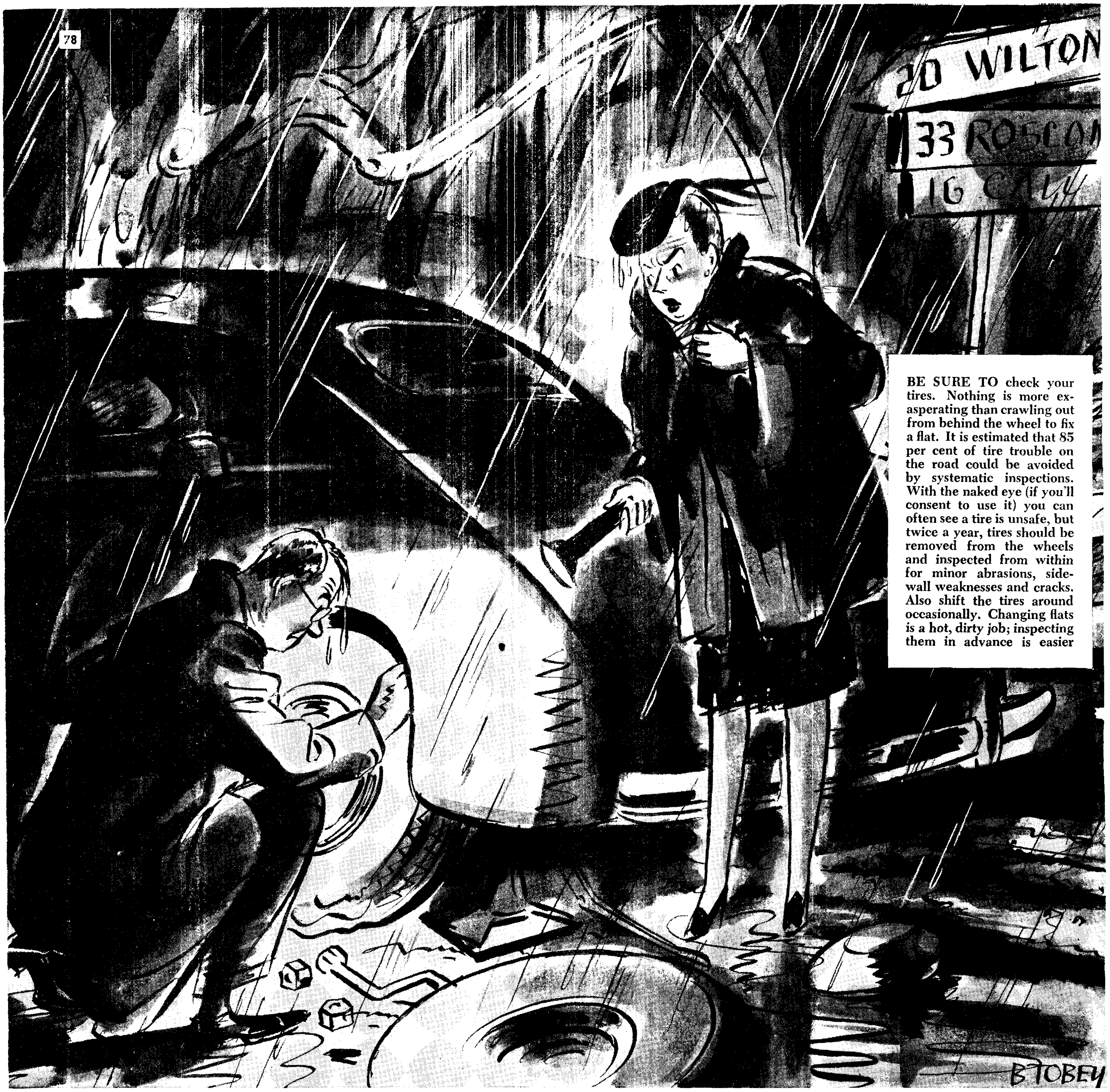


BE SURE TO check your tires. Nothing is more exasperating than crawling out from behind the wheel to fix a flat. It is estimated that 85 per cent of tire trouble on the road could be avoided by systematic inspections. With the naked eye (if you'll consent to use it) you can often see a tire is unsafe, but twice a year, tires should be removed from the wheels and inspected from within for minor abrasions, sidewall weaknesses and cracks. Also shift the tires around occasionally. Changing flats is a hot, dirty job; inspecting them in advance is easier

The Old Bus

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Having planned a fishing trip to Wisconsin, Sam Holland and his family decide that their ancient automobile needs some loving attention before undertaking such a jaunt

ONCE upon a time there was a man named Sam Holland who owned a four-door sedan. He had bought it in 1938 and in 1942 he was kicking himself because he hadn't traded it in for a new sedan in 1941. In 1945 he wasn't kicking himself any more because he was waiting for 1946. In January, 1946, he took a good long look at the world and forthwith addressed his wife.

"Mother," he said, for so he always called Mrs. Holland. "It is a fortunate thing that our stock of baling wire is intact because it is plain that if we want to keep the Old Bus running this summer, we'll have to give her some attention."

The Old Bus was the four-door sedan and Sam always thought of her as a lady. The Old Bus, by this time, was like a fading actress—noble, battered and falsely vigorous. Each public appearance of the Old Bus threatened to be a farewell tour. She clanked, sputtered feebly, and showed plain indications of hardening of the arteries. But her spirit was strong and she invariably reached the end of her chore in fit condition to acknowledge the plaudits of the Holland clan.

This group now consisted of Sam, Mother and the two girls. Junior had belonged to the set when the Old Bus was bought and Junior would rejoin it when he was out of the Army, but at the moment he was in Mannheim, Germany, not too happy about his job, the Krauts or the High Command. Sam had Junior on his mind when he started talking to Mother about the Old Bus.

"The first thing when Junior comes home," said Sam grandiloquently, "a fishin' trip; that's what! Just like we used to. Up in Wisconsin."

"In *that* car?" asked Mother, politely. Mother was the retiring type and would never countenance such liberties as calling the Old Bus by her name.

"Why not *that* car!" cried Sam indignantly. "She creaks a little in the joints but so do we. She's taken the kids to school and us to the movies—and, damn it, how about those two trips to your Aunt Emma's at Keokuk?"

"Well, good heavens," protested Mrs. Holland, "I'm not complaining. I'm just feeling sorry for her."

At this juncture, it may be pointed out that Mr. Holland ran a small hardware store in a town forty-five miles from Champaign, Ill., which accounts for the baling wire.

Father Cites Some Statistics

"Did you know," he demanded for no reason whatever, "that there are more automobiles in this country than bathtubs? No, you didn't, did you? And did you know there are more automobiles than telephones? Well, you *see.* There are twenty-four million automobiles in this country—" he was drawling out ominously when Mrs. Holland broke in.

"Well, great goodness," she cried, almost tearfully, "I'm sure there are. All I'm wondering is whether the car can get to Wisconsin and back."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Holland. "Of course, she can. She always *has,* hasn't she?"

His tone changed and he leaned forward eagerly.

"Why, we haven't had a vacation in five years," he almost shouted. "We'll just start out and take our time. If we want to, we can stop by some creek at night and haul some things out and sleep right there." He noticed a certain look on Mrs. Holland's face. "Or we can stay at some tourist camp," he added hastily. "Why, Mother, we'll have the time of our lives."

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Holland dubiously.

"That ole fishin' rod," cried Mr. Holland suddenly. He flexed his arm and snapped it out abruptly in front of him.

"Well, it *will* be pretty nice getting away from this house—" Mrs. Holland began.

"*Sure,* it will," cried Mr. Holland, ecstatic now that he saw his magic was working. "That good ole roadside cookin'.... Chicken and waffles . . . barbecued beef . . ."

"It'll be like it's always been," said his wife. "Hamburgers every half mile." She laughed and looked at him fondly.

Mr. Holland ignored the interruption completely and went off into a poetic by-pass.

"Gentle breezes," he said, as if in a trance. "Starry nights, beautiful silvery elms shining in the moonlight . . ."

"All at twenty miles an hour," said Mrs. Holland sourly.

"Sure," agreed Sam quickly. "Twenty, thirty—what difference? Next year we get a new car and that'll be something else again."

He suddenly started up as if struck by a new idea.

"Get the girls," he said and then began to bellow: "Jennie! Sarah!"

The girls came in, looking very demure and ladylike. Jennie was in high school, Sarah in junior high. Sam started to go out, nodding to them to follow.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Holland.

"Why, Mother," he said, smiling in his most kindly way, "you know where we're going . . . out to see the Old Bus. Come along with us!"

They followed him out the back lot to the garage. Sam got into the car, put the key in the ignition and turned to them.

"I'm going to step on the starter," he explained, "and then I want you all to listen."

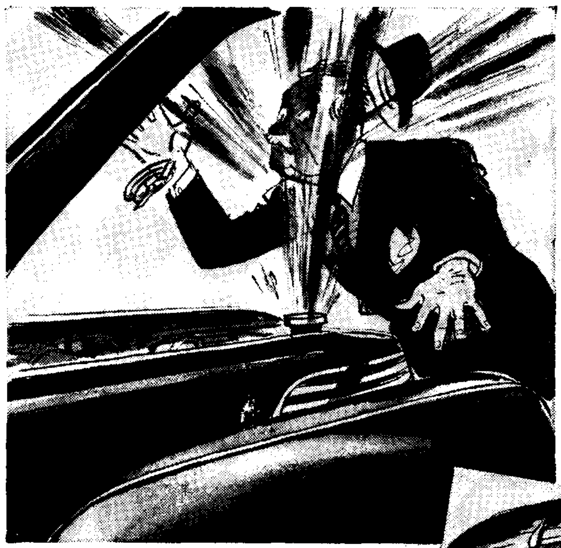
He did so and some very strange sounds came forth immediately from the Old Bus.

"You don't get it, do you?" said Sam. "Well, I do. It's like a mother understanding baby talk that nobody else understands. The Old Bus is a little hoarse but she's all right. She's telling me what she needs and I'll see she gets it and then we'll just sit around waiting."

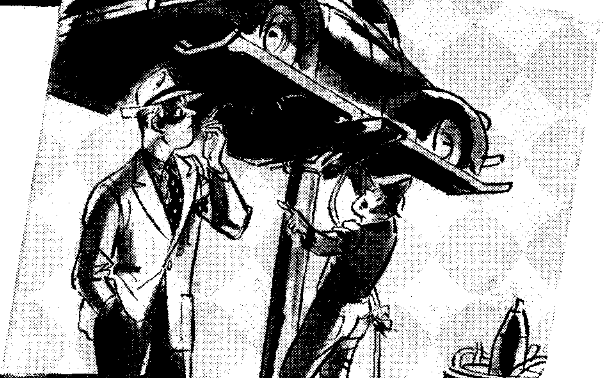
"Waiting for what?" asked Mrs. Holland, wrinkling her brow.

"Waiting for that telegram from Junior," said Mr. Holland, winking a very knowing and satisfied eye in the direction of the girls. They simply stood looking at him with pride.

They talked about the eventual return of Junior and then Sam made motions toward departure. "I'm going down to Joe's garage and let him get started on this thing," he said. "Preventive Service is what Joe calls it. That's what's been keeping the Old Bus going all these years. I'll give him a pep talk just in case he's forgotten something." ★★★

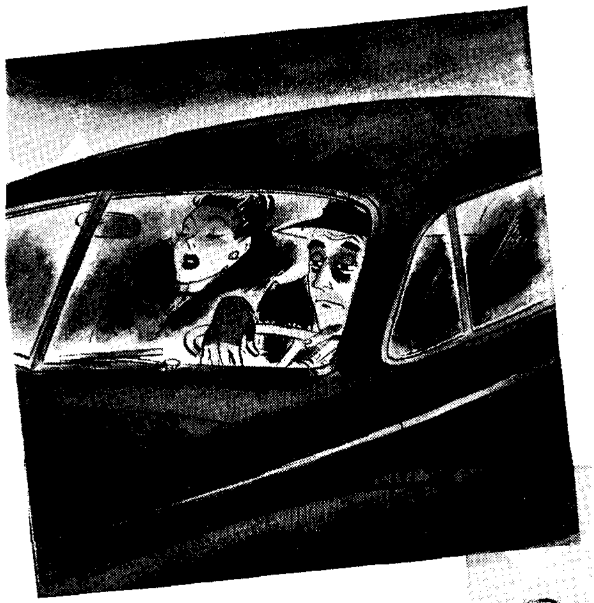


BE SURE TO guard against the car overheating. It not only causes annoying delays but can burn the motor right out. In the spring, drain out the antifreeze solutions. Flush the cooling system and check it for minor leaks. Look closely at the fan belt and get a new one if it's worn. This sort of inspection costs very little and it can prevent a great many unnecessary repair bills



BE SURE TO oil the Old Bus up efficiently. Correct lubrication calls for good equipment and "know-how." You need good oils and lubes and the right lubricants for the right parts. The crankcase calls for one oil and it's something else again for the transmission, clutch, front wheel bearings, universal joints and chassis points. If you do it right, you get rid of squeaks and don't need costly replacements

BE SURE TO clean the filters. This is based on the fact that the air is a dirty thing; it is full of dust and dirt and it insists on circulating. Most cars have air filters, oil filters and gasoline filters to protect the engine. Periodically you have to take a look at them. The air and gas filters should be cleaned and the oil filter elements replaced. This costs little more than time, patience and fortitude, and saves a lot of dollars



BE SURE TO examine the exhaust system of your car. This system, including the muffler, is designed to carry exhaust fumes and deadly carbon monoxide gas out of your engine to the rear of the car. Otherwise, fumes and gases get into the body of the car, you get drowsy or sick, and you might smack into something. Lots of accidents are caused that way

BE SURE TO test the brakes. And that doesn't mean checking them after you've swerved into a truck on the road! It can be done scientifically by your serviceman and that's the way it should be done. The same thing goes for horn, lights, windshield wipers and all your other safety equipment. A great percentage of accidents could have been avoided if drivers involved had done their checking beforehand

BE SURE TO daub a little polish on the old job or at least keep it washed. Many people who would be horrified at your coming to their house and finding it in disorder, neglect their automobiles outrageously. Beyond that, you can get more on a trade-in if the car looks well. Don't be dumb; spruce her up

BE SURE TO watch the electrical system. What you're actually running (whether you know it or not) is an electric car. Ignition, starter, horn, lights, radio, cigar lighter are all electrical. The electrical system is actually a complete power plant and it's a tribute to our engineers that it gives so little trouble. But it WILL give trouble unless you give it careful attention

DRAWINGS BY BARNEY TOBEY

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AMERICA GIVES AGAIN

By Elsie Thomas Culver

"NEVER did I think," said the white-haired Episcopal rector, "that I'd stand in my pulpit on Sunday morning and beg for diapers!"

"Don't forget we were the ones who bought the first one thousand dozen," put in Dr. Robbins W. Barstow, director of the Service Commission of the World Council of Churches.

This diaper crusade which is involving churches and church organizations of all levels and from all denominations, began with a cable to Dr. Leslie Bates Moss, director of the Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction, from a staff member then in Czechoslovakia. It read:

MINISTRIES OF CHILD WELFARE AND SOCIAL WELFARE, CZECH RED CROSS, UNRRA, JOIN CHURCHES HERE IN PLEA ON BEHALF OF 250,000 BABIES TO BE BORN THIS YEAR. NEWBORNS NOW BEING WRAPPED IN NEWSPAPERS.

Most of the diapers being collected are old ones, coming out of the bottom of storage chests or off the top shelves of linen closets, where they have been all but forgotten. Along with them come other baby garments, many complete layettes.

One woman wrote, "These were the baby clothes of my only child. I had been saving them for my grandchildren. But my son was killed . . ."

A lady from New Jersey, unable to find suitable material in her local store, remembered that her window drapes had white outing-flannel interlining which she removed and made into diapers.

That's the way American people are responding to appeals for overseas relief. The united program through the Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction calls for something over five million dollars this year, and the churches here will send at least an equal amount to "sister" churches in Europe through denominational channels.

But since the end of the war it has become increasingly apparent that things, even more than money, are needed. And so, in increasing quantities, Americans are sending clothing, shoes, bedding, canned foods, personal items such as combs, toothbrushes, towels, soap, razor blades, sewing kits. And an increasing proportion of the funds collected is being designated for such items as dried milk and other concentrate foods, medicines and medical supplies, or bicycles and trucks.

A most popular project—both with the sending and the receiving countries—is the shipping of bred heifers overseas to replenish dairy herds. The idea got under way some two years ago when the "Brethren," a small denomination composed largely of Middle-West farmers, proposed that a calf for this purpose be "consecrated" by each farm.

When the Brethren told about the plan at a meeting of the Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction, other leaders said their people would like a part in that, too. Now Methodist, Baptist and Congregational cows mingle in perfect harmony in the holds of ships that take them, under supervision of Ben Bushong—a Brethren stockman of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who volunteers his time for the job—to France, Italy, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Poland.

The last shipment on which there is a full report, which left Baltimore with 300 cattle, arrived in Danzig with an inventory of 313. Thirteen calves had been born en route. From Danzig they were driven 15 to 20 miles, to their future homes in Poland.

Religious groups have considered this problem of overseas relief a province in which they have special responsibility. Working together, demonstrating their ideals of service, they have overcome many of the theological differences into which they have talked themselves in the past two thousand years. The first UNRRA clothing drive was conducted by the three faiths working together throughout the nation, and relief goods are generally sent for distribution on a basis of need, not creed.

An excellent example of this was the help given by Jewish refugee organizations in Shanghai that had funds and personnel on the scene, to internees of all faiths who could not be contacted by their own people. The Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds reports that the United Jewish Appeal has raised and sent (primarily to Europe and Palestine) over a hundred million dollars since the beginning of the war.

The War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Council report that they have been at work in 42 countries, operating mostly through native organizations. They have sent $35,000,000 in cash and approximately 43,077,000 pounds of clothing and food, besides operating certain special projects, such as the 145 rest and recreation camps for the Poles in Italy. An appeal for canned goods made through the parochial schools in January brought such spontaneous and overwhelming response that Catholic relief facilities were taxed to their limits.

But religious groups have no monopoly on relief projects in America. The President's War Relief Control Board figures justify the prediction that during the current year we shall probably send $150,000,000 to $175,000,000 in cash and perhaps three times that value in gifts through the private agencies (i.e., over and above Army relief, appropriations to UNRRA, and contributions to the Red Cross).

The Community Spirit at Work

Through the national relief agencies, people give a continuing stream of supplies to "pet" localities—usually the place of their ancestry. Women gather and knit and sew hour upon hour and week after week at local headquarters. One energetic lady ran herself ragged handling the publicity for six such organizations in one town, and the townswomen responded with equal impartiality to hang up an amazing record of help to China, Russia, France, Belgium, Holland and Yugoslavia. Many communities have canned, co-operatively, their surplus fruit and vegetable produce. One farmer offered a carload of wheat, and by the time fellow farmers had added their pledges the community had several trainloads.

Russian War Relief has sent 775,923 personally packed household kits since November, 1944. United China Relief has purchased in the United States during the past six months, 700 tons of Army surplus clothing, blankets, shoes, which have been shipped to Shanghai and thence inland. Greek War Relief sent fifteen carloads of powdered chocolate milk as a Christmas treat.

These are typical. Many special-interest groups form organizations to pack and send boxes to like-interest people overseas—college students, labor groups, professional people, scouts.

A new development is the organization C.A.R.E. (Co-operative for American Remittances to Europe) representing reputable private agencies which will purchase in bulk (e.g. Army surplus stocks) and pack boxes suitable for various countries. The sender will supply the proper amount of money and the name to which the box is to go. Bulk buying and shipment will keep costs at a minimum, speed safe delivery, assure selection of suitable foods for shipment to a given area.

With all these agencies working, there is danger that Americans may be tempted to get smug and self-righteous about their giving. We're doing a good job—we're displaying a spirit of generosity and sharing such as the world has seldom witnessed. But compared to the need, it's a drop in the bucket. Viewed in the light of cold reason, it's simply enlightened self-interest. Viewed in relation to our own ration-free tables and postwar buying whoopee, it is a pitiful little. ★★★

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Our Balance Sheet in Japan

Continued from page 13

But they have found our measure. They know where they must give ground and how they can circumvent our orders.

Perhaps unavoidably we played into the hands of Old Japan by choosing to work through Japanese machinery. Long before the end of the war we assumed we might have to fight our way into Germany and Japan and then rule devastated areas through our military government. It worked that way in Germany. It did not in Japan, where the devastation was less and where the native government was the functioning organ. It seemed much simpler to work through what we found than to rely on our own military government teams, trained mainly for emergency tasks.

But once we decided to rely on the Japanese, we had to play ball with those Japanese who could maintain order—and supply our forces with everything they needed, from trains and billets to hill slopes fit for skiing. The only people who could meet our needs were men of the web. They knew how to give orders, and how to secure compliance. They knew where to get what we required. The old police system was now doubly secure, for it had our backing as well.

Just how well this arrangement worked—for the Japanese—I discovered at Sakata, which is a lively little port in Yamagata Prefecture. The chief of police, a servile man with a haircut that was almost Prussian, was a leftover from presurrender days. The man formerly in charge of Sakata's Thought Control, a legal arrangement for jailing people who thought too much or too dangerously, was now the chief liaison officer, or middleman, between the populace and the Americans. The man who headed Thought Control for the entire prefecture was now chief of police in the prefectural capital.

I found this pattern true wherever I traveled. Officially, Thought Control has been erased from the books. Actually its agents have become liaison officers, or police chiefs, or officials of farm associations. To the man in the street, the old setup has remained intact, and the Americans are now backing it.

Bitter indeed was the chance remark of a man I met in the far north of the main island. He had a grievance against the police and I suggested he see the local American commander. "What's the use?" he said sullenly. "You can't get by the liaison officer at the front gate."

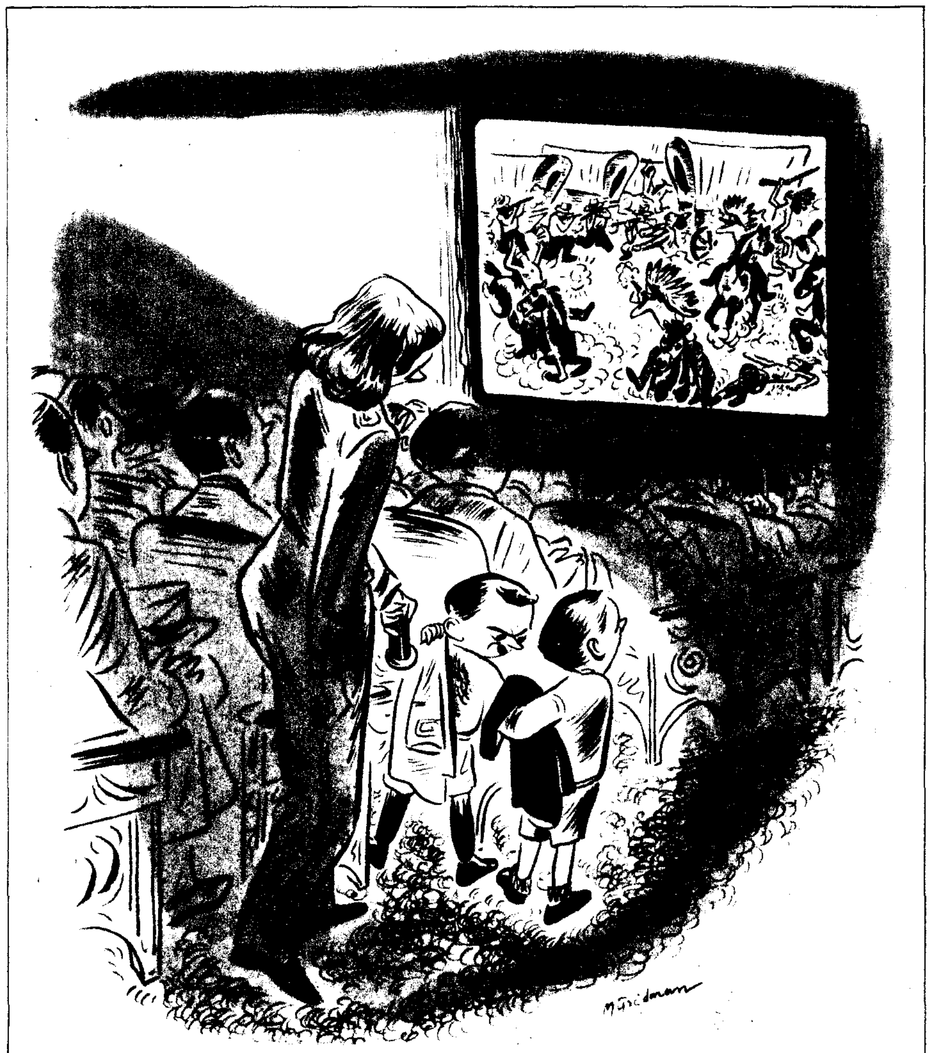
We haven't been blind to Japanese machinations. Our pitifully undermanned counterintelligence corps has on the whole kept a wary eye on the old gang. Some of our officers in the field have been aware of the black past—and of the present function—of the Japanese officials on whom they leaned.

Time and again we have tried to devise a formula which would separate the black sheep from the white. But it's difficult to find enough competent white sheep in a country which for 15 years has been under the army's domination. Nor is it easy to remove the black sheep and still have a smoothly functioning government.

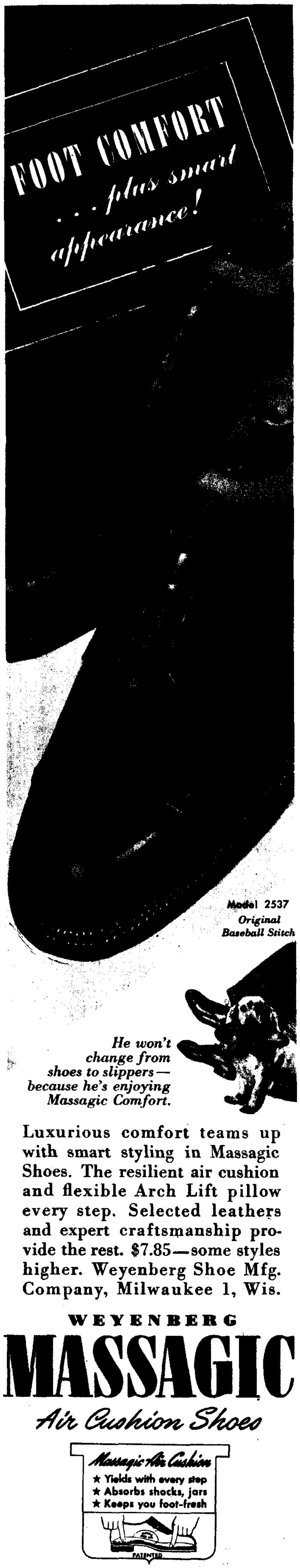
The Wrong Men for the Jobs

We ended by procrastinating. We cut off the top—500 generals, admirals, war profiteers and rabble rousers who took Japan into war. But once the worst were out of the way we allowed the second worst to remain in power. And thus it has come to pass that at the hour of this writing, a colonial old-timer is revising textbooks for the new Japanese democracy, a notorious reactionary runs the police, the head of a small family supertrust is supposedly breaking up *zaibatsu*, or big business, and a big-time stockbroker is reforming agriculture.

Still worse, the "intelligent opposition" has now developed into a campaign of sabotage. The weapons used range from wine and women to nasty rumor. Money is poured into "entertainment" for G.I.s and officers alike. Japanese officials play on American dislike for Russia and on British distrust of the United States. Tales are spread assiduously of wholesale starvation, or of Red unrest, or



COLLIER'S "I thought you said Lauren Bacall was playing!" M. GOODMAN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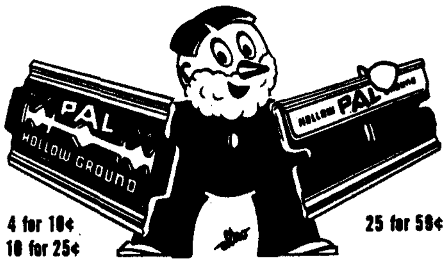

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of impending food riots—all of which naturally call for expansion of the Japanese police force.

It is a subtle and concerted drive the goal of which is to exact from us a full measure of help and forgiveness, and to exploit our dread of civil unrest to the point where we will allow the return of the old police state.

But while Japanese opposition has been growing stronger, our resolution and our capacity to enforce it has been growing weaker. There's much talk now of "ending the punitive stage" and of letting Japan rebuild herself. There is a readiness to allow old-timers to do the rebuilding. There is even some talk of—"You work with whatever instruments are at hand."

War weariness back home has also done little good. Some G.I.s did get home a little sooner but only at the cost of disrupting our work in Japan. I've been at Army outposts where the garrison had been cut from 30 and 40 men down to a dozen, and where the absence of four men on a skiing trip presented a formidable problem. In one town I ran into a counterintelligence unit shrunk from fifteen men to four. I've gone on raids with a single man where ten were needed to do a thorough job.

It is against this background that the balance sheet of occupation must be drawn. Much of what appears to be failure is merely delayed reaction. For much that has gone wrong, Washington is to blame. Much that is taken for long-range, fundamental reform is only a palliative, intended to carry Japan through the hang-over of a long war and final defeat. But whatever the cause, much more than the police state survived the shock of surrender, and of our directives.

Take education. In the course of two long trips into the hinterland I went along on raids on 17 schools. Only in four did we find compliance with our directives. In the others the booty ranged from war posters, still proudly displayed, to cases of airplane equipment. American patrols now jokingly describe the schools as "Japan's little arsenals."

Imperialism Taints the Schools

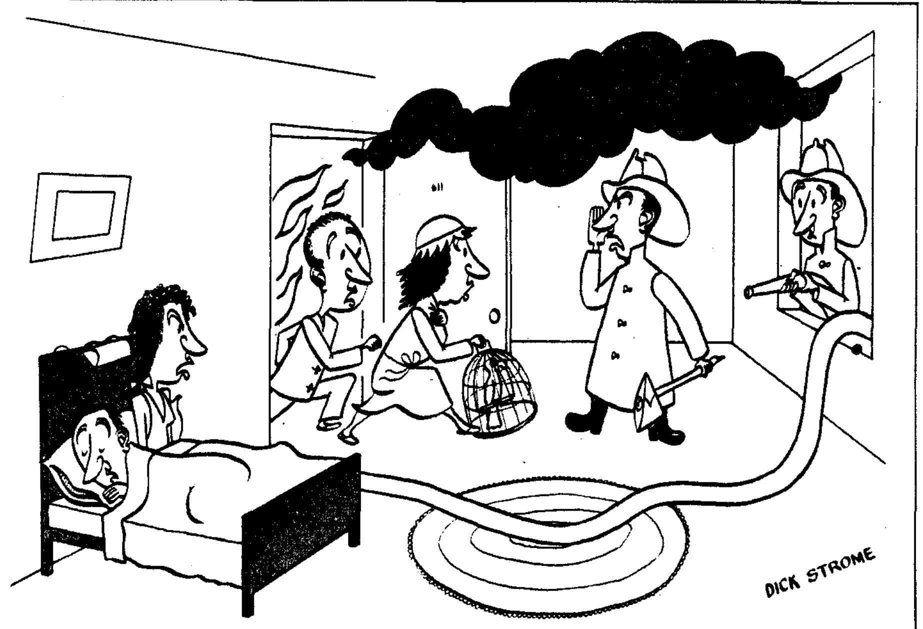
Up to this day no purge has cleared the militant Nationalists out of the schools. Up to this day books on arithmetic teach addition: "Two tanks plus two tanks . . ." Up to now classroom posters shout to children, "We should pledge ourselves to uphold Imperial teachings through belief in the indestructibility of our divine land . . ."

We have committed ourselves to the destruction of *zaibatsu,* which started by lending money to feudal lords and filling army rations with sand, and ended by holding most of Japan's economy in its tight grip. We haven't achieved much. Just about all we've done thus far has been to put the question on ice. But the *zaibatsu* men are shrewd. They are playing for huge stakes—including a large number of invested billions and the chance to control the new Japanese democracy. They have been hurt badly by the loss of Japan's looted empire. But at home they have managed to collect 20,000,000,000 yen from the government for damages to their plants in air raids. It was a treasury raid on a magnificent scale which was only halted by some overzealous professors.

Zaibatsu made sure it would have friends in the government. It literally packed the Shidehara cabinet with bankers, corporation lawyers and stockbrokers. Baron Shidehara himself married into the Mitsubishi clan.

After two tries which we rejected, the finance minister finally came up with a plan which we accepted. It froze accounts and it proposed to sell *zaibatsu* stock to the public. But it has put the fate of *zaibatsu* in the loving hands of a committee of Japanese bankers. And it has not prevented *zaibatsu* from muscling in on the new financial organization or from sabotaging reconversion to gain the lusher profits of speculation.

We have undertaken to wipe out patriotic strong-arm bands. We put a few hoodlums into Sugamo Prison and we blacklisted a huge number of secret societies. But once again our formula has been defective. We put an Osaka boss named Sasakawa into jail, but we let his henchmen carry on with such delicious projects as "a united front of Imperial subjects." And up in Ibaraki, an oldster named Tachibana, one of the few men who predigested the philosophy of conquest for the army, is still carrying on with his "Love Your Country Institute."



"I wish we didn't have a room right next to the fire escape!"

COLLIER'S DICK STROME

It is true that these are merely splinters of the shattered Nationalist front. But a recent survey showed 155 new societies, of which 151 were rightist. Eventually these will get together. Then there will be a pool of strong-arm henchmen.

We have set out to wreck the feudal land system, in which four out of five men don't own the land they till. When the Japanese reform bill proved indecently bare of reform, we rejected it. But the delay was costly. Throughout Japan today, landlords are evicting their tenants, and "selling" land to their brothers, uncles, and clerks. Tenants who built their hopes for owning a patch of land on the basis of advance ballyhoo, have lost what shreds of confidence they still retained in government good faith. The result is an expanding rural sit-down strike. Instead of selling their rice to the government, farmers hoard it and cities go hungry.

A hot argument could be fought out on the question of whether we were wise to work through the Japanese government. It is likely that we would have been in a far worse mess working through the American Military Government. But the fact remains that the Japanese government has been less our tool than our enemy, which General MacArthur has been repeatedly compelled to call down.

Can it be that there has been a basic flaw in our reasoning? We appear to be proceeding on the assumption that the men who fired at us were our only enemies, and that since they are out of the picture we needn't worry any more. Actually, however, the man with the gun was only one member of a team which included the robber barons of *zaibatsu,* bureaucrats, political hoodlums, and a tight and wise little clique at the Imperial Palace.

None of these is interested in democratic reform. Their goal is to preserve as much of the old order as they can without getting whacked down. But we have done little whacking. On the contrary we have encouraged most of these men to assume leadership in the democratic Japan we want to create.

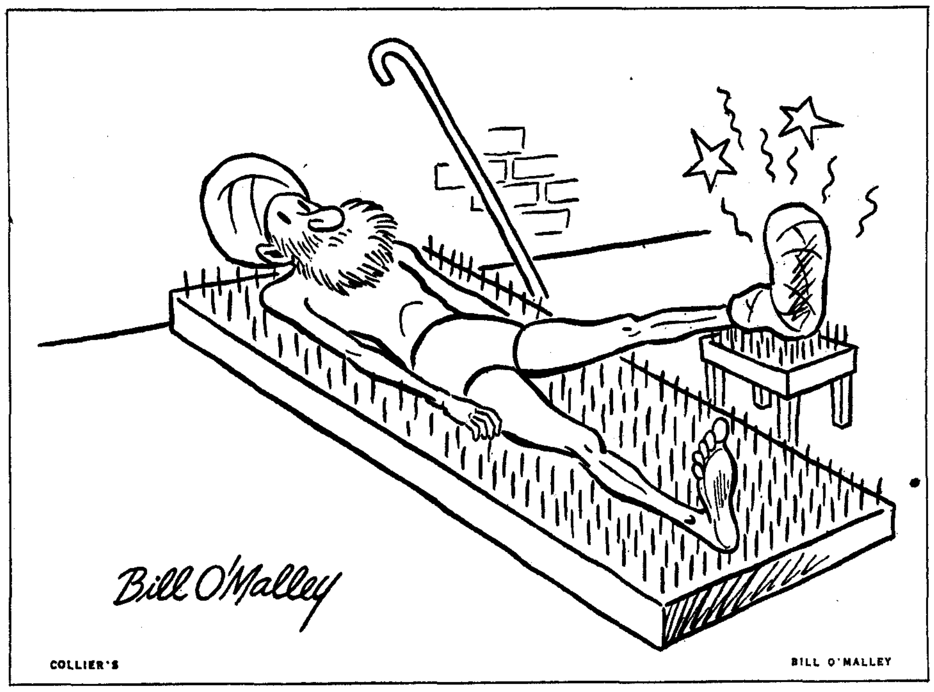
Our balance sheet for Japan is drawn neither in red ink alone nor in black. It would be a perversion of the truth to deny the changes wrought in Japan. It would be rank pessimism to think that Japan could fight us again in a decade or a generation.

Errors have been made and some of them have been corrected. Even as these lines are being written, MacArthur's experts are working on a plan to end the insidious and concerted violation of our directives. Other experts are adding new, ultrapatriotic bands to our blacklist. Steps are being urgently considered to brake the sliding yen. Day and night, able men in many branches of MacArthur's headquarters check, study, and plan.

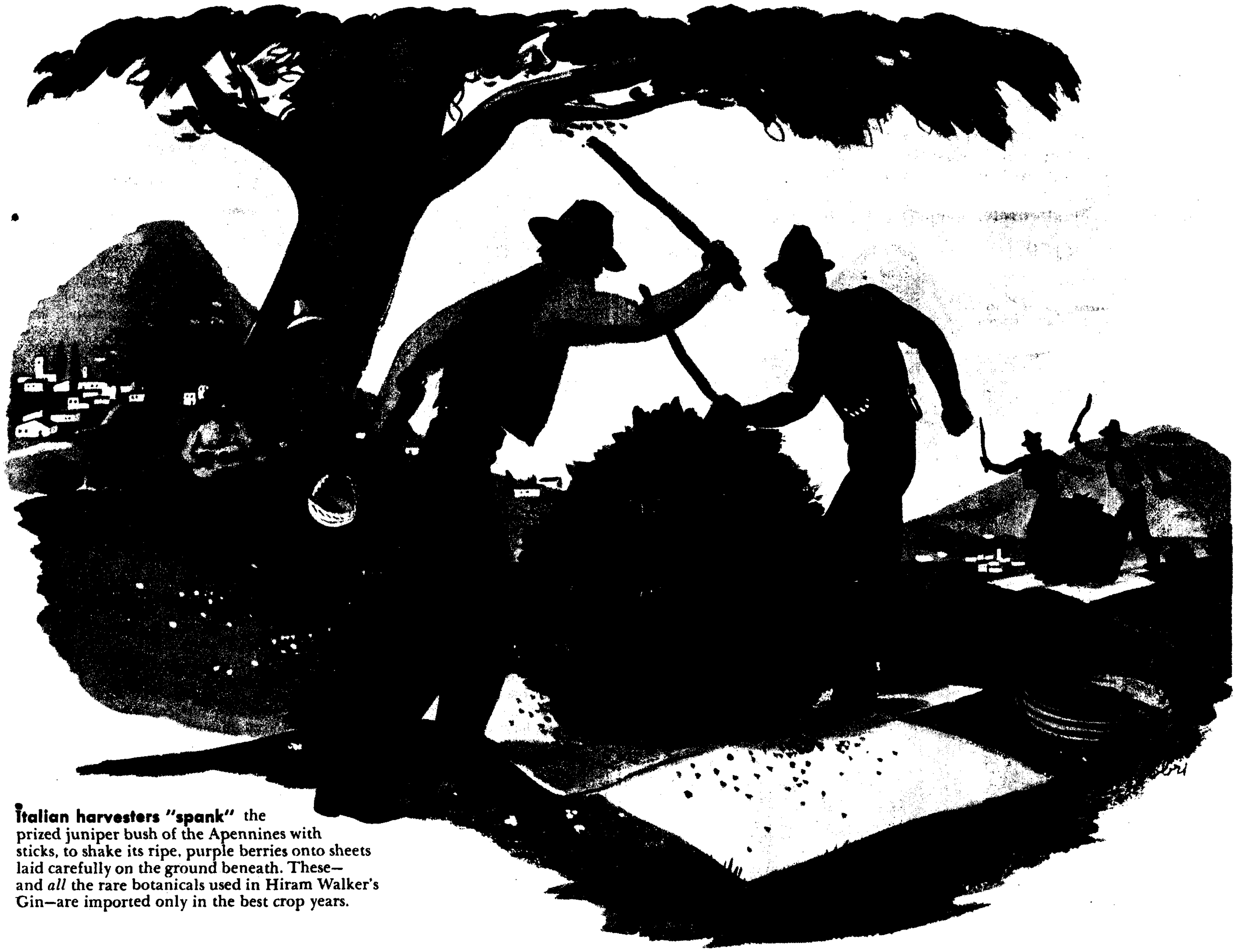
The shape of tomorrow is uncertain, for none can tell all the factors that enter the picture. Will the temper of the American people stand for long occupation? How long must we remain here before we can say the job is done? Will the web of the police state endure the pressure of the rebellious new spirit we are trying to kindle? Will we be able to transfer the painless local job in Japan from military hands to civilian?

The answers to these questions do not lie in Japan alone. Some of them are in Washington. Some—in your own home.

THE END



COLLIER'S BILL O'MALLEY



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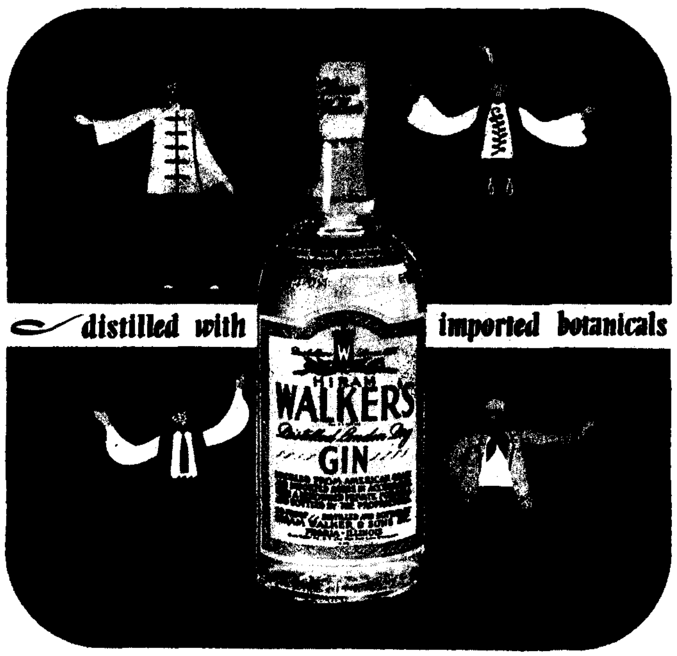

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Christmas Deferred

Continued from page 72

told they came from somewhere way up North, perhaps Kentucky or Tennessee. Perhaps their great-grandfathers moved down the Mississippi by flatboat and found themselves fascinated by the foreign flavor of Louisiana.

A third explanation is that of a connection with Lafitte, the near-legendary buccaneer. Not far from this area, the bloody corsairs and picaroons operated during the early part of the last century. Some who know the vicinity suggest that these people were victims of one of Lafitte's raids, that they were held prisoners for a time on the islands of the Gulf, and then released.

In any case, they speak a language that indicates an origin among the English, or perhaps the older hill people of the South. They talk of going a "fur piece down the road." A man says of his son: "He's a rale swimmer, that 'un." A neighbor describes one of the trappers: "That's a solid man," by which he means that he is sturdy and dependable. And one woman says of another: "Mary is a fine, common person," implying that she is simple and unaffected.

When their ancestors came, say the oldest members, they didn't know a thing about the water. They had to learn how to cast a net, how to tong up oysters and how to trap the muskrats. They were farmers, but gradually fitted themselves into their liquid surroundings. One of the younger women, with indications of aristocracy in her long, narrow face, tells of her "fine silver—good, heavy pieces all of them," that her grandmother had handed down to her mother, and her mother to her. Bit by bit they were lost; the last elaborate spoon went when a storm swept away all of the family possessions.

These bayou Anglo-Saxons have found their worst hazards in the tropical hurricanes that visit the Gulf from year to year. At one time they lived on the sea fringe itself, in palmetto-thatched huts on cypress pilings. The winds tossed these aside like paper. They moved back to higher and firmer ground. But again and again they were washed out until they moved up to the mainland.

Though they now live on somewhat more dependable ground, they have not become farmers again. There is only so much soil along Bayou de Large, a thin skirt between one place of wetness and another. Here and there the earth gets salty as the Gulf intrudes. A few of the families raise minute plots of vegetables but that is all. Their main livings must come always from the water edges. At times it seems that there is nothing to pin them to their places. Yet they remain together in their houses and houseboats. The French Badeaux and the Boudreaux are not far away, but these Lovells and Adamses stay apart.

Only during the past few decades has even the existence of the colony been known. Occasionally the French trappers mentioned these "other people"; visitors caught glimpses of their strange coloring and appearance, and wondered. Then, about thirty years ago, after the Episcopal Church established itself in Houma, the Reverend Gardiner Tucker heard a knock on his door. Outside was a family, hesitant, confused. They wondered: Could they get a baby baptized?

During the service the minister noticed that the callers were unable to give the responses. Talking with them, he drew them out. They understood nothing of denomination: "All we know is that our people said we was Protes'ant." They had been taught little religion. They once had family Bibles, yes, sir, but those were all washed away in the storms. Some of their ancestors could read and write, but here they had no schools and they had grown up without education.

The minister wondered if he could visit the family. They thought it would be all right if he wanted to go to that trouble. He found them friendly after they lost their first timidity; when the preliminaries were over, they became almost pathetically responsive. A school-and-church building was agreed upon. Mrs. Adam De Hart (the name is English, not French), presented the land, with a proviso: Her pear tree, which she had tended for years, must not be damaged. It still stands and produces annually. The men gave their labor, and a frame building rose with a white cross at the top. From the houses and the houseboats came long lines of people for the glad opening day. Later, when the first class was confirmed, an interested onlooker was a man who had been that baby brought to Houma for baptism.

Restoring the Stricken Church

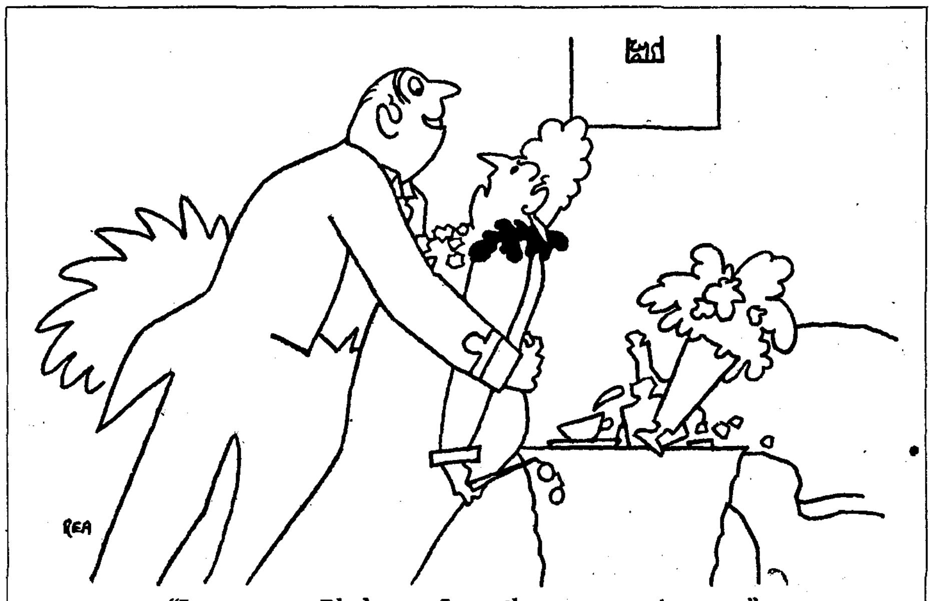
A hurricane struck, overturning the frail houses, sending houseboats crashing into the banks. It picked up the school-and-church and deposited it to one side. The men pulled it back, buttressed it with posts sunk far below the surface by means of steel rods forced through the supports. Other buildings have fallen since then, but this one holds firm.

The settlement is being drawn slowly out of some of its isolation. For years, visitors had to make part of the trip by boat, there being no roads along a large stretch of the bayou. Now the state has completed a passageway, and busses bring the children to consolidated schools. Yet neither church nor state has been able to interest the elders in the education they missed.

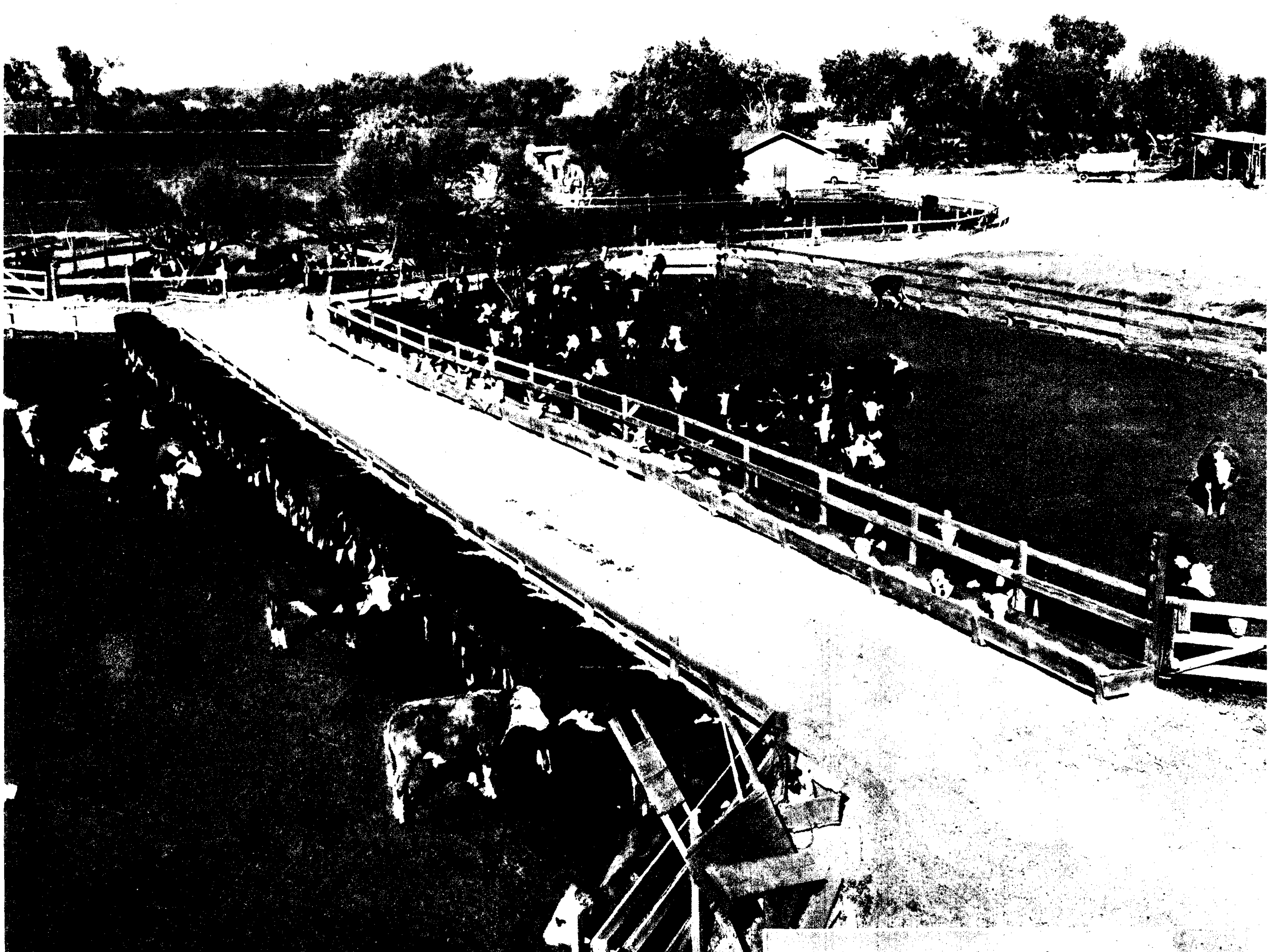
The colony will not be there forever, they agree. The Gulf has been encroaching. At the marsh edge, several of the men pointed out: "That's where the houses once were." The sea is creeping in, a little at a time, and when a blow of bad weather comes, it digs away heavy sections overnight. "We'll have to move again someday," say the Lovells.

Their French neighbors, no matter how tense the trapping season, will take time out for the Christmas celebrations. The Anglo-Saxons of Bayou de Large wait. And every spring, the Episcopal officials, sometimes the bishop himself, go to the bayou to tell them of Him who was born in a manger.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I warn you, Blodgett—I am the unresponsive type" GARDNER REA



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Remember his service and honor him.

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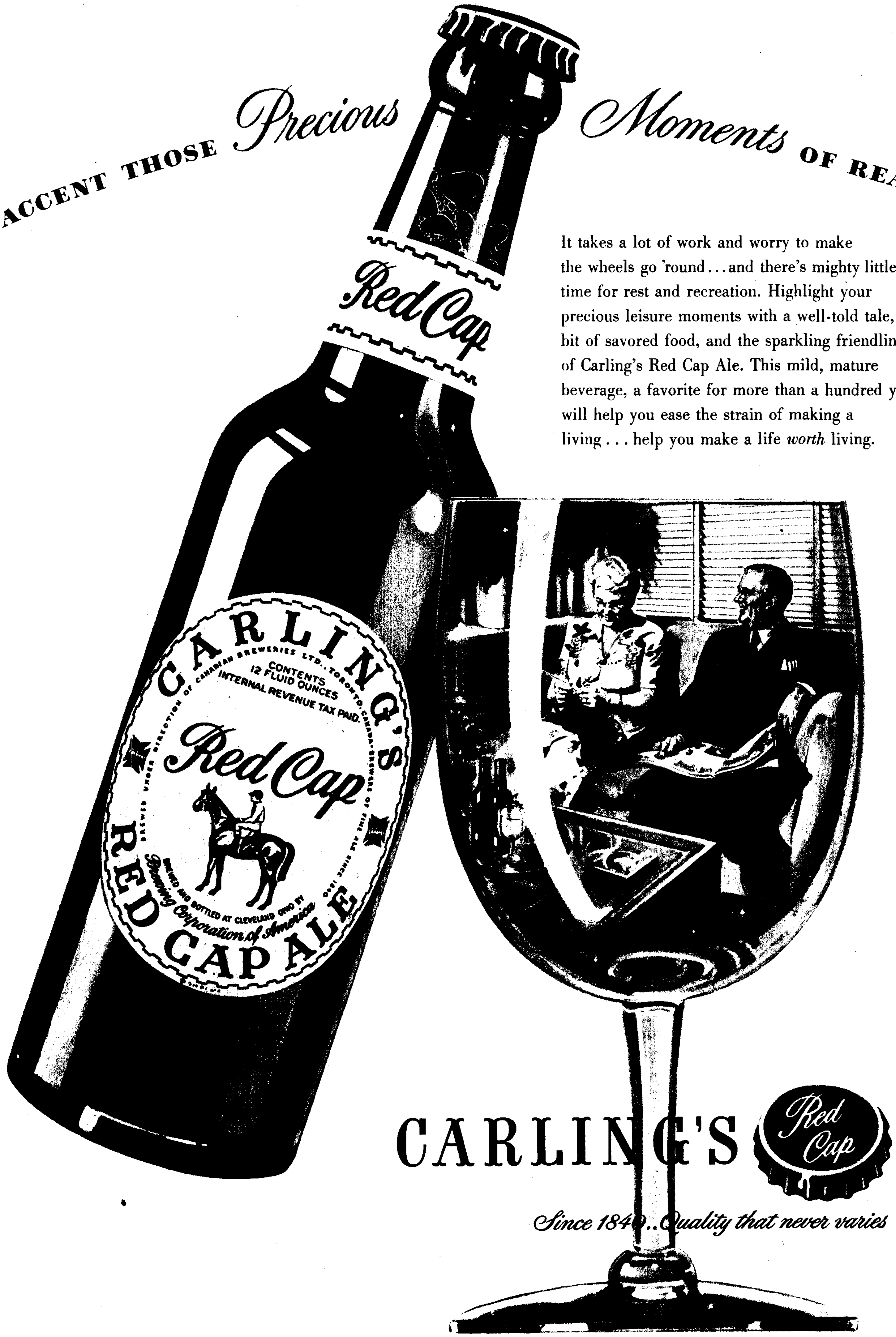
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CARLING'S *Red Cap* **ALE**

Since 1840.. Quality that never varies

BREWING CORP. OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, O.

Pin-Down Man

Continued from page 52

Congress at Cleveland to win the coveted All Events crown. But he clung to the grocery job. In the next few years of ABC competition, his totals set a two-year record average at 217, a high for four successive years at 211, and 209 for five years. And he has rolled five perfect games in competition, the last in 1942, and three 299s. Yet before joining the Army, he made sure the grocery job would be a postwar certainty.

But winning the Match Game title in head-to-head competition has altered his perspective slightly. Twelve months of exhibition tours, matches, team representation and private lessons in 1946 guarantee him a minimum of $25,000. And so he risked a year's leave of absence from the grocery business, but only a year.

"There's a lot of luck in bowling," Wilman explains solemnly. "You can't win in such competition without plenty of it, and next year it will be somebody else's turn."

Perhaps, but a breakdown of Wilman's figures for the Chicago competition reveals a steadiness that belies mere luck. His 100 games in nine days produced 64 scores of 200 or better. He averaged almost six strikes per game and once knocked off eight in a row. He didn't miss a single 10-pin. He blew 17 spares, but not once did he leave the annoying 4-5, 7-8, or 9-10 combinations standing.

All this from a pink-cheeked, gnomelike little fellow, five-feet-five, whose cherished boyhood ambition was to be a baseball player or boxer, or both. He was the second of four children born to William Vilmanas, who left Lithuania in 1890 at the age of fourteen with a violin and became a miner in what was Fontanet, Indiana, before the coal gave out. Vilmanas became Americanized as Wilman, married a pretty Lithuanian girl and began the age-old battle of domestic survival.

After working six days in the mines, he would pick up a few dollars over the week ends as town fiddler, playing at Hoosier square dances and weddings for miles around. He also earned fifty cents more a day than other miners underground for the hazardous job of lighting fuses to blast out new veins of coal. Of course, the law of averages caught up with him in the form of a short and faulty fuse on a 50-pound can of dynamite, and he was blown to kingdom come at the ripe old age of thirty-eight.

Joe was eight at the time, 1914, and remembers his tight-lipped mother taking their meager belongings, the precious violin and four kids up to South Chicago where she could support the family by washing, ironing, housecleaning and occasional work in a cold-storage plant. But she succumbed to pneumonia after four years of miserable toil.

Joe and his older brother, Tony, swore to keep Julia and baby Dick with them, which meant quitting school for steady work at anything that would produce an honest dollar. That was when Joe decided to plumb the financial possibilities of professional sports. He used every spare minute of his time for baseball and boxing and became pretty good at both.

Well built at 130-odd pounds, he attracted attention at Kid Howard's gym with good showings against older and better scrappers like Sammy Mandello, who later dropped the "o" and became lightweight champion. Joe was terrific as an amateur and rolled up fourteen straight victories before meeting Harry Gray in the Central A.A.U. championships at the Hamilton A.C. He doesn't know what happened with Gray, beyond a single line in the Tribune next morning.

"The bell rang," the story said. "Wilman led with his left and woke up in the dressing room."

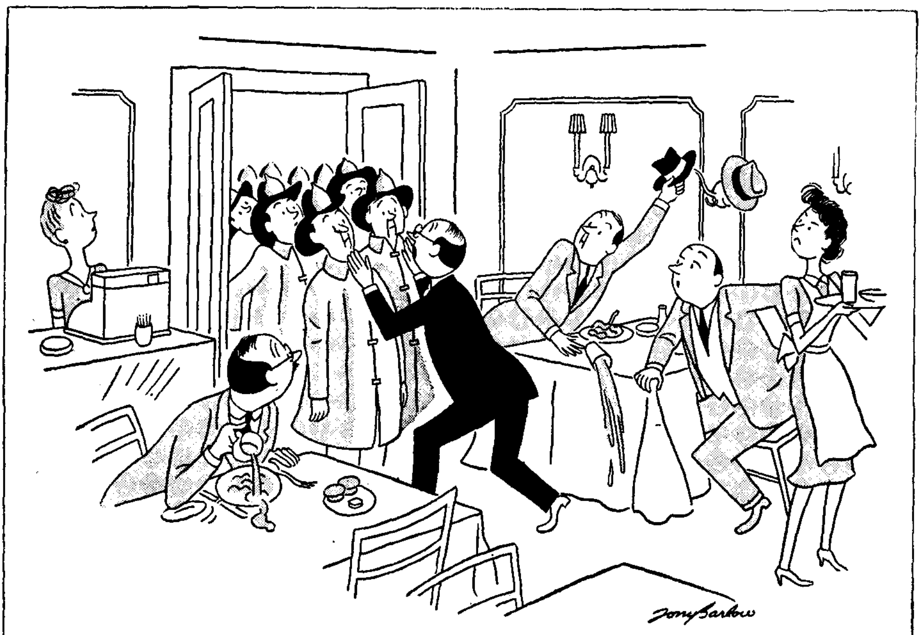
As the fog lifted, the trainer was saying, "Come on, Wilman! We got to fight again. There's a tie for third place."

But "we" never fought again. Joe's boxing career was over. He concentrated on being a baseball pitcher and eventually showed more than promise. Throwing for York in the Nebraska State League, he put together a couple of good seasons—19 and 8 in 1928, and 16 and 10 in 1929. He had excellent control, a low earned-run average and led the league in strike-outs. He spent four years in organized baseball, winding up with a tryout on the White Sox.

One Sport at a Time

"Bowling didn't help me as a ball player, I think," Wilman says, presenting a surprising and debatable viewpoint. "I bowled a lot around Chicago in the fall and winter, and I seemed to have less in my arm each year. Maybe it's not cricket for me to say so, but I don't think strenuous bowling is good for a player's throwing arm, especially a pitcher. Not the way I bowled, anyway, which was with everything I had and as often as I could. Mind you, that's just my opinion. Muscle scientists should look into it, and I'd be happy to find my conclusion wrong. But if baseball pitching were my career again, I'd certainly take it easy on the alleys."

Wilman means that he wouldn't compete in the strenuous ABC tournament, a marathon held in late winter and early spring, dovetailing the baseball season. Joe rolled in his first ABC tournament in 1928, turned in a brilliant 1895 (210.5 average) and left immediately to pitch 252 innings in the Nebraska State League. Ten years of ABC competition passed before he could top that figure. but when he did, he took the All Events crown. By that time he had married Henrietta "Hank" Katalik, an athlete in her own right with skills at softball, track and field and bowling. Mrs. Wilman, or Hank, catches for a playground softball team that has held the Gary, Indiana, championships for five years. Unlike most feminine soft-



COLLIER'S "I wish you fellows would eat somewhere else. You're upsetting my other customers" TONY BARLOW

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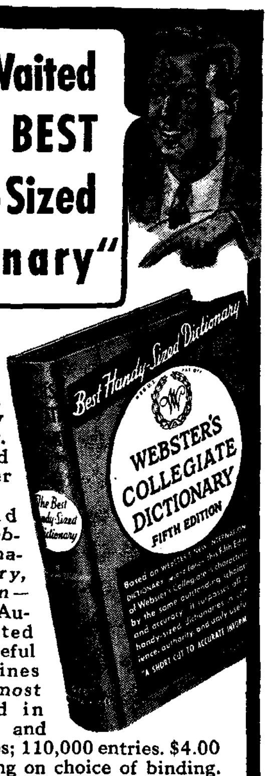

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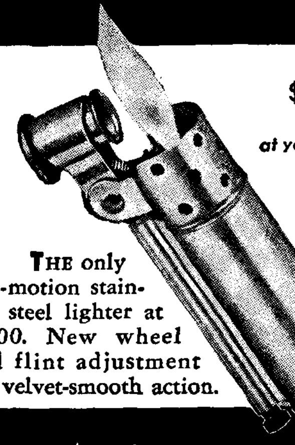

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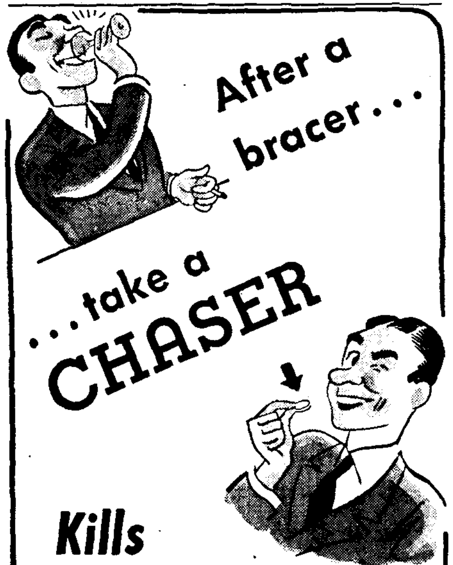


Kills
Alcohol, Tobacco, Onion
Breath 5¢

ballers, she murders a low pitch with a power that belies her 115 pounds.

Once she was invited with some girls to provide training competition for Helen Filkey, the all-around athlete and Olympic star. Ignorant of her prowess, Hank trimmed Miss Filkey at 100 yards, finished second in the broad jump and beat her again in the hurdles. But she chose softball as a regular pastime until the threat of "bowling widowhood" brought her into the alleys. Weighing only 99 pounds more than the ball, she bowled with a vengeance and eventually became tops in three different Chicago leagues with grand averages of 173, 175 and 179. She has been around that figure for ten years and today is captain of Mario's Girls, a powerful Chicago commercial team. From sixteen years of scrutinizing Joe's bowling, she can spot every flaw from the gallery, and always does.

After his ABC peak in 1939, Wilman's earnings from matches, tournaments and increasing lessons began to approach his income as a salesman. When he joined the Army, he was rated one of Chicago's best without benefit of color, publicity or commercial backing. He was inducted at Camp Grant, Illinois, and took his basic training with the Medical Corps. He was held over and sent to noncom and teachers' school where they also let him take charge of the bowling alleys for a couple of months.

The joy was short-lived, for he was transferred to Fort Lewis, Washington, where he spent eight full hours a day on his feet, teaching rookies how to hold and handle a rifle. Twice he was offered a sergeancy, and twice he refused, feeling that the stripes would do somebody else more good. He emerged a private first class minus seventeen pounds, most of which was lost in the region of his waist.

He began immediate training for the match title, and discovered that the Army calisthenics were perfect for his needs. His weekly bowling schedule for almost three months consisted of five games on Monday, three Tuesday, five Wednesday, three Thursday, eight Friday and a Saturday-Sunday sweepstakes of about fifteen games.

Easy Does It

He immediately fell into his technique, taking four steps from a careful start and using no more than twelve feet including the slide. He bends at the waist, employs a minimum windup and follows through with the right hand just to the eyes, but straight out and not up and over, as Ned Day does.

"Long ago I learned that my best results came from bowling as naturally as possible," Wilman says, "and moving the same way all the time. Rhythm becomes a habit, consistency is my style and footwork (forward toe pointing straight) is automatic.

"The only change I ever make is really made by the alleys. I have to determine the proper speed, the proper angle and the proper twist. They may vary. Control is infinitely more important than speed or stuff. Why try to knock down twenty pins when only ten are in front of you?"

One of the questions asked most often by Wilman's pupils at the start is, "What foot shall I begin with?" Another problem is the duration of the windup. He has seen good bowlers freeze with the ball in a windup, unable to start.

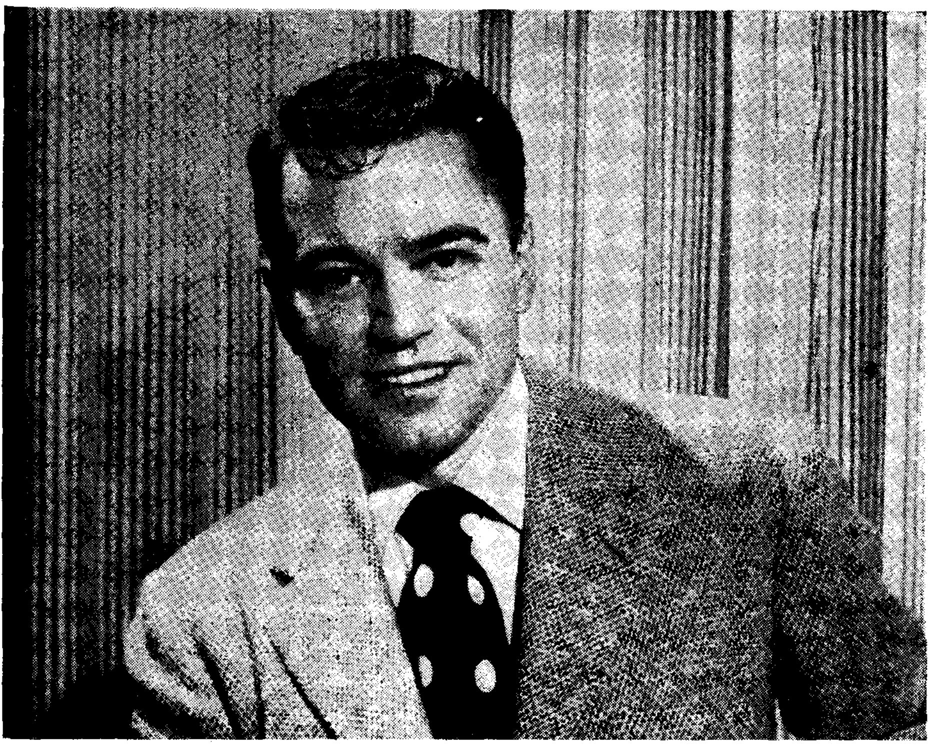
So he tells them just to push the ball forward. The shifting weight will draw the body forward and the run will not only start, but the correct foot will go forward.

One woman pupil was beyond help, and so is every bowler, Wilman says, who asks for instruction based on acquired faults. This matron paid him ten dollars for a lesson and smiled sweetly. Joe asked her to roll a ball and watched her feet which, he says, contain the answer to most faults. She took a lot of steps and finished with a regular ski-jump slide. He told her most of the effort was wasted, and that she'd have to get down toward four steps within twelve feet.

"Oh, but I can't," she exclaimed. "I can't take fewer than seven steps. I simply can't."

"Then here's your ten dollars," Joe said, nodding toward the door. "I've got into a few habits myself."

THE END



Jon Whitcomb

The Week's Work

IT IS unfair of fate, but some people are born with more talent than they possibly can use—like Jon Whitcomb, the artist who did this week's cover, showing the girl reviewing her past by way of homemade movies. Whitcomb had so many superfluous talents, it's a wonder he ever settled down to art work.

First, fresh out of Oklahoma and Wisconsin, he thought he'd be a writer. He majored in English at Ohio Wesleyan and Ohio State University, and has since sold several short stories to national magazines. He also thought that if he didn't grow up to be a writer, he would be a musician. He learned to play the piano and the organ, and was a part of his school's Filthy Five orchestra. Also, while he was a student, he had a job playing piano accompaniments for silent movies in and around Cleveland.

Art didn't interest him so much, although he always enjoyed illustrating school and college magazines. As a hobby, he and his classmate Milt Caniff (creator of the famous comic strip, Terry and the Pirates) took a course in portrait painting at Ohio State. The professor was a strict realist, and Whitcomb and Caniff were at the foot of the class.

"I was a surrealist at the time," Whitcomb says; "and when we had to paint a blond girl, I painted her hair green. The professor took up a brush dipped in black and marked a big cross over the face of my canvas. I took it home and tenderly removed the black cross."

It is probable that his art career stemmed from the "I'll show him" determination the pedantic professor inspired.

Whitcomb took no more art courses but he made a living—a good one—from the time he graduated in 1928, doing, successively, movie posters, advertising art and story illustrations, first in Cleveland, then in New York. His first editorial sale was a cover for Collier's in 1929.

During the war he saw action as a Navy lieutenant in the Pacific—sketching all the time except when he was under fire.

Whitcomb gets hundreds of letters asking where one can study to be a story illustrator. "You can't study it," he replies. "You can learn techniques in art schools, but what an editor buys is not technique; it's the artist's own reaction to a story."

HUNDREDS of poems have been written by May Sarton but The Old-Fashioned Snow, page 21, is her first short story. "A poet," she says, "can prove by his income tax that he is dedicated to art for art's sake." She has been in the top rank of poets for many years, with her work appearing frequently in magazines and book collections, and bringing her various fellowships and awards, including the coveted New England Poetry Society's Golden Rose Award; but her yearly earnings from poetry have averaged only $200.

Other kinds of writing and lecturing have brought her more substantial rewards. Her second novel, Bridge of Years, is to be published in April, and she has lectured on poetry at more than fifty colleges, where, she notes, an interest in poetry seems to be growing.

Her story in this week's Collier's came to her mind full-blown one day as she watched a snowstorm from the window of her Cambridge, Massachusetts, house.

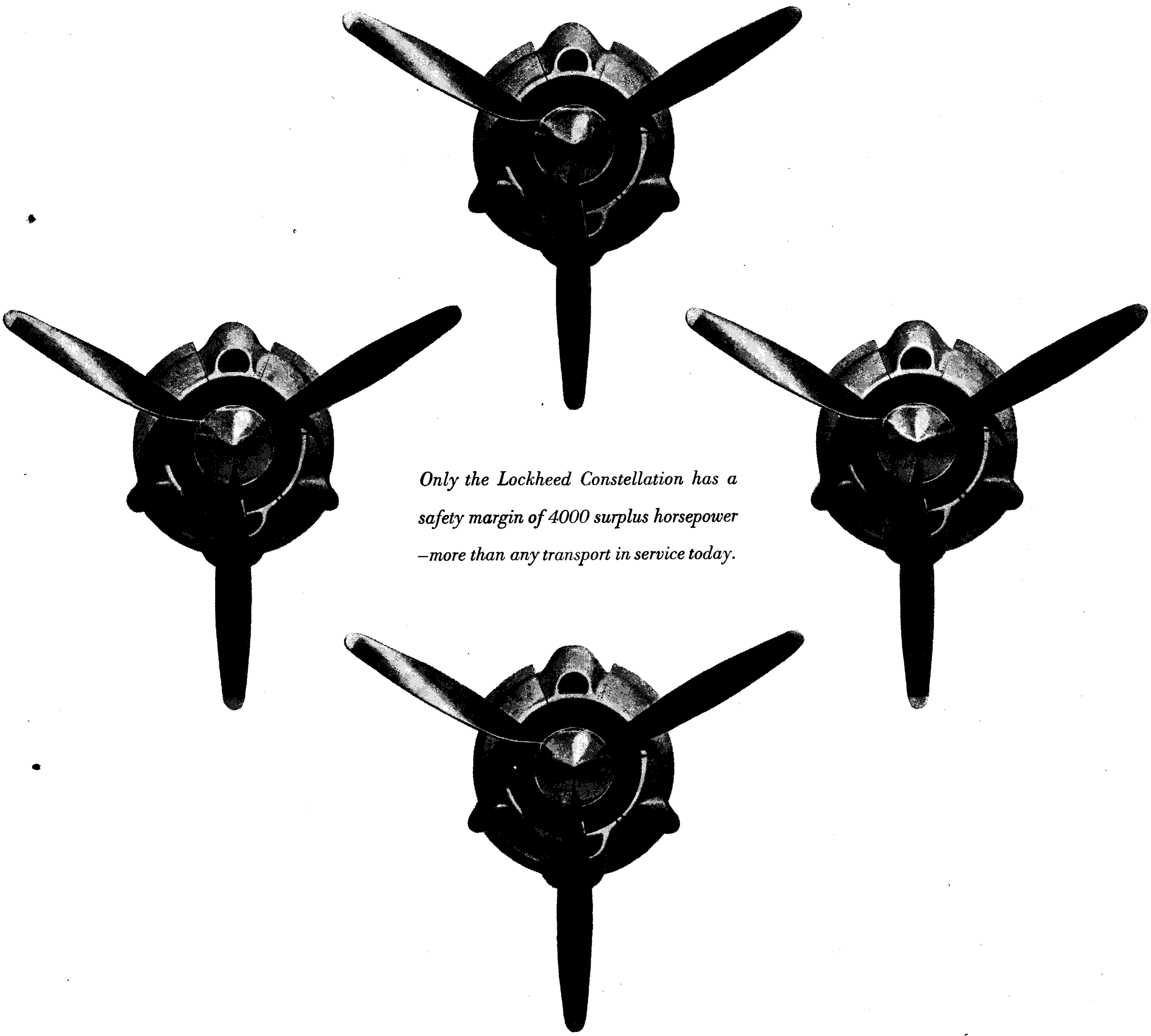
IN Never Trust a Murderer, page 16, Quentin Reynolds gives us one of his infrequent fiction stories. He seems to take more pride in these than in the foreign-correspondent articles for which he is so well known. "I'd like to write nothing but fiction," he says, "but I couldn't stick to it. It is such lonesome work."

For gregarious Quent, life would be tasteless if he couldn't spend a good part of his time churning around the world, meeting and making friends with a great variety of people.

We'll have a typical Reynolds item in an early issue—excerpts from his forthcoming book, 70,000 to One! . . . A. P.

May Sarton

LEESER



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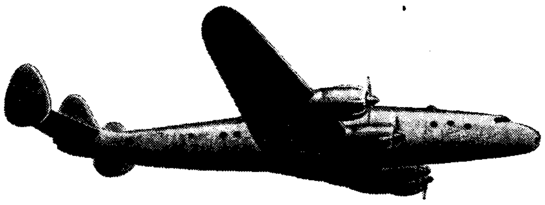

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CONSTELLATION

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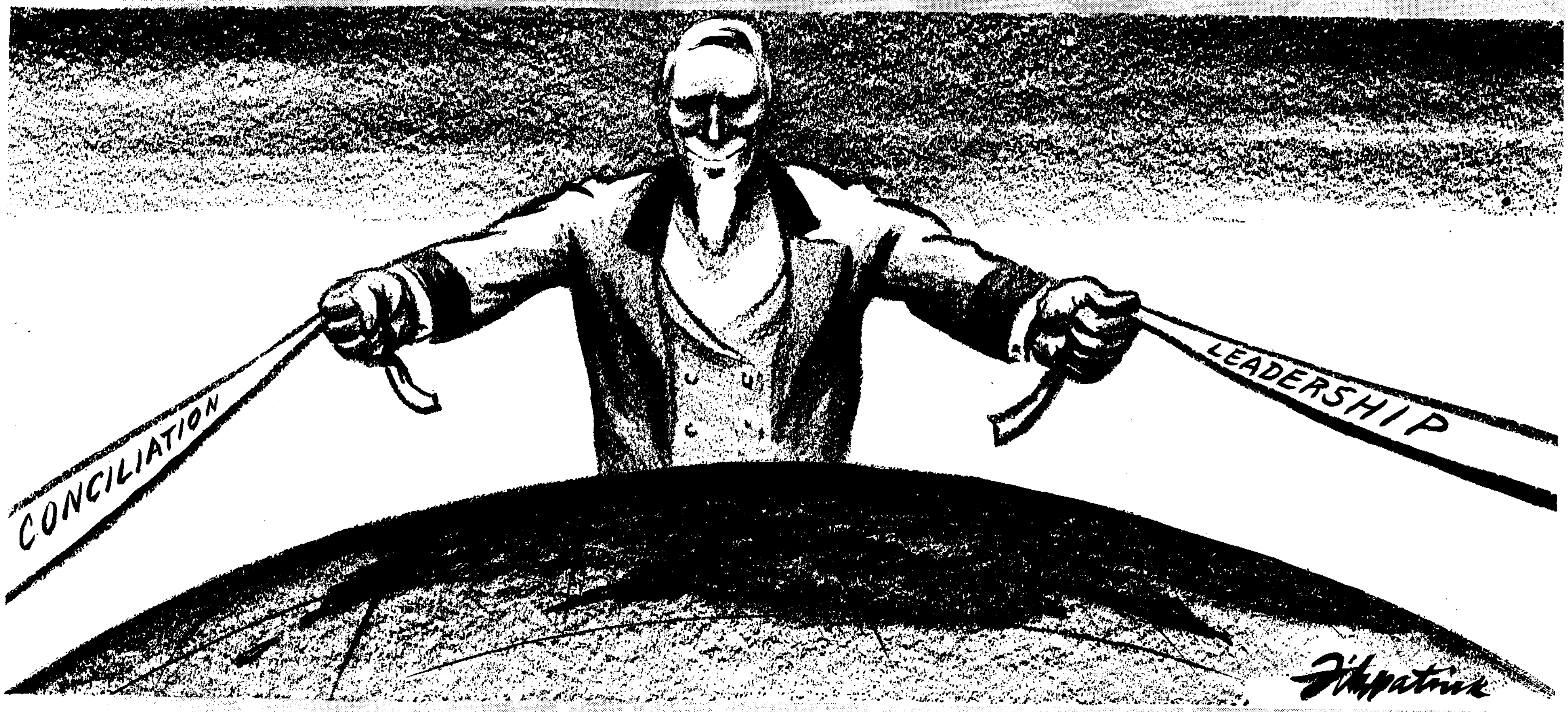


UNCLE SAM AS WORLD LEADER

THE United Nations Security Council and General Assembly—more or less a World Senate and House respectively, in the hopes of UNO architects and backers—got under way in London along with the year 1946. The opening scenes were promptly stolen by the British and Russian delegates to the Security Council. Messrs. Ernest Bevin of Britain and Andrei Y. Vishinsky of Russia traded loud verbal buzz bombs on various subjects, notably Iran, Greece and the Dutch East Indies. Our Security Council delegate, Edward R. Stettinius, kept pretty quiet in public, but did a lot of diplomatic smoothing of ruffled feathers at unofficial cocktail parties and bull sessions.

This Stettinius quietude drew a number of acid comments in the United States. The comments seemed and seem unjustified to us.

As we see the situation, Stettinius' good manners, good nature and refusal to take sides in British-Russian disputes were a preview of a part which the United States might well play persistently for the next few years.

That part would be a combination of world umpire and world leader. Sometimes we would act as a friendly, unassuming referee in respect to clashing British and Russian interests in the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf, the Dardanelles, Palestine, Germany or elsewhere.

We could do that because we have no desire for territorial gains in this postwar era, aside from assurances of adequate control of various Pacific island bases for our Pacific defenses. Other times, we would exert a positive, constructive leadership in world affairs—a leadership which it would be to British, Russian and most other interests to accept and follow.

By acting in this manner, we should be able to preserve the peace—especially if we will also restrain our own more impetuous jingoes to some extent.

How we can long preserve peace for anybody by taking sides with either Britain or Russia, it is hard to see.

Now that the excitement and confusion caused by the sudden end of the war are clearing up perceptibly, it looks to us as if this combined role of world umpire and world leader is the one for the United States to take and hold, at least until the UNO is seen to be a strong and going concern. Certainly we have the power and the world prestige to act that role if we make up our minds to do it.

WELCOME HOME, DOCTOR

DOCTORS who served in the war are coming home in considerable numbers now, and in many communities you can hear sighs of relief plus the frequent remark: "Well, thank heaven, I can get sick now." Welcome-home editorials are appearing in local newspapers as favorite physicians return; testimonial dinners are being thrown profusely; the medical veterans are being invited to address Rotary, Kiwanis, etc., luncheons; and all this and that.

It's all very nice, and no doubt the doctors are pleased. We think, however, that we have an idea for a welcome-home program which any community can stage, and which should be of substantial benefit to the doctors so welcomed.

In honor of each physician who comes back from the wars, how about a Pay The Guy What You Owed Him When He Left If You Owed Him Anything movement?

Most doctors are poor bill collectors. Many people let the doctor's bills go till the last. Many others just nonchalantly forget about the doctor's bills—and squawk fiercely if he squawks at all. It all adds up to the fact that on practically every doctor's books are large amounts in unpaid bills. He could very conveniently use that money after several years in service on modest service pay.

No bands, luncheons, reception committees, etc., are needed for this Pay The Guy, etc., movement. All that is required is a mass migration to the mailboxes by doctors' debtors with envelopes containing checks or money orders in their hands. The ceremony is guaranteed to make the debtor as well as the doctor feel better.

EXIT THE HUEY LONG MACHINE

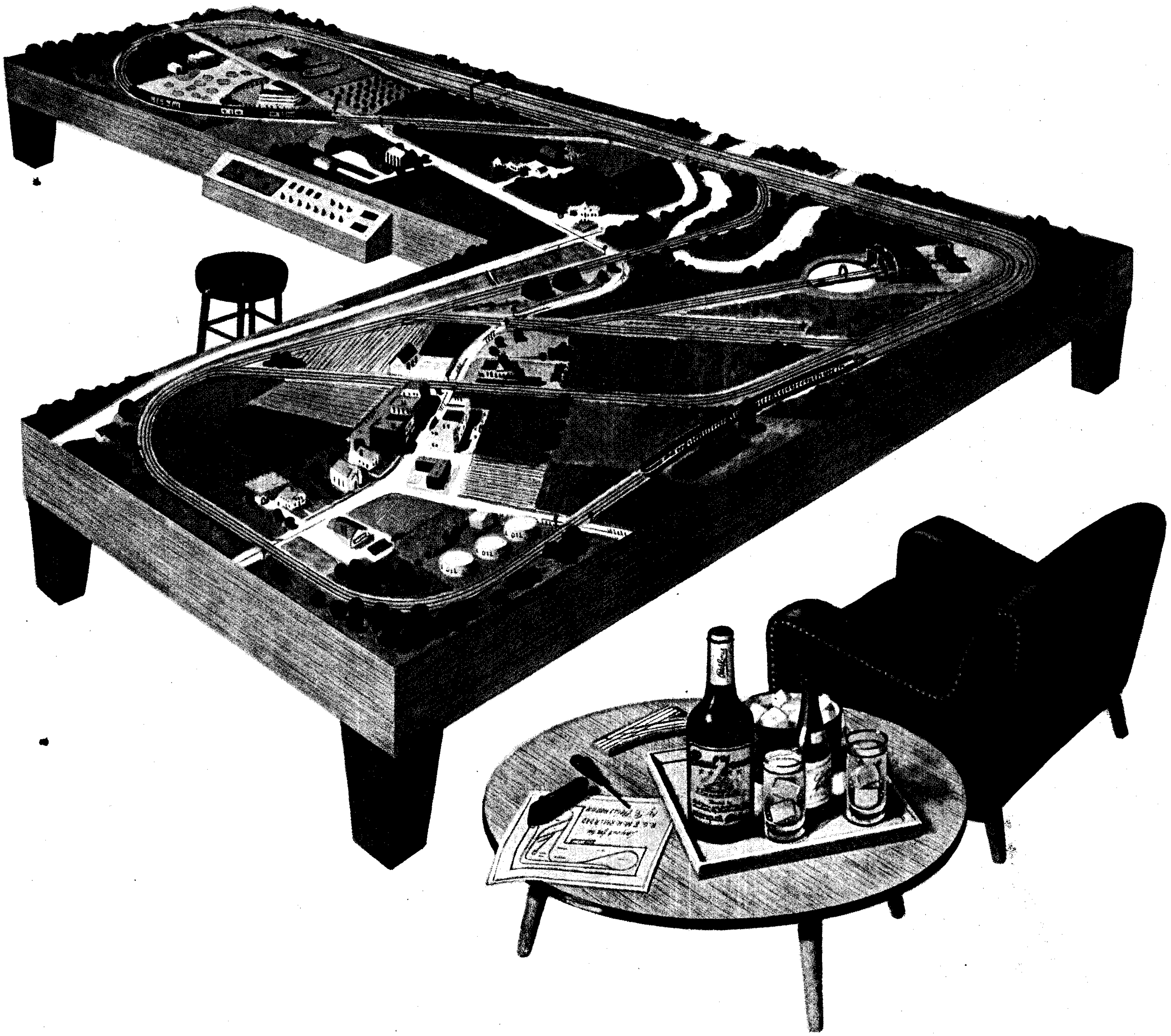
IT IS a pleasure to note that the last of the late Huey Long's chief lieutenants has taken what looks like a knockout blow in Louisiana politics. Long was assassinated in 1935; but Robert S. Maestri, one of Long's most potent henchmen when the little would-be Hitler was in full blast, hung on as mayor of New Orleans until this year.

New Orleans voters the other day bowled Maestri head over tin cups in the city primaries. They gave De Lesseps Story Morrison a clear majority over Maestri and five other opponents, thereby making a runoff unnecessary.

The votes of returned veterans, we understand, played a large part in the affair.

The citizens of New Orleans deserve to be congratulated. The citizens of the other states and of all our territories and possessions would do well to pause and reflect on the incident; to offer up thanks that Huey Long never attained the national power he was after; and to make some solemn resolutions not to fall in future for demagogues preaching class, racial or religious hatred.

Such persons can kill off democracy itself if the people give them the chance.



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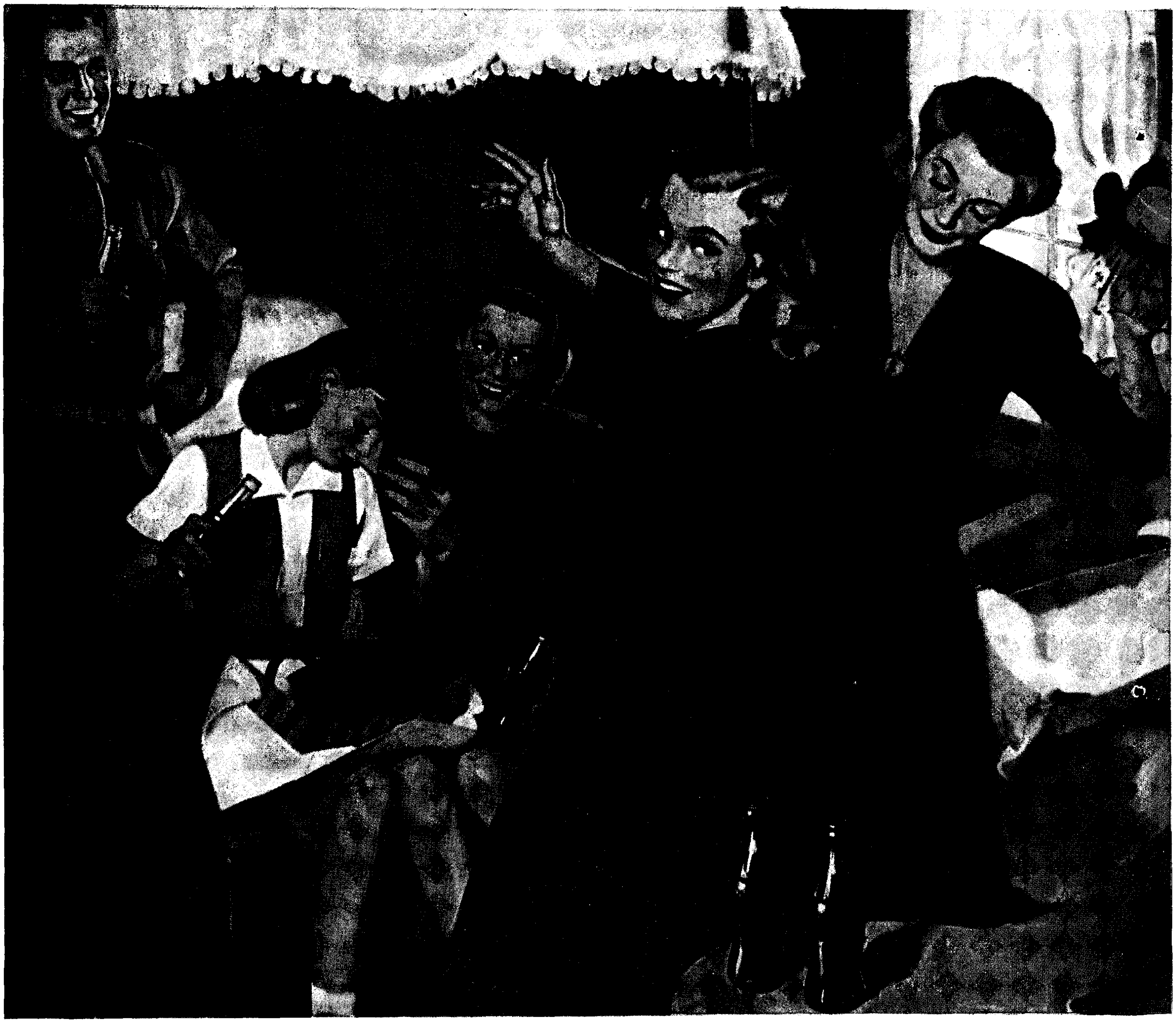

... or friendly refreshment is part of the fun

Getting ready for the big parade is plenty exciting, especially when friends gather 'round to have fun and admire the finery. That's a time for sparkling Coca-Cola. *Have a Coke* just naturally means *It's fun to get together.* Whenever people meet, you're liable to find Coca-Cola and the friendly pause—*the pause that refreshes,* happy moment of hospitality.

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